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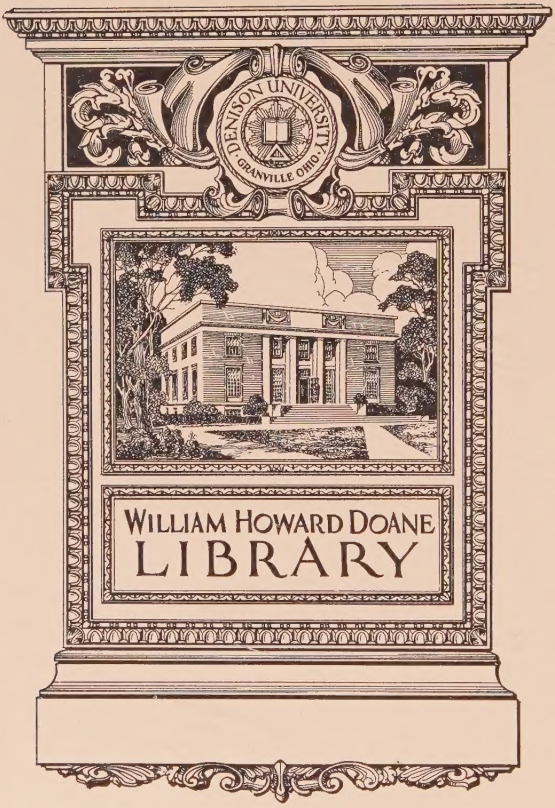
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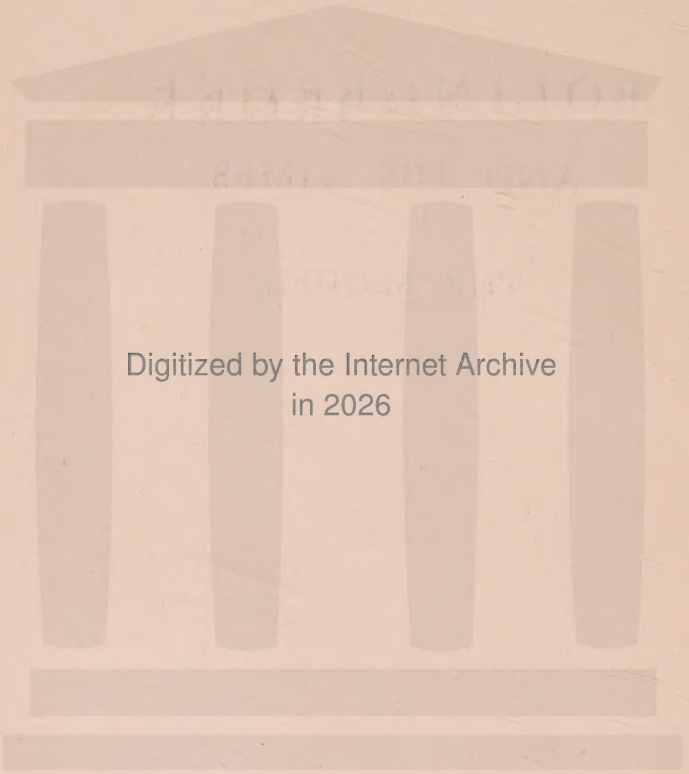
# BOLINGBROKE

## AND HIS TIMES

### THE SEQUEL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LORD BOLINGBROKE.

(IN OLD AGE.)

*From the medallion on his monument by Roubilliac.*

*Frontispiece*

# BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES

## THE SEQUEL

BY
WALTER SICHEL
LATE EXHIBITIONER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

*"Hic qualis imperator nunc privatus est"*

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# PERIOD II

## MARCH 1715—DECEMBER 1751

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". . . *I have been fond of power, and as they were necessary to that, desirous, but not fond of Riches. This circumstance, however, has always attended my fondness of power. Since I came to think and feel for myself, instead of judging by the judgment and acting by the spirit of Party, I have neither valued power any further than I retained the liberty of applying it to those purposes to which my opinion and my sentiments led me to apply it. There has not been these thirty years a point of time when the greatest degree of power and the highest elevation in honour and dignity, in an administration whose conduct I disapproved or despised, and could not hope to alter, tempted me. A man of this temper cannot expect long to please any Court, or any Party; and this experience should make him content to retire from business to amusement, and from the government of a state to the government of himself.*"—LORD BOLINGBROKE TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, R. KNIGHT, June 12, 1738 (B.M. Add. MS., 34196. f. 136).

"*Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes*
*Infrà se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.*"
—HORACE, Ep. II. i., 13 and 14.

"*A new truth will have much to do to dislodge an old error.*"—BOLINGBROKE'S PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS: Essay 1.

"*I suppose you only come as a spectator? And why may not one come hither as a spectator, Sir, as well as a Tatler?*"—HORACE WALPOLE'S "George the Second," i. p. 34, note.

". . . *As to men, we see them at their whole length in history.*" "Of the Study of History"—BOLINGBROKE'S WORKS: vol. viii. p. 32.

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# PREFACE

BOLINGBROKE'S life between 1715 and 1751 has never been thoroughly followed. We have been fortunate enough to have exhausted the many manuscripts in the British Museum which bear on our subject, and to have reproduced, in our Appendix of "Correspondence," his letters in collated sequence. These manuscript authorities are chiefly the following :—

(1) His intimate correspondence with his beloved half-sister Henrietta, afterwards Mrs. Knight, and eventually Lady Luxborough, which lasted up to the stormy sunset of his day ; and that with her husband.

(2) His intimate correspondence with his friend Lord Essex, envoy at the Court of Turin from 1732–36.

(3) The Hardwicke manuscripts, just catalogued, only a few of which have been published in the excerpts hitherto printed, and which contain many and very material elucidations of his career.

(4) The many lights, especially on his relations with Lord Stair, which occur in the Stowe manuscripts.

(5) Other stray allusions among the Birch, Malet, Egerton, and other manuscripts.

In all these collections occur letters from minor figures which often illustrate the back-currents of our history ; while in the two first and elsewhere are many from the second Lady Bolingbroke. Besides these manuscript authorities, there are many other sources of illumination :—

(1) The Letters in Grimoard to Madame de Ferriol and Alari, which have never been placed in context or thoroughly examined ; also several allusions in his *Essai Historique*.

(2) The Suffolk correspondence.

(3) The Marchmont Papers which, scrutinised in their relation to letters of the same date, afford invaluable explanations, as well as the "Diary" which is the best comment on Bolingbroke's later activities; and together with the entire Hardwicke Letters, which we have for the first time transcribed in our accompanying Appendix, prove his material assistance in forming the "Broad Bottom" Administration, his close connection with Pitt in the latter's "Patriot" days, and his earnest endeavours to procure a Peace in 1742–44.

(4) The Letters to Swift and to Pope, accessible, but affording clues, in connection with further knowledge, as yet neglected.

(5) Lord Stair's Diary (published in the Hardwicke State Papers) casting much light on Bolingbroke's attitude between 1715–1717, and other documents from the same collection, as well as from Macpherson's.

(6) The Stuart Papers, about to be published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which confirm and supplement in many important particulars the recital in the Letter to Windham.

(7) The Letters of Dr. Stratford ("The Fat Levite"), a great friend of the first Lady Bolingbroke and obsequious ally of the Harley family, soon to be published by the same commission; and others of its issues.

(8) The Townshend and Egremont Papers, many of which are reproduced by Coxe in his appendix to the lives of both Walpoles. It is our belief that a close examination of the originals of the latter at Petworth would disclose some letter to Windham of the year 1734, which would serve further to explain the breach with Pulteney. For that examination we applied. We may add that Coxe, especially in such letters as are transcribed from various collections

in his Life of Lord Walpole, frequently misstates the words and thus sometimes unintentionally, the meaning.

(9) The Diary of the artist Rosalba Carriera, which sheds light on the social state of Paris during the early years of the Regency and the corrupt activities of John Law. But, above all, for Bolingbroke's last days, Lady Luxborough's correspondence with Shenstone, and her letters included in Hull's collection.

(10) Many stray allusions in contemporary literature, including Atterbury's Letters and Chesterfield's Works, but too various to enumerate; as well as in such known books as Jesse's, Spence's, Horace Walpole's Letters, Harris' "Life of Hardwicke," and the like.

(11) Bolingbroke's complete works in their true order and wide applications (comprising one "On Compassion" hitherto unnoticed, which is mentioned in our "Bibliography").

In all cases we have striven to draw from the fountain instead of from the pitcher.

It will be found that Bolingbroke's personality looms even larger than has been popularly supposed, and that his energies were far more versatile and unflagging than has yet been thought; that he fostered definite ideals, and, to the last, struggled for their realisation.

We may be pardoned for emphasising a few of the matters which this work may claim to set on a new footing.

(1) His relations with the Pretender, his attitude to George the First and Sunderland, and his misusage by the Walpoles.

(2) His conduct in counteracting the Schaub negotiations initiated by Carteret in concert with the Platen, as well as the circumstances attending his pardon and restoration.

(3) The real contributors to the *Craftsman*, and its

analysis in relation to the events of the time. The personal and national meaning of the "Patriot" movement. Bolingbroke's rupture with Pulteney; and the reasons for his retreat in 1735.

(4) Bolingbroke's true relations to Warburton and Pope; as well as to Swift and many others of the old club.

(5) Bolingbroke's efforts for a peace between 1742–44, and his large behind-scenes influence on the formation of the "Broad Bottom" Administration both during 1744 and 1745, and again in 1746—which he hoped would realise his dream of a "national party."

(6) His relations with Pitt and his family.

On his private life we have been able to cast light at every step.

(1) His life and studies at Marcilly and La Source and his connection with the eminent men, both French and English, at that period and with the "Entresol Society."

(2) The personality of his charming second wife, and fresh details of the close of his bereft first wife's injured existence. The true date of his second marriage.

(3) His relations to his romantic half-sister Henrietta, and with his own family and friends, including Brook Taylor and Dr. Middleton, many for the first time commemorated.

(4) His life at Dawley.

(5) At Chantelou, and at Argeville.

(6) At Battersea.

(7) The real explanation of Pope's "grand betrayal," and the true reason of its delayed exposure by Bolingbroke.

As regards his Works, we hope we have illustrated them all afresh; while we have drawn attention to unsuspected influences exercised by them in our sixth chapter, and in our supplementary chapters regarding their effects on Voltaire, Gibbon, Burke, and Disraeli.

We have also been able to show that the "Patriot King" summarised a perpetual and consistent view which embodied some earlier, and much contemporary thought. Bolingbroke's opinions and style will be found as consistent in his private as in the public letters, destined only for circulation among chosen friends, which mainly form his "Works." We have also been able more fully to point out the depth and anticipatory discoveries of that critique ("anti-metaphysical" and "anti-theological"), which is known as his "Philosophy."

In pursuing our task Bolingbroke is the central figure and dominates the whole; but we have striven to make some material contribution to history in the striking side-lights afforded by our manuscript researches on the many treaties, shifting policies, home intrigues, and social state of the period. We draw attention especially to Bolingbroke's consistent emphasis of the Quadruple Alliance and the invasion of Italian neutrality, stipulated by the Utrecht Treaty, as the mainspring of the many expensive foreign wars and more expensive British negotiations which embarrassed England under two reigns of electoral monarchs, and one dictatorship of a shrewd but selfish financier.

We have also sought to portray the lineaments of numerous interesting figures, both English and foreign, that played their several parts in the tragi-comedy.

In perusing the many manuscripts we have discovered much in important and confirmatory illustration of our first period, which, should another edition be called for, will be incorporated.

Our best thanks for much valuable assistance are due to Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Daniell of the Record Office; and to Mr. Bickley of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum; as well as to the Historical Manuscript Commissioners for allowing the inspection of material portions of the Stratford Letters and Stuart Papers before publication; and to Canon E. Clarke for kindly permitting the reproduction of Roubiliac's

fine medallions on the monument in Battersea Church, and the perusal of the Parish Registers.

That our defects may be excused by the complexity of our theme is the earnest hope of an author deeply sensible of them.

W. SICHEL.

*February* 1902.

## ADDENDUM

To the published authorities (among many chronicles) should be added the Parliamentary History, as well as (among other pamphlets) "A Letter from a Member, &c., Relating to the Bill of Peerage, &c." [J. Roberts, London, 1719].

To the matters on which fresh light is thrown should also be added the details of the successive and spontaneous good intentions of George I. towards Bolingbroke, and several allusions to him in contemporary verse, together with one in "Peregrine Pickle."

To our mentions on pp. 209 and 211 of Walpole's letter to Hardwicke and Bolingbroke's to the King in 1725, should be added Pope's account of the interview with the two last, Spence (p. 227) fully confirming our statements.

The "Life" of Bolingbroke referred to on p. 475 appears to be the worthless "Memoirs and Ministerial Conduct" published soon after his death in the form of letters.

The Mademoiselle Dupin mentioned on p. 344 seems to have been a grand-daughter of the banker, Samuel Bernard [*cf.* Rousseau's "Confessions," Edn. Garnier, 1879, p. 254].

To the list of Henrietta St. John's early friends should be added Handel, whom she mentions to Shenstone, and who seems to have taught her music; among her later were both Lord and Lady Plymouth.

On p. 255 Akenside is mentioned as a possible contributor to the last numbers of the *Craftsman*. Macaulay implies this in his Essay on Walpole's Letters to Mann, where he ranks Akenside among opposition writers, apparently even before 1734. On reflection, however, we venture to doubt it; as, though Akenside published verses while at school, he could hardly have dabbled in politics at thirteen.

Some after references in Churchill's Satires are appended to the Index.

## ERRATA

*Pope's Will.*—On page 384, line 23, we have loosely styled Marchmont and Bolingbroke Pope's "executors." Bolingbroke was rather a sort of literary trustee. To him—as "a noble friend"—were confided with full discretion all Pope's "manuscripts and unprinted papers"; while, should he not survive, Marchmont was to assume the responsibility. The actual executors, besides Marchmont, were Bathurst, Murray, and George Arbuthnot, to whom Pope left Peterborough's watch. To Lyttelton he bequeathed the classical busts presented by the Prince of Wales. The will specifies several portraits of Bolingbroke.

Page 176, line 32, *for* "Walpole" *read* "Walpole's decadence."

Page 250, line 15, and page 260, line 26, *read* "Rhampsinitus."

Page 316, line 1, *for* "When" *read* "Long before." The last epistle of Pope's "Essay" appeared 1734.

Page 388, line 2, *for* "improved" *read* "unproved."

Page 399, line 23, *for* "Clarke" *read* "Church"—to which surname *note* 2, p. 396, applies also.

*Bolingbroke*—Face p. x..

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# BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES

## THE SEQUEL

### CHAPTER I

#### REBELLION

WITH THE PRETENDER—MARCH 1715 UNTIL MARCH 1716

We left Bolingbroke on his way to Paris. During his journey he must have revolved much. His property had been confided to the care of his wife—"poor Dice"[1]—whom he still trusted,[2] and who sat disconsolate in the mansion which was eventually let to his future intimate, Lord Essex.[3] He had quitted a father whom he still esteemed if he could never respect.[4] His brother George was abroad. His brother Jack was emerging into manhood, and at home. His brother Holles, as his memorial tablet attests, was at this time in the nursery. To his French stepmother he was attached; but of all his half kindred, the one that he quitted with the keenest regret, and for whom

[1] *Cf.* for her nickname the recently published Stratford Papers, Hist. Man. Comm., under date 1718, and see p. 418.

[2] These lists still exist, B.M. Add. MS., 36243, ff. 1 and 2. It appears from one of them that Townshend had been the purchaser of his horses.

[3] *Cf.* for this fact the agent Cory's letter to Essex, B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 229.

[4] Even in 1705 Bolingbroke complained of his "scandalous" conduct to Harley, which was tarnishing the family name. Some glimpses of him are afforded by the recently published diaries of "Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick." His brawling tendencies did not develop until after his marriage with Bolingbroke's pious mother, who only survived Bolingbroke's birth some seven years. Shortly after Sir Henry St. John's marriage, the Countess had to admonish the couple as to their worldly behaviour.

he nourished the deepest affection, was his only sister Henrietta,[1] a charming girl of some sixteen summers, whose career was destined to be almost as chequered and romantic as his own, and with whom he maintained a constant correspondence to the day of his death. And then his friends must have claimed a thought, for friendship ever ruled his being. Bathurst he knew to be loyal, though placidly inactive. What was stern Jonathan doing on his lonely Irish rides? Lashing the air with infuriated whip? Would poet Pope celebrate the sensation of his flight with sympathy or satire? And would Arbuthnot crack a jest or heave a sigh? Windham and Lansdowne were in conclave now. To the latter's keeping he had committed some historical documents, touching Anglo-French relations, which Lansdowne's sister destroyed, to Bolingbroke's exasperated regret.[2] When should he hear from them, and ah! when look on them again, and in what country would the wayward Peterborough encounter him once more?

As he reviewed the excitements of the past few months, his indignation swelled again at the shabbiness of Oxford, who had skulked in the country, had refused his efforts at reconciliation so as to reunite their party, and had intrigued to secure his own safety by sacrificing his rival's, as well as by precipitating him into the temptation of the Pretender's approaches.[3] That temptation, for the moment at any rate, he steeled himself to resist. The ties of party honour should be his shackles. If the Tories in their "last struggle for power"[4] called for his assistance in that direc-

[1] For her *cf.* the correspondence with Bolingbroke in our selection of correspondence, and the memoir prefixed. He called her "Heriott."

[2] *Cf.* the statements made by Bolingbroke in the May of his death-year (1751) to the young Dr. Heberden, quoted in Harris' "Life of Lord Hardwicke," vol. ii. pp. 439, 440. Bolingbroke also complained of this to Swift. Bolingbroke further said that he had been ". . . more than once plundered of his papers, throwing light on the affairs of Europe from the Pyrenean Treaty." That Berwick had told him he had seen papers proving "that the French Court were in treaty with the English Government to buy a peace before 1710."

[3] *Cf.* Stratford Papers, pp. 202, 208. Coxe, "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 307, and B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 2. The Stuart Papers, too, show that Oxford had thrown over the Pretender, with whom he had been in half-treaty, about the beginning of 1714, to Berwick's high indignation.

[4] Letter to Windham. Works, vol. ix. p. 244.

tion, it should not be denied. The Tory cause for him symbolised the cause of the nation—a cause which re-echoed the modulations of the national voice as opposed to the greedy clamours of a mushroom faction.[1] But that voice, though loud on the countryside when he had fled, was by no means certain; it was more the cry of morose hate than the signal for defence.[2] He must await developments.

That this idea of a "national party" had germinated thus early in Bolingbroke's brain we have already sought to show[3] from his published "Political Correspondence." It had not yet ripened into that concurrence by coalition (as distinct from purely ministerial combinations) which he afterwards propounded as the sole means to its attainment, when the apparently perpetual president of a monopolising oligarchy seemed to forbid its attainment through partisan methods. But it had been applied to purge Toryism of mediæval prejudices, and to point it back towards "primitive principles."[4] These principles were those of the constitution unmodified by an undue preponderance of any of its components. The Tories were to represent the whole nation, whose welfare, ecclesiastical, civil, and commercial, was bound up with the land, which productive trade followed; and their consolidation into a permanent *party* as distinguished from a temporary *faction* was to be facilitated by greater method, concert, and support of administration.[5] It is not without

[1] For the definite design of William's creation of a National Debt, *cf.* Works, vol. viii. p. 38: "The notion of attaching men to the new Government by tempting them to embark," &c., and his remarks in his last work "On the State of the Nation."

[2] Letter to G. Clarke. B.M. Eg., 2618, f. 217.

[3] *Cf.* especially "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. i. p. 460.

[4] This expression he derived from Machiavelli; *cf.* his remarks in "On the Power of the Prince and the Freedom of the People" (about 1728), Works, vol. vi. p. 243, and also "A Letter to Mr. Pope," Works, vol. ix. p. 463.

[5] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS. Eg., 2618, f. 214. As early as 1716 this idea had dawned upon him; *cf.* the remarkable letter to Marchmont in 1739 (Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 185 *et seq.*)—a striking confirmation of our contention. The connection of trade with the land he pressed as late as 1749, when he was urging the repayment of the National Debt as the sole means of retrieving disaster and confronting future emergencies. " . . . Trade gave us wealth, wealth gave us power, and power raised our island to be, at one time, a match for France." Works, vol. ix. p. 379.

significance that the Latin quotation: "*Est jam una vox omnium*"—as to national concurrence, which he makes to his friend George Clarke, in a letter of this year shortly to be mentioned,[1] is reiterated fifteen years afterwards in No. 218 of the *Craftsman*, where his ideal of a national party is sketched out, and had begun to take effect in the coalition between Windham and Pulteney. Such, if we compare his earlier pronouncements with his later, appears to have been the undercurrent of his dreams. That the project had been neither definite nor pronounced was due partly to his brief and beset period of office, partly to the cause-championship which, in the premature tussle with events, pricked his natural impetuosity and pugnacity to extremes. None the less his ideas find a further and remarkable substantiation in the pamphlet by his friend Davenant, published in 1700, and from which we have excerpted in a subsequent chapter.[2]

As he posted along the white highroad from Calais to Paris, his musings on receding home and country may well have been such as these. And then his mind must have reverted to Bar and the Pretender. Was he really bound in the strange twists of fate for the phantom inn—an inn whither so many had been brightly lured, where nobody of parts stayed long, and where all who had stayed, even for the briefest space, had paid heavy reckonings. Was that will-of-the-wisp beckoning already with fell and fitful finger along its fairy marsh? Surely he would shut his piercing eyes to the specious mirage. But, if the menaced proscriptions followed, if Britain, already troubled with discontent and tumultuous in outcry, were faced by the deadly choice between the loss of liberty under German George or English James, what then?

The ungenial, indifferent George showed no inclination now or hereafter to propitiate or encourage his new sub-

[1] And see Corr. No. ii.
[2] *Post*, p. 183.

jects, the responsibility for whose management he shifted to other shoulders, and the plunder from whose resources he partitioned among his Hanoverian minions.[1] Anne's queenly motherhood was regretfully contrasted. It was not long before the very words "of blessed memory," which Bolingbroke in vain insisted on the Pretender using in his declaration,[2] were struck out of an Act of Parliament by the representative estates of the realm.[3] If men were desperate, little would be left them "but to choose of two ruins that which they liked best."[4] Those who had sworn allegiance to the new monarch as peers of the realm would surely be absolved from their oaths if that monarch lent himself to the inexorable clamourers for their degradation, deprival, and despoliation. It is one thing now in the definite retrospect of history to map the distant landscape, and another to have lived in the emotions and with the warmth that coloured the moment. An adherence to the Pretender connotes for us apostasy or folly. The sequel of his forlorn hopes has tinged the associations of his very name. But in 1715, in 1718, in 1727, and even in 1745 it was otherwise.[5] James was by law of inheritance, apart

[1] *Cf.* a curious account in a letter from Count Broglio, the French Minister, and an intimate of the Duchess of Kendal, in 1724: ". . . The King has no predilection for the English nation, and never receives in private any English of either sex; none even of his principal officers are admitted to his chamber in a morning to dress him, nor in the evening to undress him. These offices are performed by the Turks who are his *valets de chambre*, and who give him everything he wants in private. He rather considers England as a temporary possession (*aubaine*) to be made the most of while it lasts, than as a perpetual inheritance to himself and family. He will have no disputes with the parliament, but commits the entire transaction of that business to Walpole, chusing rather that the responsibility should fall on the minister's head than his own, and being well apprized that a King of Great Britain is obliged, when the parliament requires it, to give an account of his conduct," &c. . . . (Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 303); and see a most remarkable passage bearing this fully out in Swift's unfamiliar "An Account of the Court and Empire of Japan" (1728), Works, vol. x. p. 339. Bolingbroke, however, at the close of his days paid a true tribute to George's "probity"; *cf.* Harris' "Life of Lord Hardwicke," vol. ii. p. 440.

[2] *Cf.* Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 280.

[3] The Forfeited Estates Act, March 1718. *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland Papers), vol. v. p. 558.

[4] Works, vol. ix. p. 190.

[5] Even so late as 1751, Fielding in his "Amelia" introduces a lady bickering *à l'outrance* for the Pretender.

from claim divine, the rightful king. It is often forgotten that in 1698 protestant William, the "Saviour of England," had given his assent to a secret compact with James, by which the Pretender would have directly succeeded him; and it is often equally forgotten that the Act of Settlement professed and purposed the happiness of the nation, and had chosen Hanover because that house promised fewer embroilments abroad.[1] The Georgian title was merely one of recent and conventional origin. The revolution which had granted it was not thirty years old, the instrument which had sanctioned it only fourteen, and barely sixty-two years had passed since the people had set up a commoner as uncrowned king, who had been unable to found a dynasty just because he, like Charles the First, like his successor, and like James the Second, had wished to dispense with Parliaments, or even to govern against them. The Revolution had secured the popular safety by its parliamentary guarantees; but though the independence of Parliament on the Crown had been assured, its independence on a Minister who might assume or wear it had remained far from perfected. The consequences of the Revolution Settlement might yet undermine its principles. Who knew if James might not be influenced to rule for Church and State? And who could tell what might not be effected by one of parts and power with the son of a reputed saint, the grandson of an accredited martyr, if only he could be induced to hear the national appeal, to answer the national aspirations, and to dispel the false paradise of ignorance and superstition in which he moved, and in which he still seemed to believe and trust. We shall recur to these considerations more than once in other conjunctures. That Bolingbroke's flight had not been in the least degree the consequence of any previous complicity with the Pretender he vigorously protests, in that remarkable "Vindication" which he published in answer to Walpole's henchmen during the spring of 1731. "If to decline in certain circumstances a trial," he

[1] *Cf.* Chesterfield's very significant remarks in "Old England" (Feb. 25, 1743); *v.* his Works, vol. i. p. 110.

says,[1] "if to go into voluntary exile either before a trial or even after condemnation were absolute proofs of guilt, the conduct of many greater and better men . . . would deserve our censure, and that of calumniators as vile as these would merit our approbation. Metellus and Rutilius must be condemned, Apuleius and Apicius must be justified." This protest is confirmed by the Stuart Papers, which show, as we before surmised, that Bolingbroke's name is only mentioned in the Jacobite ciphers of the irresponsible Gaultier. Nor could he have quite forgotten that Marlborough, still a national hero, rose into predominance after his disgrace in 1692, and expected to do so after that of 1712.

By the close of March he arrived in Paris; there Bolingbroke was naturally a distinguished guest. Apart from his previous fame and triumphal visit, he possessed, through his stepmother, many and influential connections. The salons of De Torcy and D'Uxelles, the whole court—for such it was—both at Paris and Clermont of the Maréchal Berwick, with all their adjoined circles of friends and kindred, the more tinsel boudoir of his old ally Madame de Parabère, who was now mistress of the Duc d'Orleans, welcomed him. He knew all the great monarch's Ministers who controlled the machine; and most of those she-diplomatists who, in Montesquieu's phrase, were the springs of its motion.[2] Madame de Ferriol, with her clever sons Pont de Vêle and D'Argental; her sister, Madame de Tencin, the "queen of beauty";[3] her brother, afterwards Cardinal, were eager to court and console one who, in Voltaire's words, possessed all the learning of England and all the *politesse* of France. M. de Nocé,[4] the future enemy of Dubois, he knew also but misliked. Wit,

[1] Works, vol. vi. p. 360. As early as March 1714 he had written, in a letter endeavouring to brace Oxford, that his sole designs were to see "the quiet of the Queen's reign secured and effectual measures taken to put those of our friends who may outlive the Queen beyond the reach of Whig resentment." Portland MS., vol. v. p. 404.

[2] Lettres Persanes (1731), p. 83.

[3] Grimoard, vol. ii. p. 429. Letter to M. de Ferriol, June 3, 1715, given in our "Correspondence."

[4] The Regent used to call M. de Nocé M. mon beau-frère.

loveliness, and wisdom fluttered and whispered around him in a society where the most refined intellect and the loosest manners went hand in hand, but with a courteous dignity strangely alien to the vulgarer licence and less polished orgies that ensued under the Regency. All that was congenial to one side of Bolingbroke's immense and complex vitality was here; but it could not divert him from the nobler promptings of the other. Before all things Bolingbroke, like Byron a century later, was a man of action; to be deprived of it tormented him; and for him action meant the activities of a citizen, for public life was the breath of his nostrils. He repaired at once to the British ambassador, Lord Stair, an old, an already well-disposed, and afterwards an intimate acquaintance.[1]

John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, was born in 1673. He succeeded that eccentric Covenanter who had been an abettor of Argyle both in his plot against James the Second and in his massacre for William at Glencoe. From that father he had inherited little except his hereditary association with the Argyles. Neither cruelty nor piety were characteristics of the son. He had served with Marlborough in Flanders. On the accession of George he was made privy councillor and chief commander in Scotland. On Prior's peremptory recall from his envoyship, he was appointed first envoy, and eventually ambassador at Paris.[2] His only previous diplomatic qualification had been a mission to Poland. His early sympathies were with the Sunderland and Marlborough group,[3] and he was never in real touch with Walpole's. He always believed in measures rather than men—a feature which Bolingbroke bantered nearly thirty years later in a letter to Marchmont. His anti-Jacobite services, however, aided by his knowledge of France, of Scotland, and of the

[1] *Cf.* Grimoard, vol. ii. p. 139. Stair always speaks of B. as "Harry" in the letters where he does not cipher him as "Yorke," or "Mon oncle St. David," &c., whereas he usually terms Mar "Murray" or "Brown."

[2] Hardwicke State Papers (Stair's Diary), p. 528.

[3] *Cf.* B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, ff. 291, and 229, ff. 78 and 352.

Duke of Orleans, as well as the astute management by which he soon procured De Torcy's dismissal, and his consistent counteraction of French preponderance,[1] ought to have conciliated the most jealous of Ministers who ever lived, and to have disarmed the least constant of Whigs. Yet not long after he had projected the scheme of quadruple alliance with Stanhope, he was hurried home in 1722, under cover of displeasing the Regent by a quarrel with Law,[2] and Sir R. Sutton deputed to his place. In 1733 Walpole punished him by depriving him both of his Scotch vice-admiralty and of his dragoon regiment, and in the same year Chesterfield—Chesterfield the "Patriot"—was not ashamed to style him a malignant and a Jacobite.[3] He favoured, and more openly even than Chesterfield, that legitimate Pretender, the Prince of Wales. He was appointed commander-in-chief after Walpole's fall, and assisted to "hoist the Dutch" by his embassy to the States. After his prominent distinctions at Dettingen, he disdained to countenance Carteret's pro-Hanoverian intrigues and resigned his post; but he generously reassumed it on the first rumble of the rebellion in 1745. He wins from Carlyle the title of "magnanimous." Stair's character was a curious compound of caution and carelessness,[4] of shrewdness and bluntness, of affability and reticence. He was precise through prudence, yet rash through pride. He was constantly uneasy, yet always cool. His plodding effort in business was only matched by his plodding effort in pleasure. He was fluent yet minute, subtle yet stiff, fanciful yet regular. His abilities may be classed as first among those of the second order. What Bolingbroke remarked of Law and Fontenelle, that they were not *génies* but *gens d'esprit*,[5] might well be applied to him. He died in 1747.

[1] *Cf.* especially his letter to Marchmont of Dec. 10, 1735, Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 80.

[2] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," i. p. 53.

[3] Suffolk Letters, ii. p. 60.

[4] *Cf.* the curious story of the important document found mislaid behind his escritoire, and told by Bolingbroke to Lord Hardwicke in 1744, B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 318.

[5] Grimoard, iii. 274.

In the interview with Stair, Bolingbroke assured him that he would not, while in Paris, treat with the Pretender.[1] He kept his word. Mr. Leslie Stephen[2] has doubted this, but his own reference to Berwick's Mémoires corroborates our view. Berwick says that he saw Bolingbroke in private before his withdrawal, and that the withdrawal was dictated by an indisposition to take any public part in the Chevalier's affairs.[3] He further declined a specific invitation brought to him from Bar, and repulsed the "great endeavours" that "were used to engage him" in this affair.[4] Moreover, the coming publication of the Stuart Papers—few of which, and those not the most important, were added by Lord Stanhope to his history, with inaccuracies in transcription[5]—strikingly confirms both Bolingbroke's account and Berwick's. Berwick, whom Torcy had taken to Bolingbroke, had evidently pressed Bolingbroke on James, who invited him, with a characteristic allusion to Anne, in May. Berwick made no mention of Bolingbroke till April 15; but on the same day as James' note of invitation, he says that Bolingbroke is in his favour, but considers the best way of serving him to be by returning to England, because he "could then not only advise but act." Ormonde ("Orbec"), Bolingbroke said, was "honest, brave, popular, and willing, but must be guided by some wise people." Besides Windham, Atterbury, and Lansdowne, James could only count on Lord North and Grey. After these expressions of goodwill and opinion, he in no way pledged himself.[6] James then urged Berwick to induce him to accede, especially as Bolingbroke was quitting Paris in "that nick of time." He hoped much from Bolingbroke's influence with Louis, and Torcy, he added, was plying

[1] "I promised him that I would enter into no Jacobite engagements." Works, vol. ix. p. 100.

[2] "National Dictionary of Biography," article "Bolingbroke."

[3] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 213.

[4] Works, vol. ix. p. 99.

[5] *Cf.* Stuart Papers, pp. 383–485.

[6] Stuart Papers, p. 362. "We may add that in 1714 Berwick was very wrath with Harley, who had been belying his assurances."

him. Marlborough too was in correspondence with Berwick. But on May 21 the utmost assurance that Berwick could give was that he had not heard from Bolingbroke, who had only promised to send a "mémoire" to England concerning James.[1] He was evidently consulting his party at home, and awaiting their mandate. As late as May 6, Berwick writes to James that it was very hard to meet Bolingbroke, "owing to the precautions he loves to take." And indeed he seems to have left Paris to avoid any necessity for encountering the importunate James.[2]

It was extremely difficult for one in Bolingbroke's position to elude entanglements in the French metropolis, which was then an ant-heap of Irish adventurers, Scotch intriguers, and Jesuit priests, presided over by that "mob Ministry" which Bolingbroke so humorously describes in his "Letter to Windham." But Louis had already assured Stair that he was disinclined to help the Pretender either directly or indirectly.[3] Crousat, the banker, was reluctant to advance even a thousand crowns; he demanded the King's security and a patent of nobility for the loan.[4] Prior had been recalled at the beginning of the preceding month, and Stair had done his utmost to assist him, requited, however, by Prior's querulous condemnation of the Spanish trade clauses in the Utrecht Treaty.[5] With all Stair's reserve, Prior's equivocal conduct doubtless now formed part of his conversation with Bolingbroke; as perhaps a few months later, Oxford's, in the Tower, lying down daily on the block "to rehearse the last scene."[6] "Poor Harry" was in a scrape; he had made a very proper undertaking:

[1] Stuart Papers, Hist. Man. Comm., pp. 361–365. In these letters Bolingbroke is ciphered as "Sably," James as "Raucourt," Louis as "Rose," Berwick as "Bellay," Torcy as "Talon," and Ormonde as "Orbec."

[2] Stuart Papers, p. 364. Bolingbroke gives as one reason "to remove the objection of residence near the Court of France" after his letter to Stanhope. Works, vol. ix. p. 101.

[3] Hardwicke State Papers (Stair's Diary), p. 529.

[4] Stuart Papers, p. 369. "Without 50,000 crowns for England nothing could be done."

[5] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 528.

[6] Bolingbroke to Swift, March 17, 1719. Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 347.

for the present Stair himself probably counselled his temporary absence from the centre of intrigue. Care for his party and his friends contributed as much to his decision as care for himself. "In the uncertainty of what would happen," writes Bolingbroke, "whether the prosecutions would be pushed, which was most probable, in the manner intended against me and against others, for all of whom, except the Earl of Oxford, I had as much concern as for myself; or whether the Whigs would relent, drop some, and soften the fate of others; I resolved to conduct myself so as to create no appearance which might be strained into a pretence for hard usage, and which might be retorted on my friends when they debated for me, or when they defended themselves. . . . Had I engaged with the Pretender before the party acted for him, or required of me that I should do so, I had taken the air of being his man, whereas I looked on myself as theirs. I had gone about to bring them into his measures; whereas I never intended, even since that time, to do anything more than to make him as far as possible act conformably to their views." He had no commission from England, and the friends left behind him should alone determine his course.[1] Such was his policy. He still hoped that the King might curb the Whig vengeance, but Stair, who was never a favourite with the first George, and only eventually with the second, was at this time powerless to serve him. He addressed Mr. Secretary Stanhope at home protesting his respect for the Government, but even this precaution was twisted by the Jacobites into "a base and fawning submission."[2]

It was sheer necessity[3] that drove him from Paris. He resolved on Dauphiné as a spot fitted for his retirement, and by May 10[4] he had taken his departure. The banks of the Rhone were probably chosen from their nearness

[1] Works, vol. ix. pp. 99, 100, 101.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 103.

[3] Letter to Madame de Ferriol, 3rd June 1715; Correspondence, No. i., and Grimoard, ii. p. 429.

[4] This date is fixed by the intelligence cited, Coxe, App., vol ii. p. 307.

to Geneva, and the opportunities afforded for conference with Professor Saladin, a Genevese mutually known both to himself and Stair, and afterwards effectually concerned in promoting Bolingbroke's return. He fixed first on St. Clair, in the neighbourhood of Vienne, but by the end of June he had removed to Bellevue, near Lyons. From these two places he wrote letters to Madame de Ferriol in Paris, and to George Clarke, an old friend, who had repaired to France. Both letters are given in our accompanying appendix of "Correspondence." The former breathes a forced patience and a forced philosophy. The latter[1] adduces the reason already indicated for his deserting the capital just when he was looking forward to meeting his friend. "The use which I saw was intended to be made of my continuance anywhere near the Court of France made me determine to move to this distance as much on my friends' account as on my own. That I continue in their memory and good opinion is the greatest support, next to a conscience void of guilt, which a man in such circumstances as mine are can wish to have. With these supports I hope to wade through that sea of troubles into which I have been the first plung'd; though I confess I do not see the shore on which one may hope to land." This letter is important because of its recipient's character. George Clarke, to whom Brasenose and All Souls Colleges, as well as the Bodleian Library, are still grateful as benefactor, virtuoso, and collector, was Bolingbroke's senior by eighteen years. Under William he had been Secretary of War; in Bolingbroke's own Government he had been a Lord of the Admiralty in close correspondence with him. He was essentially not only a responsible ex-official of unblemished honour, but a strong anti-Jacobite. He had opposed the Anti-Conformity Acts in the stormy debates of the first six years of Queen Anne, and the remembrance of his conduct survived as late as 1722, when the Jacobites tried, but in vain, to oust him from his seat for his devoted University.

[1] B.M. MS. Eg., 2618, f. 217; Corr. No. ii.

Meanwhile, in England, the nation was restless and even insurgent. Instead of some Jacobites being Tories, as had been the case two years before, all the Tories were now tending to become Jacobites. The very army was discontented. In June the soldiers ran bare in the London streets, and, pointing to their rags, accused Marlborough of pillage. The Church was once more declared "in danger." Her enemies, so ran the popular clamour, were the sole guardians of the State. The Pretender would turn a good Protestant yet; and, in any case, if one could not be a good Anglican, the very Pope was preferable to Presbyters. The liberty of the subject was menaced. Its friends were to be arrested or exiled. The best blood, the best heads, the ancestral champions of the national interests, were under suspicion or persecution. This, according to a remarkable conversation on a Thames boat, which was reported some months afterwards by a French spy[1] to Bothmar and forwarded to Robethon, was the prevailing note; and, when the Duke of Ormonde followed Bolingbroke's example in August, it was averred that twenty per cent. of the nation were Jacobites, who waited on Ormonde to raise the standard in the west and concert the rising in the north.[2] The King himself was embarrassed. He had neither regular army nor standing ally. Townshend had the greatest difficulty in pushing his friends and his views; it was only James Stanhope's concurrence that countenanced Walpole at the Court, and that concurrence was by no means, as in less than two years appeared, a permanent factor. Bothmar, who governed the King, was not ashamed of stooping to pillage the pettiest perquisites from the board of Green Cloth;[3] no detail was too slight for his control. He even chose the valet for the Prince of Wales.[4] Robe-

[1] Bouquet. B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 134. He was surprised to hear so much "Jacobite talk." The conversation, it is true, was reported in October, and refers further to the Scotch rising, but it is substantially true of the popular feeling so soon as the impeachments were certain. *Cf.* also Grimoard, i. p. 141.

[2] Berwick, vol. ii. pp. 217, 224.

[3] The Candles! B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 284.

[4] *Ibid.*, f. 265.

thon managed the affairs of Scotland,[1] and Bernsdorff even sought to "direct" the Nonconformists.[2] Bothmar and the Schulemburg were governing Britain, and the very first speech that George made to an English Parliament was drawn up in French by Nottingham, aided by Bothmar, and transmitted to Robethon for correction. Boyer in his History had actually to retranslate the speech.[3] And this was a state of things separated by only a few months from the rule of a sovereign whose "English heart" had been proverbial. Abroad the Swede threatened; the Austrian, defying treaties, maintained his fight for Spain; France watched the arena. The stars in their courses seemed battling for James, if he had only discerned their conjuncture instead of consulting strange gods and confusing even their oracles.

It was a golden opportunity, but Bolingbroke was debarred from communicating with his English friends by the insecurity of the post. His suspense was not to be protracted. At the beginning of July a messenger—probably Ezechiel Hamilton—arrived at Bellevue with a double despatch for Bolingbroke. One was from Windham in the name of the Tories. It represented the universal exasperation which had succeeded the universal surliness; the Scotch impatience to rise; the concurrence of the army; the preparations of London itself; the maturity of specific plans; the concert of Ormonde; the certain adherence of others when "the first blow should be struck." It urged Bolingbroke not to remain exceptionally neuter in bringing about a revolution, in a situation of affairs "so critical, so unexpected, and so promising." The second was from the Pretender himself, then at Commercy, whom the messenger, in his haste to anticipate engagements, had visited *en route.* It invited

[1] Townshend to Stanhope, Oct. 1716. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 93.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 24.

[3] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, ff. 23, 36.

Bolingbroke to repair without delay to the court of his King.[1]

He was ill in bed at the time; worn too with anxiety and furious at the recriminations reported from home on his removal to Vienne; but the excitement of the moment did not deter him from questioning his visitor. As to the general crisis and the party will, he was satisfied; as to particular measures and particular persons, he was less convinced. The want of concert between the Jacobites on the two sides of the Channel had already struck Berwick.[2] But by this time his impeachment was a certainty though it had not actually been pronounced; it was thought also that Ormonde would forestall his own by rallying the gentlemen of the west. More must surely be behind; a plan so near and so ripe should disarm hyper-criticism, and the future James III. would explain the salient details. One point alone troubled him, and it proved crucial. England had declared without previous assurance from France, from whom and from Spain supplies could be alone obtained. But the moment called, his friends pressed, the die was cast, without hesitation his mind was made up, and he repaired in all the exhilaration of hope and danger to Commercy.[3]

This was the rashest, the most regrettable step that he ever took. As Swift sang of him under the figure of "Phæton":—

> "When to a height their fury grown,
> Finding too late he can't retire,
> He proves the real Phæton
> And truly sets the world on fire.[4]

But there were mitigations, which he urged with great

[1] The letter, dated July 2, is extant in the just imminent Stuart Papers: ". . . My impatience," it runs, "to see and discourse with you is equal to the esteem and confidence I have for you. . . . I do not doubt but we shall agree very well when we meet . . . You know my hand and the bearer knows you . . ." (p. 372).

[2] Stuart Papers, p. 378.

[3] For the foregoing account see Works, vol. ix. pp. 104-11. Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. 223-24.

[4] Poems, vol. iii. p. 80.

force many years later, and which the King himself, who knew Bothmar's thirst for revenge against Bolingbroke, recognised when he approached him "unasked" through Stair in 1716, protected his property and his person in 1717 and 1718, pardoned him in 1723, wished fully to reinstate him in 1725, and to honour him as his Minister in 1727. "Let us grant," urges Bolingbroke in 1731,[1] "that the man who engages against his country, even when he has been oppressed in it or driven out of it by violence, is not to be defended; that there are occasions wherein we ought to kiss the rod which scourges us and reverence that authority which has been unjustly exercised against us. But then let it be granted likewise, that human passions are so strong, and human reason so weak, that men who suffer persecution, or who imagine they suffer it, are seldom able to keep within these bounds of heroical moderation. They will be apt to seize the opportunities which may be offered of resisting, or of attempting to repair the injuries done to them. They will flatter themselves that they do not vow their revenge against the people, the innocent and collective body of their countrymen, nor go about to subvert the constitution of their government. They . . . will persuade themselves that they do not seek revenge, but redress; nor aim to destroy the law which punishes, but to prevent the *abuse* of it which persecutes," and he then distinguishes between a lapse and a lack of principle, instancing the former by Ludlow and the latter by Clarendon. Injustice rankled in his bosom and the call of his maltreated associates rang in his ears. What they all desired was an English England. Was it feasible to pit the Chevalier against the King? It was not so most certainly, in their opinion, if the State Church, for the sake of which, as part of the whole national good, the Protestant succession had been established, was to be maimed or jeopardised.

The reproach of treachery to the Act of Settlement has been often flung at Bolingbroke without due considera-

[1] Works, vol. vi. pp. 360-63.

tion. That Act had been passed to save the constitution; for the sake of the constitution it existed, and not the constitution for the sake of it. Bolingbroke was to be for six months—being attainted, and in response to a strong appeal from leading Englishmen—untrue to that Act, of which fealty to a foreign house was a prevailing element. But his misfeasance had principles behind it, and when it was over, those principles reasserted themselves. Walpole, on the other hand, as we shall see, although nominally true to his personal allegiance, was to prove, throughout his career, untrue to that constitution which the Act was passed to preserve. He twice suspended the Habeas Corpus. He made his sovereign now expand and now contract his prerogatives. He repealed the Triennial Act. He tainted the very sources of representation. He favoured the elimination of material clauses from the Act of Settlement itself. He farmed England financially. He at once abetted jobs and intimidated jobbers. Under the semblance of Revolution principles he completely belied them.

Let us here pause awhile to inquire into the secret of the spell which the Pretender's cause exercised so fatally, so romantically, so lavishly, and so long.

That spell was one more of the cause than of the person, and its secret may be summed up in the single word "England." William had proved a deliverer, but he had been Dutch. George might prove the father of his people, but he was German; and among Germans, one of the smaller princes; among those princelets, too, one of those most wedded to his petty surroundings, and involved in the trifling precedences of the Empire. Bothmar had by 1712 identified his master's interest with that of the "New Whigs,"[1] the splinter of a great party, and George was only in appearance Bothmar's master. He was ready by turns both to surrender and to enlarge a prerogative

[1] "Bothmar has now declared himself of the Whig *party*," &c. (Strafford's Letter to the old Electress, from the Hague, January 2, 1712. B.M. MS. (Stowe), 224, f. 239). The whole letter should be consulted.

which was distasteful to him. He disliked the new heritage which he had reluctantly assumed. As Chesterfield said of him long afterwards, "The crown of three kingdoms shrivelled beneath an Electoral cap." The Church, the land, the mart, and the navy weighed as nought in the balance with excavations of stale pedigrees, with claims on Bremen and Verden, with Mecklenburg feuds, and Brandenburg pretensions. The Hessian and Hanoverian subsidies, which afterwards protected Britain, were to him mainly tentacles for private aggrandisement. The very Queen of Prussia was pensioned by English gold. Such was the man, however, who marked in England, as Bolingbroke well observes, an unpopular change which fell nothing short of a fresh revolution.[1] The Stuarts, on the other hand, much as they had injured England, little as they individually deserved the reputation, stood collectively for defenders of the "old constitution in Church and State"; and history proves that it takes generations to wipe out the sentiment and imagination of a people. They appealed to the Church by the title of Scripture, and by the pledge of power. They appealed to the land by the title of loyalty and by the ties of prescription. They appealed to the merchants by their constant care of the navy, as contrasted with a new system of mortgaged industry and usurious armaments. They were the Prodigal Son of the national regret, condemned to eat husks abroad, and always awaiting that welcome at home which was denied to prudential self-complacency. Had the Pretender sought asylum in Austria instead of in France, had he, as was afterwards contemplated, allied himself to an archduchess, or, better still, to a princess of the Palatinate, instead of meditating, as he was now doing, an alliance with the House of Orleans, there would have been small doubt of his restoration. It was chiefly his identification with England's hereditary foe that debarred it; and Bolingbroke has twice pointed out that Cromwell's gallicisation of the exiled family was a masterstroke of design.[2]

[1] "On the Power of the Prince." Works, vol. vi. p. 249.

[2] Works, vol. vii. p. 290, and vol. viii. p. 37.

Moreover, the word "Pretender," which had been first employed by Queen Anne, signified to the popular mind more a doubt of legitimate birth than an invasion of Revolution settlements. The first Proclamation, after his half-sister's death, which protested her "good inclinations" towards him,[1] did more to dispel that doubt among the ignorant than all the arguments of half the pamphlets, and all the sophistries of half the divines.[2] It was an ill day when he assumed the style of the Chevalier St. George. The cause, we repeat, was one thing; the person another. Certain qualities were shared by all the Stuarts from the days of the first Charles to the days of Prince Charlie. They fascinated by their good manners and repelled by their bad faith. Neither the most respectable of them nor the least, could be permanently respected. Their—

> ". . . honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept *them* falsely true."

They had all of them loved arbitrary power; they had all of them depended on favourites whom they abandoned; they had all of them been vacillators; they had all of them been obstinate; they had, each of them, been brave; each of them, with one exception, religious; each of them, with one exception, patriotic; each of them, with one exception, grateful. The luxurious indifference of Charles the Second to any Church, to any home, or to any friends, had been offset by an amiable indifference to affront and to adversity. His father's indignation, his brother's harshness, extremes, and enthusiasms were remote from his cosmopolitan nature; and he owned the best head, if, perhaps, the least heart, of his race. But if he sold his country for his pleasures, he enriched it by his wise promotion of its commerce; and if he neglected the devotion of adherents, his was not a malicious sacrifice. To live and let live had been his motto; and so it came to pass that his own reign of indifference had proved more popular than his father's Church-craft and his brother's bigotry.

[1] August 29, 1714. [2] Coxe, "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 307.

James Francis Edward Stuart, at this time only twenty-seven, was the decadent of his line. He possessed all its inward peculiarities, but in a whittled strain; just as outwardly, in the words of the younger Walpole, who saw him in 1752, without the particular features of any Stuart, he owned "the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all." He affected the shadow where they had desired the substance, so that, as he also inherited their cause, he seemed, to quote Bolingbroke in another connection, "a little statue placed on a mighty pedestal."[1] The arbitrariness which he aired was one over burlesque subjects in a sham court. His religion had degenerated into craven superstition. He had been so plied in his youth by second-rate theologians, that he grew content never to think for himself. His palace contained a protestant chapel for his mistress as well as a papist chapel for himself.[2] He could be physically brave, but he was a moral coward; and both his bravery and his cowardice were invariably inopportune. He was peremptory to the sole able Minister he ever inveigled, yet he quailed before an Irish priest, and fawned on Scotch and Irish secretaries. His favourites were never his own, but always some other controlling person's. He dismissed Bolingbroke through Mar, and Mar through Ormonde. Compared with his irresolution, his uncle's, or even his cousin's,[3] might have passed for decision. Compared with his obstinacy, his father's and his grandfather's, even his half-sister's, might have seemed strength of will. Charles the Second had the mien without the regularity of his father; James the Second the regularity without the mien. The Pretender had neither. The pleasures of which he was fond were those of a minute, and were atoned for by as fitful a penance. The glimpse of a pretty ankle would deter him from the most critical enterprise,

[1] "Dedication to Walpole." Works, vol. x. p. 20.

[2] *Cf.* Stratford Papers, p. 428.

[3] The future Regent of France. He may be so styled, because his father's first wife was the Pretender's aunt; although the second, of course, was his mother.

and his frequent journeys and many delays had often no more real purpose than the pretext of escaping from the boredom of Lorraine. When he chanced to yield to persuasion and to do the wise thing, he always contrived to put it off till the wrong moment. When he was equipped he was unready, and he was prompt when unprepared. He had small discernment of characters, and he would thwart a genius to please a dunce. He sauntered when his path was beset with danger, and hurried mysteriously when it was plain and clear. His enthusiasm, even for the Catholic faith, cooled when he was alone, and was only kindled by sedulous combination to chafe it. He loved his people on paper, but was averse to putting their affection to the test. He would promise them the remission of all burdens, and in the same missive reproach them for their ingratitude.[1] He was never so happy as when he was intriguing, and never more wretched than when he was called upon to act. As the younger Walpole remarked of His Grace of Newcastle, "He was always doing but never did;" and as Wilmington remarked of the same perpetual secretary, "He usually lost half-an-hour in the morning which he spent the rest of the day in trying to overtake." He was ridiculously susceptible, and punctilious over the proprieties which he openly violated.[2] During the Scotch rebellion, Stair himself had actually to beg English protection for his natural child, Hugh Dalrymple.[3] The fact is that he dwelt in a maze of unrealities, out of which he was never strong or bold enough to break. His travesty of a throne-room harboured as many ill-paid and high-sounding functionaries as an ancient Spanish Court or a modern French railway station. The Jesuit intriguers, who made their account with him for Rome, and the numberless adventurers who sought their fortune in his politics, were indiscriminately confused with chivalrous loyalists and gallant soldiers. He misunderstood the Scotland which

[1] See his Proclamation. B.M. Add. MS., 32096 (Malet Papers), f. 134.

[2] *Cf.* the remarkable letter of the Chevalier to his wife in 1725, *ibid.*, f. 120. His quarrel with that wife in 1726 was rumoured to be a feint. Stratford Papers, p, 416.

[3] Stair's cousin-german "fils du Prétendant." See B.M. MS., 228, f. 187.

adored him, to the extent of leaving it in the lurch at Montrose, when he could well have made a stand at Aberdeen. He frittered away his time in manifestos,[1] which he thought executed as soon as written. So far as he was capable of keenness, he took a real pleasure in playing at going to be King, and the secrecy of disguise and cabal (for he did nothing without these) was the serious game of his life. To enact a French valet or an Italian marquis pleased him like a charade. When his hesitating schemes miscarried, owing to his own incapacity, he found equal pleasure in venting his disappointment on the heads of those whom he had chosen without consideration and commanded without control. Our private conviction is that, while he was satisfied by the pursuit, he would have been disgusted at the possession; that he was never so happy as in contriving first and repining afterwards, and was never so miserable as he would have been had he ever managed to succeed. At a distance his charm remained that of his cause; but on a near view he always betrayed his inability to represent or even to discern it. Berwick found him hopeless; so afterwards did even Atterbury. It was hatred of Hanover more than love of St. Germain that offered the distraction he deplored. But in justice it should also be remembered that his faults were those not only of his blood but of his breeding, while two virtues at least were maintained in spite of circumstances and enticements. His mother wielded power both of mind and will; and to her he was unswervingly devoted, though men were not wanting who would have detached him from her when her foresight restrained their precipitation. To his conscience—whatever the temper of his religion—he was true in accordance with his lights; although Leslie plagued it by arguing him deaf, and Bolingbroke, by dazzling his eyes. He would neither feign Protestantism to succeed his sister, nor promise it security to defeat her successor. But this

[1] *Cf.* an especially ridiculous one, signed by Higgins, and addressed to the States-General (B.M. Add. MS., 32,096, f. 112). It gives them notice that he is "going to take possession of his kingdom," and is dated October 18, 1715.

very strength proved his weakness, and it was more than idle for him to waste lives and to fan expectations the condition precedent of which must have clashed with his scruples. His honest alternative would have been to have surrendered his interest to his faith. In the event he forced others to suffer for the one, and refused himself to suffer for the other. As his procrastinating attempts became more and more luckless, and as more and more came to read him aright, his own personality receded and gradually dissevered itself from his cause. But even then the national yearning for a messiah twined itself around him for want of some better prop, till the very name of Jacobite meant the popular discontent with the reigning powers rather than the popular fealty to the exile of Avignon or Rome. The indefatigable Duchess of Buckingham continued her cabals till the early forties, which saw her death. The unburied body of James the Second lay awaiting its return to England, amid unextinguished tapers, for nearly one hundred years,[1] in the Benedictine church of the Faubourg St. Jacques. But the symbol had become a soulless doll. It was with difficulty —such is the might of use—that the despair of the nation took refuge in a cleverer weakling, and that the "Jacobites" of 1736, and indeed of 1746, turned the courtiers of Frederick the Little.

Such was the personage whom Bolingbroke met for the first time, and probably saw for the first time since he had eyed him from an opposite box at the Paris opera in 1712. He appears to have had only two formal interviews,[2] yet these were sufficient to convince him of the party's rashness and perhaps of his own. The party was pressing, but James was cool,[3] and cool because misinformed. He greeted the statesman with open arms, and characteristically promised him a patent of earldom. He solemnly committed the seals to his keeping, although Bolingbroke

[1] The sight of it appalled even the myrmidons of Robespierre when they burst into the church. It was buried by order of George IV. in 1813. *Cf.* Molloy's "The Queen's Comrade," vol. ii.

[2] Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. (Cadell, 1778), (Stair's Diary), p. 525.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 528.

was by no means eager for the office. So averse was he to this farcical honour that, on his side, he exacted a stipulation. It was this; that he "should be at liberty to quit a station which his humour and many other considerations made him think himself very unfit for, whenever the occasion upon which he was engaged was over, one way or the other."[1] He was to have the right to give notice; and it was claimed because he at length perceived at a glance with what manner of man he was actually about to deal. "He talked to me," he writes in the Letter to Windham, "like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the particulars of his affairs, I found that concerning the former he had nothing more circumstantial nor positive to go upon than what I had already heard." These assurances were general, verbal, unauthorised, and ambiguous both as to their source and their channel. To Ormonde had been confided the commission for English affairs, but there was no system of correspondence, there were no specific requisitions, nor any answering guarantees, "all was loose and abandoned to the disposition of fortune." Louis, it is true, had been brought to hint the possibility of furnishing "some money, some arms, and some ammunition," but the requisite of disciplined forces had been flatly refused. Those who spoke and acted as if foreign succour were assured must have known even then that small reliance could be placed on it. Such was the English situation. The situation in Scotland was more favourable, but only in appearance. The Jacobite chiefs were mostly those who resented the ascendency of the Campbells. Argyle was already in favour at Court, and they were anxious to rise and jealous of the English preparations. There were eighteen thousand men ready but not equipped.[2] In conspiracies where two separate bodies of confederates are engaged it constantly happens that jealousy begets impatience, and im-

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 122. It is confirmed by Berwick, Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 274.
[2] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 216.

patience precipitation. Such was the case now. Seaforth was impetuous. Sutherland, though a waverer, had not yet declared for the Government. Mar, as brave and incompetent in the north as Ormonde proved in the south, was urging extremes. Huntingdon himself was in Paris.[1] Lord Camock was entreating the command of the fleet.[2] There was no secret about the matter, as there was still in England. The Highlanders were in a condition to rise, and were eager to execute their open intentions. They pushed the Pretender to name day and place. They spoke as if the English were dispensable and as if they themselves were the sole actors. Bolingbroke could not accept this view. Berwick had already assured him that the present Court, while it countenanced the Pretender in words, would practically do so in words alone. He was pressing Sweden for supplies.[3] In Paris, where the hopes of the desperate and the sanguine were exaggerated by the gossip of the Maintenon politicians, James was already acclaimed as King. But that only meant for the frivolous that he was the *vogue*. Time was necessary, if Louis should ever sanction an infringement of the Utrecht Treaty. The political horizon was clouded. Austria was still at daggers drawn with Spain. Charles of Sweden—whom De Torcy always favoured[4]—was beset by Russia, by Prussia, and by the German troops of George himself. Usedom had just been wrested from him. Meanwhile Alberoni, the strongest example—as Voltaire notices[5]—of the standing menace of an absolute Minister in a powerful State, was already laying that long train of vast conceptions which within two

[1] Stair's Diary, p. 535.

[2] Stair's Diary, p. 543. This worthy made his peace with the King in 1722, and retailed to Stanhope the account of the council at Sir J. Packington's on the death of Queen Anne which closely tallies with Spence's note and proves that Bolingbroke opposed Atterbury. See B.M. Add. MS., 35837, f. 509.

[3] *Cf.* Stuart Papers, pp. 372-73. Charles of Sweden is ciphered as "Mr. Spencer."

[4] It was his brother C. de Croissy who a few months later was privileged, in the trenches of Stralsund, with the audience in which Charles said to him, "*Veni, male dicamus de rege.*"

[5] "Charles XII.," p. 324.

years more was to convulse Europe. As Minister for Parma he was already subserving the Parmese ambitions of his Parmese Queen. On every side was unrest; and although this might favour the Pretender's attempt, if the occasion was promptly seized while George was still without a fleet, with only eight thousand men dispersed throughout the island, and before the Dutch troops should be summoned, yet Louis would not so consider it. Through De Torcy he might probably be worked upon for support and possibly for supplies. De Torcy himself, however, was tottering towards his fall. Stair was already instructed to remonstrate with him about the Majorca incident. Dubois was the Duke of Orleans' adviser, and should Louis expire, Dubois would step into De Torcy's shoes. With Dubois, Stair was also in constant and secret conference, and this would render French reinforcements still more difficult to procure. In this affair the Orleans faction could hardly be enlisted against the Maintenon party; and there was also the demolition of the Moerdyke sluices to arrange —a circumstance which Stair shortly afterwards astutely played off against the Duke's machinations to be Regent. Stair, therefore, to Bolingbroke's knowledge, was beginning to clasp the threads both of the present and of the future Court. James was already pressing Bolingbroke to precipitate a Scotch expedition and wrote hopefully of "the sweets of better days."[1] Bolingbroke, therefore, counselled James to wait a little longer;[2] he dissuaded him from any enterprise, Scotch or English, until both could happen simultaneously. It would be wise for the Tories in England also to "lie still." Their sole chance of success depended on the troops, the powder, the shot, and, above all, the money which could be collected. Meanwhile, if they were wise, they might foment the rising ferment against George without declaring for James. This would prove a better policy than their present knack of "jogging

[1] Stuart Papers, p. 375. *Cf.* James' Letters to B. *Ibid.*, p. 379.

[2] Even as late as August 3, regarding the English expedition. Stuart Papers, p. 383.

merrily on." For his part he would promptly repair to Paris and exert himself to obtain definite supplies. The Pretender approved, as he always did when Higgins and Dillon were away; and Bolingbroke forthwith departed on July 23.[1]

So far we have summarised our recital from many sources, which in every respect confirm the statements of the Letter to Windham. In what we are to relate we shall draw more fully on originals which signally indorse the truthfulness[2] of Bolingbroke's own account. It may be well briefly, and once and for all, to mention our main authorities for the recital.

There is first and foremost Stair's own correspondence with the Government in the Hanover Papers of the Stowe manuscript collection at the British Museum, and Lord Camock's brief account among the Hardwicke manuscripts. There are the extracts and transcripts from Stair's diary, as well as some of his letters, in the published Hardwicke "State Papers." There are Berwick's Mémoires, for this purpose of great weight, because he was well acquainted with all the parties concerned, himself refused a commission to lead the Scotch forces, and had two sons and a brother-in-law in the Pretender's army. Moreover, he was a man of unblemished honour, who, unlike Mar, eventually declined the overtures of the second George to return from his expatriation, and to whose character Bolingbroke was afterwards to pay an eloquent homage in the *Craftsman*.[3] There are further some stray manuscript letters in the Malet and Egerton collections, besides the many others in the British Museum, which are comprised in our Appendix, as well as the important correspondence with Madame de Ferriol

[1] Stuart Papers, p. 377.

[2] And yet Walpole had the impudence to declare to Etough in 1737, referring to the events of 1727, that "lying was so natural to St. John that it was impossible for him to keep within the bounds of truth"; *cf.* Etough's record of a conversation (Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 344). This expression will remind the reader of a similar remark by Gladstone about Lord Beaconsfield.

[3] July 11, 1734, directly after Berwick's death.

and the Abbé Alari which we have transcribed from Grimoard.[1] There are, too, the few but weighty missives which Coxe has reproduced in his appendix to the large edition of his life of Walpole; and there are further documents in various British Museum collections, including those of Lord Hardwicke, which shed occasional side-lights. We may add such glimpses by retrospect as are to be gleaned from more obvious sources, such as Voltaire's Works, Swift's Correspondence, the Marchmont Papers, Jesse's Memorials, and the like. And there is the Royal Collection of additional Stuart Papers, which are shortly to be published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, as well as some additional information from others of its publications.

On his road to Paris, Bolingbroke met Saladin, and there is reason to guess that the Pretender himself accompanied him part of the way, though by July 29 he had returned to his mother at Bar.[2]

Stair himself was puzzled by the conflicting reports of the Jacobite plans. At one moment the Chevalier was reported embarked; at the next, delayed. The Queen-mother herself, who followed the pronouncements of Berwick and Bolingbroke, was against his starting without regular troops; but his Irish advisers and his Scotch correspondents kept plying him with hastier counsels. Stair could not believe that without ordered forces he would venture on the expedition, and he even suspected that the Spanish fleet had some covert connection with his service. Stanhope, however, had already informed him that the invasion would be immediate.[3] The financiers again refused aid. Bernard assured Stair that no support was forthcoming. Law and his bank scheme were out of favour with the King. Villeroi, the new governor of the young Prince, reiterated that nothing would be done. Orleans himself repeated that the King too had refused.[4] If Bolingbroke was to extort supplies he had a work of Hercules before him.

[1] These come from the originals in the possession of Alari and of Mr. Crawfurd, secretary to Stair's embassy, and afterwards to Schaub's legation.

[2] Stair's Diary, p. 534. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 532. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 541.

But the goad of his actual attainder—an attainder based on the Utrecht Treaty and confessedly destitute of extraneous proofs—now lent him additional incentive. He was by this released from any allegiance save to the party which had appealed to him, and the safety of whose champions seemed now more than ever compromised.[1] Somers had in vain sought to mollify Walpole, who, remembering his own incarceration, had procured the King's acquiescence in these fatal prosecutions by a compact that for this price he would undertake to see the sovereign's business through the House of Commons.[2] Even Anglesea, who represented the former "Whimsicals," assured his old companion that this war to the knife declared by the Government had wholly changed the face of affairs.[3] Bolingbroke applied with zeal to the leading Ministers, but as yet with little success. The whole jumble of futility lay in the hands of the hare-brained cliques which he has satirised with a master-pen. Fanny Oglethorpe and Olive Trant were in their villa at "Madrid" in the Bois de Boulogne with the Duke of Orleans' duenna, Madame de Chaussery,[4] and her friend Mademoiselle Magny, sighing for Ormonde and vaunting their influence with their protector; while the Abbés Brigault and De Tessieu—the Duke of Orleans' secretary—laughed at them and assumed a graver frivolity. But they were all fribbles, and yet their importunate intrigues marred every solid prospect of success. Stair, who already pitied "poor Harry," and could not help smiling at the ragged company of mock diplomatists to which he had been reduced "for his sins," put spies upon him. Harry retorted, with his tongue in his cheek, by setting spies

[1] *Cf.* Dedication to Walpole, Works, vol. x. p. 27–28. "Proscriptions are abominable and inhuman when they are backed by a fulness of arbitrary power. But to hang up the tables of proscription without the power of sending centurions to cut off every head that wears a face disliked at Court, would be madness in a Prince. . . . But a Minister may fall soon into this desperate state. . . . There may be such a conduct as no *national party* will bear, or at least will justify."

[2] Works, vol. ix. p. 86.

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. ix. p. 93.

[4] After pretending to be *dévote*, she afterwards married the Duc de Bouillon's brother.

on Stair.[1] Stair himself grew more and more uncomfortable. Torcy was furious with him. D'Iberville, the French Ambassador at St. James', was trying to prejudice the King. Things were regarded seriously in London. The Riot Act had been passed despite Anglesea's protest.[2] Oxford was in the Tower. The kettle of fish that simmered on one side of the Channel seemed hardly more savoury than that on the other ; while the minor Jacobite intriguers, like Camock, blabbed of more than they knew, and bragged of more than they could perform.[3]

In the midst of all this bewilderment a despatch from Ormonde was placed in Bolingbroke's hands.[4] Stair records the fact on the first of August.[5] Bolingbroke welcomed it as one at sea who perceives a light on land. It declared what Bolingbroke had discerned, that there could be no chance for a Scotch rising without an English one, and for neither without regular troops. The Chevalier's embarkation must be delayed at all costs till October ; a train of artillery, twenty thousand arms, five hundred officers, at least four thousand men, and a great sum of money would be required for the expedition.[6] This memorial was forthwith laid before Louis ; Berwick and Bolingbroke were consulted on it,[7] and the latter might now hope to plead his cause on some settled foundation. The Scotch and Irish manœuvres were stopped for the nonce ; the Chevalier himself reluctantly renounced his immediate intention.[8]

Louis was ready enough to embarrass England *sous la*

[1] Stair's Diary, p. 537. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] Stuart Papers (Berwick), p. 382.

[4] Works vol. ix. p. 130. Berwick, vol. ii p. 222. It still exists in the Stuart Papers.

[5] Stair's Diary, p. 538. The despatch must have arrived about July 23. See Berwick, vol. ii. p. 222.

[6] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 217.

[7] Stuart Papers, p. 382. In a letter from James to Bolingbroke, of August 2, 1715, he treats Camock with contempt, and terms Fanny Oglethorpe's communications "stuff."

[8] Stair's Diary, p. 535. Berwick's Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 214, 222. Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 133.

*main*, but he was still disinclined to afford him substantial succour. He granted one hundred thousand crowns and ten thousand arms,[1] and he allowed Depine D'Anicant to fit out at his own expense the ship in which the Chevalier was to sail. It was rumoured again that he would start forthwith, that Berwick would command, that Berwick's baggage lay packed at Clermont, that the port of embarkation was to be Vieuxville, that arms had arrived from Flanders, that Louis would assist, that Berwick with Middleton and Macdonald was to be of the party;[2] Bolingbroke, however, knew Berwick better than to believe this. While he boasted that he would yet cause his persecutors to repent the day of his impeachment, that he "had nothing to manage," and "would keep no measures," the fatuity of the situation grew on him daily. If George was a dupe, James was a fool, and he frankly contemned the one and ridiculed the other.[3]

With the Chevalier he had a right to be annoyed; he had promised him to wait a month at any rate.[4] On the last day of July, barely a week before Ormonde's "memorial" had arrived, one Callaghan, a Dominican monk, found his way to the Chevalier and urged him to another instant departure. No place of debarkation was assigned, but notwithstanding, the Chevalier ordered a fleet to be prepared at Havre, and, without consulting Bolingbroke, commanded his rendezvous on a day named.[5] "This method," comments Bolingbroke, "to fetch a King with as little ceremony as one would invite a friend to supper, seemed somewhat odd to me, who was then very new in these affairs. But when I came to talk with the man, for by good luck he had been sent for from Bar to Paris, I easily discerned that he had no such commission as he pretended to, and that he acted of his own head. I presumed to oppose the taking of any resolution upon his word, though he was a monk; and soon after we knew from the Duke of Ormonde him-

[1] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 218.
[2] Stair's Diary, p. 543.
[3] Stair's Diary, p. 536.
[4] Stuart Papers, p. 385.
[5] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 220.

self that he had never sent him."[1] Not a moment was to be wasted. It was quite possible that Callaghan might be a Government decoy, and it was more than probable that the Chevalier would pursue his measures. Bolingbroke conferred with Berwick, and Berwick managed an audience with the King, who had retired ailing to Marly. Louis himself put an embargo on the Chevalier's haste; and his chagrin against Bolingbroke in this matter, added to his coming annoyance at the episode of the Declaration, aggravated his future prejudices against him. But James's conduct demanded some firmer remonstrance, and Berwick accordingly, whom the Chevalier never ceased to respect, drew up a memorial which Bolingbroke despatched to Bar.[2] It represented with great respect the substance of Ormonde's manifesto, and the requisites both for the Scotch and the English outbreaks. It urged that Bolingbroke and he had exerted their utmost energies to obtain the small subsidies already secured, that with patience more might be obtainable; but that, in any case, a Scotch without an English insurrection would be ruinous. At this conjuncture, however, yet a fresh surprise was in store.

Bolingbroke was in Paris when both he and Berwick were startled on August 6 by the sudden appearance of Ormonde.[3] Bolingbroke had not been "in his secret"[4] while he was in England. Berwick was severely disappointed, for Ormonde had missed a grand opportunity in the west. Ormonde himself had not intended the step. But the summary proceedings against Oxford had scared him more than those against Bolingbroke; while his correspondence with Bar, and Mar's insinuations, had probably irritated his easy susceptibilities. He could not brook that he, the idol of the populace, should be supplanted in control. Ormonde was well received by his

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 155. [2] Berwick, vol. ii. pp. 214–220.

[3] Berwick mentions his "Mémoire" after recording Bolingbroke's first interview with the Chevalier; and the "Mémoire" itself was the natural consequence of the Chevalier's rashness on Callaghan's initiative.

[4] Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 8, and for the following statements *cf.* Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 223–24.

rival, who offered him Lassy's house, which he then occupied, shared his purse and his room with him, and put the best construction on his arrival in writing to James.[1] He was also acclaimed by the French Court. He dined both with Torcy and D'Aumont directly after he arrived, and a gala performance of Corneille's "Heraclius," where a real prince and a sham usurper are brought together on the stage, was given in his honour at the opera. After the performance he supped with Bolingbroke and Lord Galmoy.[2]

The entry on the scene of Ormonde depressed the Jacobites in France. It seemed in truth less a flight than a retreat. They had been led to believe that he was already raising the standard in the north-west of England. Nobody was so popular. Though he had sympathised with the Stuarts, and though he seems to have been approached so early as his command in Flanders,[3] he had been no open champion till after the Queen's decease. The Tories had looked to him for decision, but had been forced to decide without him. He was bent on pursuing a line of his own, and he was in league with Mar, who was naturally eager for a Scotch outbreak. And now, instead of leading the way at home, he had fled to pioneer it abroad. In England he had been adored as a hero, in France he was contemned as a poltroon.[4] Louis himself regarded this course as a confession of failure.[5] The Pretender was dispirited by the recent parliamentary news. And Ormonde's first influence on the cause was ill-advised.[6] He counselled an attempt in Scotland, and indeed he had previously despatched yet another priest to recommend it.[7] This new complication he immediately proceeded to concert with MacDonald, the handsome groom of the chambers, who was to be Bolingbroke's rival in the affections of Madame de Villette; and the plot, though forced aside, was secretly promoted for the next two months. Ormonde himself within a week of his arrival fell violently ill.[8]

[1] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 223.
[2] Stuart Papers, p. 387.
[3] Stair's Diary, p. 544.
[4] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 226.
[5] Stair's Diary, p. 536.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 539.
[7] Stair's Diary p. 543. The priest's name was Colen.
[8] Stuart Papers, p. 392.

Bolingbroke now began to find how difficult it is to construct and to demolish at the same time. Within the month that he had been engaged for the Chevalier there had been no less than three separate and abortive schemes, each of which was opposed by him at the dictates of the commonest prudence. Each of these had produced, as we have seen, its crop of Jacobite rumours; and no sooner was Ormonde's on the carpet than one of Stair's spies returned from Bar with a report that the Chevalier was off once more. Bolingbroke's immediate action was to concoct with Ormonde and Berwick, at Chaville, an answer to the English manifesto which Ormonde had originally despatched.[1] It is known as the Chaville manifesto. It was to the effect that time must be gained, and that meanwhile the best preparations possible with the poor material at hand would be pressed forward; it demanded a date of embarkation, and it dissuaded their friends from counting for the present on foreign supplies. It demanded what "our friends would do, and what they would have us do." It was an appeal for certainty.[2] Peterborough, too, was fumbling with the intrigue.[3] Nor could Marlborough, though mistrusted, refrain.[4] Bolingbroke again pressed Torcy for definite precautions and concerted action on August 20. He pointed out the peril of failure. He insisted with a statesman's foresight that success was only possible through France (and Louis was visibly waning); but that in that case ". . . You attach yourself for ever to the British nation, and the principle of its government will be to support France for the equilibrium of Europe—a principle strongly opposed to its

[1] The letter with which Bolingbroke sent it to Torcy is given in the Stuart Papers (p. 391). It is under date August 14, and it directs its bearer to England to hand it at once to D'Iberville, the French Ambassador at St. James'. James soon afterwards writes to Bolingbroke deprecating delay in waiting upon "so changeable a people," and approving of his concert with Secretary Kinnaird (p. 294).

[2] Berwick, vol. ii. p. 226. Works, vol. ix. pp. 150-57. *Cf.* Stuart Papers, p. 395. Bolingbroke wished a personal messenger such as Kinnaird to be sent into England.

[3] Stuart Papers, p. 400.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 401.

policy for some years."[1] James was as chimerical as ever, trying to squeeze money from bankers and potentates, who misliked the security, and actually projecting a meeting with Marlborough when he should set out for Scotland.[2] He was already begging Bolingbroke to hook the future Regent, with whose daughter he meditated a marriage, as afterwards with the Elector Palatine's, and before with the Austrian Archduke's. Bolingbroke still urged the waiting game upon him.[3]

Meanwhile, Louis' health had succumbed.[4] Though resolved to assert his supremacy with his dying breath, it was manifest he would not draw that breath much longer. Stair beheld him on the 12th at Versailles. The Grand Monarch looked "mighty ill," and supported himself with a stick. He could not attend the State review. On the 13th Stair waited on his levee, and saw him dine; he spoke with a broken voice, and could not eat.[5] Men could scarcely believe that his vigour was mortal. By the 22nd he had high fever, but he still transacted business. Four days later the Court was "in tears"; there could be no doubt that dissolution was at hand, although the remedies still preserved his high complexion. A gangrene set in. A specialist from Amiens was summoned. A quack from Marseilles arrived with an infallible "elixir." The King took it and seemed better. On the night of the last day of August, at eleven o'clock, he received the extreme unction. On the morning of September the 1st he was no more.[6]

Marshal Villeroi gave Stair an account of the King's last interview with the Dauphin, which Stair received in the gardens of Versailles. Louis had exhorted him "to live in peace with his neighbours, to keep his treaties, and to avoid war, in which he had delighted too much. The advice he

[1] Stuart Papers, p. 397. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 398-99. [3] *Ibid.*, pp. 402-3.

[4] *Cf. ibid.* Bolingbroke's letter to James, Aug. 15, 1715: "His colour is changed to a livid paleness."

[5] Stair adds: "He seemed uneasy to see me at the table; the courtiers looked hideously at me." Diary, p. 540.

[6] Stair's Diary, pp. 538, 539, 544, 545.

had given to the princes was to live in good understanding together; to the great men to serve the young King faithfully, for the love they bore to him, and for all the good he had done them; and many other things which showed his courage and resolution in meeting death, and his care for the welfare of child and kingdom, and his good understanding."[1] He had long prepared for this event, and he had assured the Pretender's mother that he was determined not to be surprised by death.[2] The minute precautions of his will against the Duke of Orleans' unlimited Regency were the unavailing consequence. He had survived his power, his kin, even his glory, and, as Bolingbroke has remarked, almost his posterity.

Thus died Louis the Fourteenth, the great hereditary foe of England, who had terrorised Europe as no other monarch before or since, save Napoleon. Berwick, who knew and loved him well, has paid a graceful tribute to the sweetness and even benevolence of his manners underneath his imposed and imposing awe and inaccessibility of demeanour.[3] Bolingbroke, who in his "Patriot King"[4] acutely discusses his ill education, which led him to identify the State with himself, rather than himself with the State, and to be an unconscious tyrant, has in his "Letters of History"[5] drawn so vivid a presentment of his character that we here subjoin a part of it. After observing that despite the ignorance at which he himself jested, he had enjoyed the rare advantages of youth and experience together, he thus continues—" . . . He had acquired habits of secrecy and method in business; of reserve, discretion, decency, and dignity in behaviour. If he was not the greatest king, he was the best actor of majesty at least that ever filled a throne. He by no means wanted that courage which is commonly called bravery, . . . nor that other courage, less ostentatious and more rarely found, calm, steady, persevering resolution, which seems to arise less from the temper of the body, and is therefore called courage of the mind.

[1] Stair's Diary, p. 545. [2] Berwick, p. 232. [3] *Ibid.*, pp. 232–33.
[4] Works, vol. vii. p. 109. [5] *Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 211.

. . . He was, in one word, much superior to any prince with whom he had to do when he began to govern. . . ."

He was replaced by the Regent Orleans, a man in his essential *insouciance* much akin to his father's brother-in-law and great-uncle's nephew, Charles the Second, and in his union of immense power of work to energetic immersion in pleasure, somewhat, though more accidentally, akin to Bolingbroke himself. But he had more obstinacy than determination, and more seeming compliance than real courtesy. He could seldom say "no," and he dreaded being bored. He was witty and brave, but weak also, and indecisive.[1] Privately profuse, he was publicly economical.[2] The man who toiled every day for eight hours,[3] and who could even distract himself by lounging through a laboratory, and playing at lengthy theological disputation with Fénélon, who preferred the pure eloquence and piety of Massillon[4] to the gloomy bigots of Court pre-eminence in the preceding period, was the same who hung on the lips of a greedy jade like Dubois' De Prie,[5] who chose a cunning and even ignorant[6] tutor for his confidante,[7] and who was himself so reckless, when the span of his toil was over, that he would leave the very documents at which he had minutely slaved with the perseverance of a clerk and the

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 517.

[2] Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 184.

[3] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 568.

[4] Louis XIV. used to say of Massillon: "The others make me pleased with them, but he makes me displeased with myself."

[5] The Regent's own favourite, Madame de Parabère, was far less venal, and more beautiful, and more accomplished. The De Prie became afterwards the Duc de Bourbon's Sultana, with no good results for the peace of Europe.

[6] It appears from a letter of Stair to Craggs, in 1719, that Dubois had actually to "get up" the map of Russia while he was negotiating Northern affairs.

[7] Even Nocé, whom the Regent jestingly called "son beau-frère," in allusion to his passion for Madame de Parabère, indignantly protested against Dubois' elevation to the archbishopric of Cambray: "Vous m'avez dit," he expostulated, "qui c'etait un chien qui ne valait rien!" "C'est à cause de cela," was the Regent's retort, "je l'ai fait archevêque afin de lui faire sa première communion." This *mot* cost Nocé a *lettre de cachet*, and it was in allusion to it, and on the death of Dubois shortly before his own, that the Regent penned his famous message of recall: "Reviens, mon cher Nocé, morte la bête, mort le venin. Je t'atténds ce soirà souper au Palais Royal." *Journal de Rosalba*, pp. 315–16.

insight of a statesman, protruding from his pocket.[1] He would put off Stair with promises of removal, and Bolingbroke with promises of connivance. He inaugurated a wise decentralisation of governing responsibility,[2] but he also inaugurated a reign of social demoralisation. For the first time in the annals of France the women, under his *régime*, vied with the men over their cups.[3] The laxness of Louis XIV. had been ceremonious; there was form and discipline even in its latitude. There was some idealism behind it. The dissipation of the Regent was vulgar. It was the spasm of *ennui*, and it ushered in the profligacy of a pinchbeck materialism. From its era dates a growing sway of the low and the little; though from it also dates a decline of the ascendency of that *noblesse* which St. Simon intended to aggrandise when he forwarded the Regent's pretensions to absolutism. The young King was a cipher. His boyish obedience had not yet degenerated into subservient self-indulgence. The day was still distant when he was to bemoan a fit of illness, on the sole ground that it debarred him from tasting the triumphs of a new cook. On Monday, September 7, he set out from Versailles for the Castle of Vincennes, where his temporary residence was fixed. "He went close by the city of Paris, but did not go through it, for fear lest the throng and shouts of the people should discompose him, being so young. He was in the coach with the Regent, and sat in his governess' lap, the Duchess of Ventadour; he showed himself well pleased, and not at all frighted or disordered. They add he is a very comely child, tall of his age, well shaped, and of a charming countenance, and lively fine eye, his cheeks full but a little pale, and, as the people fancy, has much the air of his great-grandfather, who made the same tour, and much about the same age, though it is supposed there were but few alive that would

[1] *Journal de Rosalba*, p. 315.

[2] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 240.

[3] Portland Papers, vol. v. p. 538. "... The Earl of Essex, who is come from Paris, tells us that no hoops are used there, but the ladies drink hard, and that when he was at the great treat so many days at Chantilly, they outdid the men."

remember the other, which was near seventy-four years before."[1]

That great-grandfather's exit was one more critical instance of those many royal deaths which were destined to dash Bolingbroke's ambitions. He had already persuaded Louis to secure a large sum of money from Spain, which was in the treasure-ship that afterwards foundered on the Scotch coast. Some munitions of war had also been furnished and lay at Havre, where Byng was speedily to put an embargo upon them. Berwick was once more approaching Charles of Sweden, but in vain,[2] for he was now besieged at Stralsund by land and sea. Louis was Bolingbroke's only hope in a "commerce which nothing but success could render tolerable." It was manifest that the Regent, who soon undid the late King's testament providing for the Duke of Maine's guardianship, would be inclined towards a prompter and a more permanent accommodation with England than his haughty predecessor. No wonder that Bolingbroke exclaims : " My hopes sank as he declined, and died when he expired."[3] James, however, only observed that there was "a new scene," and must be a new plan.[4] To the muddle of conflicting policies was added a mesh of counter-plots that made confusion worse confounded ; and the new Court was, in Bolingbroke's phrase, "a strange country." The State prisoners were released. Some of them had been above forty years in confinement, and their own children did not recognise them. Presents were lavished on the soldiers. The merchants, won by an affability contrasting with Louis' *hauteur*, hastened to tender loans.[5] The old favourites were all discarded, but the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, the Treasurer Noailles, and D'Uxelles, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.[6] The first was a mere lawyer, while the second now shrank from the very familiarity with Bolingbroke which he had before

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 517.
[2] Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 227-231. Hardwicke State Papers, p. 562.
[3] Works, vol. ix. p. 139. [4] Stuart Papers.
[5] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 517. Stuart Papers, p. 406.
[6] For the constitution of the new Ministry see Berwick, vol. ii. p. 241.

cultivated, and was shortly, as the kinsman of his second wife, to resume. The third was a man of high capacity, intimate, too, with the Ferriol circle of Bolingbroke's acquaintance. His death in 1730 evoked a feeling expression of sorrow for the personal loss of a life-long friend and the public deprivation of "a very great Minister."[1] But D'Uxelles "to his honour . . . had never encouraged a design which he knew that his Court had no intention of supporting."[2] All the avenues seemed closed. The motto of the new Court was: "Cela resemble trop à l'ancien systéme." Ecclesiasticism was replaced by infidelity, Law's finance ruled the roast. The Chevalier, who while the King was alive had been hailed as King of England, dwindled two months after his death into the Pretender.[3] The English Government at once required, not only his removal from Lorraine, but the expulsion also of Ormonde and of Bolingbroke from France. The Regent, by the close of September, was already propounding a mutual guarantee-of-succession compact between the two nations, on the condition that the Utrecht Treaty should be maintained, though he delayed matters and winked at Bolingbroke's presence until the Pretender's affairs should be decided.[4] To the Regent, whom he pressed upon James as a useful ally,[5] and whose daughter James thought to marry,[6] Bolingbroke found access, as also to other influential Ministers. But the first played him off against the tattle of the "gynocracy" in the Bois de Boulogne, presided over by the intriguing Ormonde, while the second were illusory without the Regent's compulsion. And to crown all, the answer to the Chaville manifesto[7] had now arrived. The English confederates "declared themselves unable to say anything till they should see what turn affairs would take on so great an event as the death of the King. . . ."[8]

[1] Grimoard, iii. p. 355. *Cf.* Stuart Papers, p. 402. [2] Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 141.
[3] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 184 (30th Nov.): "Le Chevalier St. George va redevenir le Pretendant."
[4] Stair's Diary, pp. 547, 549. Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 245, 246.
[5] Stuart Papers, p. 403. [6] *Ibid*, p. 406.
[7] *Cf.* as to this, Stuart Papers, p. 391. [8] Works, vol. ix. p. 151.

It was a pretty pickle. If the Scotch had hitherto been too forward, they were now justified in complaining of the English as too backward. Ormonde was prevailed upon by Mar to bend his attention to the north. Bolingbroke was embarrassed on every side. He had lost the sole direction of affairs, and Swift long afterwards observed of him[1] that he had never failed in any concern where he had had that sole direction. The Chevalier might any day be spurred into setting out for Scotland without his knowledge and against his advice. Ormonde, it was more than probable, was in secret correspondence with him. The disappointment of the Jacobites at the month's beginning was yielding to undue elation towards its close. As for himself, he avoided Bar and exchanged despatches from Paris with Higgins, though to hearten both himself and the Chevalier was a sorry task.[2] The English answer to the Chaville pronouncement shut his mouth and tied his hands. While supplies could be secured, it had been politic that the direction should proceed from France; now that supplies could not be, it was reasonable that it should be notified from England. The home Government had been well informed throughout, but its consternation before the King's death was followed by its preparation after it. In August had been the time to strike. In September was the necessity to suspend. But August had been spent in delay, while autumn was wasted in activity. In such desperation the perpetual flood of loose verbal messages renewed their stream. No time, they urged, was to be lost. The Chevalier was bidden to haste away; and even while they were arriving, the munitions on board at Havre, the small fruits of Bolingbroke's own energy, were being detained and unloaded by the Regent's order.[3]

[1] Letter to Pope, Nov. 1, 1734. "Swift's Works," vol. xviii. p. 288. The passage refers to B.'s projected "Philosophy" and runs as follows: "My Lord B.'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this."

[2] Stair's Diary, p. 539. Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 163.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 548. B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 10. Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 158.

Meanwhile the Queen Dowager had been to Paris and conferred with Bolingbroke.[1]

October had already begun. In his anxiety lest Scotch anticipation should ruin affairs, Bolingbroke now despatched Ezechiel Hamilton to London.[2] The danger of writing even in cipher was obviated by his learning the despatches by heart. They repeated the Chevalier's lack of actual or probable support from France or Sweden. They implored a decision as to whether the Chevalier should land in England or Scotland, and in any case they demanded a definite plan of action; they probably at the same time also urged Bolingbroke's waiting game, and advised, so far as advice could now be feasible, that England should rise on a day named for Church and Liberty against oppression, while Scotland should rise on the same day for the avowed cause of James III.[3]

The mercury of the Jacobites began to mount higher than ever. It was reported as early as September 26 that Bolingbroke was to set out that evening for Bar, that the Chevalier was instantly off for England, that Berwick had retired to Clermont; on the other hand, Stair assured his Government that the Regent was on their side, however he might speak otherwise, and that the Swedes were too crippled by their defeat at Rugen to dream of support.[4]

But meanwhile the Chevalier had himself spoiled the plans of his English adherents. Mar, unknown to either Berwick or Bolingbroke, but with Ormonde's probable concurrence, had received secret instructions to commence in Scotland. A "gentleman from Scotland" had arrived to make the same requisition from Bolingbroke that Bolingbroke had just made from Lansdowne. He desired "a definitive answer from the Chevalier whether he would have the insurrection to be made immediately, which they

[1] Stuart Papers, p. 409.

[2] Letter to Windham; *cf.* also Stuart Papers, p. 450.

[3] Bol. Works, pp. 151–152. B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 115. Stair's Diary, pp. 549–550.

[4] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 129.

apprehended they might not be able to make at all if they were obliged to defer it much longer." His answer was that the Chevalier was in daily expectation of a reply from England, and that all Scotch attempts should be checked until the two risings could take place together. But the Chevalier did not help the measures which Bolingbroke recommended, as neither did Mar or Ormonde obey the simplest promptings of common-sense. Before either Bolingbroke or Lansdowne were aware, Mar, impatient of negotiation, had departed from London, had arranged with his Lieutenant-General, had landed on the north of Scotland, and had set up the Chevalier's standard at the Brae of Mar. Bolingbroke's despatch to Lansdowne arrived too late. The English plan had been forestalled, George I. had sent for the Dutch troops, and Argyle had marched on Stirling. The tedious rehearsals were perforce at an end, and the serious play had begun.[1]

The Chevalier at Bar no doubt considered that he had made a clever stroke, and the vain Ormonde in Paris chuckled over Bolingbroke, whom he thought he had outwitted. By these means he would secure the supervision of the English expedition which must follow, while Mar had already obtained the command of the Scotch. The cross purposes on either side of the Channel foiled each other. The ambitions of two noblemen destroyed the chimerical ideals of two nations.

The Chevalier had been bent on Berwick's acceptance of the Scotch command; but this the Regent, to whom Berwick owed his French allegiance, forbade. "Nothing but such binding motives," Berwick wrote from St. Germains on November 3, "could hinder me . . . from venturing my life, my wealth, and my family, for your Majesty's service." James was furious. He declared, in a letter to Bolingbroke three weeks afterwards, that Berwick was merely making a pretext of his "business" for his own advancement.[2] This was the graceless reward of the man

[1] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 246–248. Bol. Works, vol. ix. pp. 159-162.
[2] Stuart Papers, pp. 451, 465.

who, as a fact, in this very expedition ventured his nearest and dearest for James. No wonder that Bolingbroke was disgusted. Had Berwick felt it consistent with his honour to have led this ill-fated enterprise, its issue would, we have little doubt, have proved successful.

During those first weeks of October Bolingbroke still awaited Lansdowne's reply. Couriers passed and repassed between Bar and Paris. It was not long before Stair gleaned the news that the English response was expected. Leslie had quitted Bar for the capital. The Chevalier, who manœuvred the Scotch rising, was equally afraid of Government preparations and of Bolingbroke's opposition; and Stair, who feared that the Scotch uprising might mask itself under the guise of an agitation for repeal of the Union, as the English one promised to do under that of a constitutional clamour, made haste to report the departure of troops for the north, and the probabilities of a descent on Bristol in the south.[1] Parliament had not yet assembled, but Carteret communicated to Stair that there was already a better temper among the people which he was endeavouring to improve.[2] The peril of procrastination as to England and of precipitation as to Scotland grew hourly more evident.

The reply from Lansdowne came at last. Our old friend Lewis, Oxford's adherent, had forwarded the Scotch despatch to Mar, but too late to deter him. The English response disappointed Bolingbroke in the extreme. It asserted that "since affairs grew daily worse, and could not mend by delay," the friends in England "had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Chevalier on his landing," which was recommended as near to Plymouth as possible.[3] In other words, England would not be outdone by Scotland, nor Mar and Ormonde by Bolingbroke and Berwick.

Bolingbroke, however, would not permit his discouragement to appear. As late as the very close of October he

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 115. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 126.
[3] Works, vol. ix. pp. 166-67.

was rumoured to have been heard vaunting over his cups[1] that a fortnight would show that the cause was not lost.[2] A fortnight, however, revealed still another unpleasant surprise. Ormonde had determined on a scouting expedition of his own. It was more than ridiculous on the part of one who had so lately relinquished a scheme that promised success. Bolingbroke made the best of a bad job. Seeing James resolved, he drew up in concert with him a plan of action in which Campion, Courtney, and the Bishop of Londonderry were to play their several parts.[3] The expedition was grossly mismanaged. Every one remembers it; we need not attempt a particular account. Suffice it to say that it was intended to be a joint enterprise with the Chevalier, who set out from Bar in October at the same time as Ormonde did from Paris. Sir William Courtney (we learn from the important narrative in Lord Camock's "Confession"[4]) had given assurances that Exeter would declare for the Chevalier, that his friends would rise, that the arms of the Devon Militia would be secured. Sir Bampfield Copleston and Mr. Francis Gwyn likewise gave promise of assistance. Ormonde was delusively informed that Windham had assured the Chevalier that ten thousand troops might be counted on in Somersetshire. Lord Gower had pledged himself to join Foster with four thousand horse and foot; while Lord North and Grey, a persistent Jacobite, wrote from Holland that he would be proud to receive his commands. Even such tried veterans as Webb and Ross proffered their assistance. Ormonde insisted that Macdonald (Bolingbroke's especial aversion, as well as the Marquise's) should accompany him.[5] James himself gave Bolingbroke a long recital of Ormonde's embarkation, as his herald in England, to prepare his way in

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 149.

[2] *Cf.* a little earlier, in the joint despatch of Bolingbroke and Ormonde to England (of Sept. 1, 1715): " . . . The Tory exiles on this side of the water are determined to perish or succeed." Stuart Papers, p. 414.

[3] Stuart Papers, p. 296, and *cf.* p. 446.

[4] B.M. Add. MS., 35837, f. 509–511.

[5] Stuart Papers, p. 447.

Scotland.[1] Notice was given both to London and Edinburgh that they were about to start. Ormonde was to sail some days before the Chevalier arrived at St. Malo, and was then to notify the success of the invasion, while two gentlemen, well known to the party in England, were sent forward to Devonshire and Somersetshire. He had no sooner reached the coast of Normandy, than he heard of Colonel Maclaine's treachery, and of Lansdowne's and Windham's consequent arrest.[2] He learned further that dispersion and consternation were universal. Notwithstanding, "supported by nothing but the firmness of his temper," he persevered. But hardly had he landed at Torbay, when one of his heralds joined him on the coast, and undeceived him completely. In the very country where he expected that the Chevalier would be welcomed, he was refused even a night's lodging. Smarting and despondent, he returned to meet the Chevalier, who had again arrived from Lorraine at the close of November. Nevertheless, with intrepid imbecility, he resolved to repeat the experiment unknown to Bolingbroke. On this occasion, as on so many others, the elements themselves were against his cause, and a storm, as in 1719 and in 1744, was fatal to it, though it saved him, as Bolingbroke remarks, "from a much greater peril, that of perishing in an attempt as full of extravagant rashness, and as void of all reasonable meaning, as any of those adventures which have rendered the hero of La Mancha immortal."[3] Bolingbroke afterwards told Swift, when Ormonde had become the tool of Alberoni, the "saucy gardener," that he put him in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's "Love for Love," "where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all."[4]

We need only subjoin a single instance of Ormonde's spirited incompetence. Bolingbroke had with difficulty provided some stands of arms for his master. These Ormonde

[1] Stuart Papers, pp. 461–469.

[2] There is a graphic account of this arrest by Lansdowne's niece, Mrs. Delany, who was present as a young girl.

[3] Works, vol. ix. pp. 167–171.

[4] To Swift, March 17, 1719. Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 344.

managed to take with him on his first rash voyage; but he neither used nor returned them. They were completely wasted.[1] Stair smiled sardonically at these occurrences. He knew his men. The Pretender he had sought to detain through Contades at Chalons, and this the Jacobites burlesqued into a project of assassination. James had loitered in disguise at St. Malo, both for Ormonde and the weather, but had again changed plans, on learning of George's reinforcements, and had hurried to Dunkirk. About Ormonde neither Stair nor the Regent had much concern. "Ormonde," Stair wrote in a despatch, "eclipses himself."[2] The Regent was confident that he could not have departed for England; and Stair felt assured of his failure simply because he was the leader. It had been rumoured that Ormonde would not go to England until the rebellion was declared, and that then he would choose Bordeaux or the unobserved west coast of France for embarkation; that Bolingbroke had been well received by the Regent; that the Pretender would venture on no departure till the Tories had declared for him, and that their first rising was to be general.[3]

How the Regent did receive Bolingbroke appears from the Letter to Windham.[4]

Olive Trant had been Ormonde's mistress, and the Chaussery had found one for the Regent. The whole "Madrid" sisterhood at once set on Bolingbroke to trust them. Bolingbroke supposed that their importunities annoyed and prejudiced the Regent against him. It is our firm belief that they were employed as spies on Bolingbroke at Stair's instigation.[5] Bolingbroke was not naturally a suspicious man, and in the extremities to which zeal had reduced him he fell an easy prey to these adventuresses. Through them a note from the Regent for Scotland was put into his hands, and through these women also Sir John Erskine

[1] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 264.
[2] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 149.
[3] Stair's Diary, p. 548.
[4] Works, vol. ix. pp. 173–193.
[5] As late as Nov. 27, Bolingbroke is reported by Stair to be seeing the ladies, "in whom M. le Maréchal (D'Uxelles) interests him." B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 186.

was enabled to bring to Scotland part of the Spanish treasure, which was afterwards wrecked. Eight thousand arms at Compiegne had been promised, but, though Bolingbroke undertook for their transportation, he was not able to effect it; and at last, convinced of the ineffectuality of such go-betweens as these gypsy Ministers, he persuaded Berwick to obtain an explanation from Orleans himself. The Regent affected to be distressed at a report which had reached him; namely that Bolingbroke had been in treacherous communication with Stair himself. The Regent, however, had since been convinced of its falsity; and we may add that Stair himself completely absolves Bolingbroke in this regard.[1] Indeed, its only excuse had been that on one occasion Bolingbroke had dined with him and remained till the small hours of the morning.[2] There can be little doubt that Bolingbroke lent Stair the most valuable assistance with regard to the enforcement of the ninth article of the Utrecht Treaty, respecting the demolition of the jetties and sluices at Moerdyke, which he was now extorting from the Regent. The Regent, however, mentioned another grievance against him. He complained that he was teased to death by the cabal of the Bois de Boulogne, and he could not understand how a friend of D'Uxelles and of Berwick could "choose to treat with Mrs. Trant." Berwick so satisfied the Regent that soon afterwards he granted an interview to Bolingbroke himself and was complaisance itself, though he promised him nothing for the Chevalier. Ormonde, on his return from his ill-fated expedition, apologised to Bolingbroke for keeping him out of his secret, and alleged that the Regent had made it a condition. Bolingbroke generously presumes that both the Regent and Ormonde told the truth; and that the Regent, while annoyed with Ormonde's solicitresses, had yet deluded Ormonde into the

[1] Stair's Diary, p. 551. Coxe's "Walpole," App., p. 307 (Stair's letter to Horace Walpole, March 3, 1716). And *cf. post*, p. 63.

[2] *Cf.* Bolingbroke's telling remarks in "The Case of Dunkirk Considered" (written in 1729). Works, vol. vi. p. 308 *et seq.*

stratagem of excluding his colleague. For ourselves, we conjecture that they both equivocated, the Regent from policy and Ormonde from pique. The Regent wished to be on terms with Stair and to keep him informed. Ormonde desired to lead in the Chevalier's councils,[1] and to serve Mar, who could never forget that his ancestor had been Regent of Scotland. Stair himself was anxious to precipitate the rebellion. He believed, and rightly, that open insurrection in England was better than smouldering discontent. The Regent was equally anxious to be on terms with England in view of the troubles looming in the north of Europe. It was the policy of both to encourage Mar[2] and Ormonde, and to discourage Bolingbroke, whom they had ignominiously failed to detach by a bribe[3]; and in both these objects they succeeded. Stair confessed that among all the Jacobite advisers there were not four capable men.[4] Of these, Ormonde, by Stair's own confession, could not certainly be one, while Bolingbroke was undoubtedly their principal.[5]

Bolingbroke now utilised the interval of Ormonde's absence for settling the Pretender's Declaration. To this he attached the utmost importance. "... Certain it is that to keep a party in England," he wrote to James on October 14, "... your Majesty must link unto your own cause that of the Church of England. Of your own cause and of your sister's memory, others may perhaps represent things to you as they wish them, but I shall, as long as I have the honour to serve you, represent them as they are."[6] On the importance of security for the

[1] For Ormonde's noted jealousy of Bolingbroke, *cf.* Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 272.

[2] Sir John Erskine said that Mar was encouraged to his Scotch expedition by the Regent. Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 188.

[3] This they tried to do through D'Uxelles and D'Estaffiat, and to make him take a pension from the Regent (Works, vol. ix. p. 190). The bribe was £25,000.

[4] B.M. MS. (Stowe), p. 228, f. 150 (Oct. 30, 1715); f. 240 (March 14, 1716).

[5] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 172. "... Il faudroit être dépourvu de tout bons sens, pour ne pas voir la faute enorme que le Roi Jacques faisoit en chassant *le seul Anglois capable de manier ses affaires.*"

[6] Stuart Papers, p. 447.

Church he had from the first laid the greatest stress. All along he felt the Church a part of English institutions, rooted on England's soil, and grown with her growth. He dwells on the importance of a Church establishment in all his works. Years before he had coupled "bon Protestant" with "bon Anglais" in a letter to Bothmar.[1] In an earlier Declaration, the Pretender had given vague and scant assurances of his protection to the Church. Bolingbroke hoped to accomplish what Leslie had failed in attempting. He was woefully disappointed. One, Nairne, was employed to strike out all the material points which Bolingbroke had inserted. "The security of the Churches of England and Ireland . . . their re-establishment in all those rights that belong to them," was replaced by, "Let the civil as well as religious rights of all our subjects receive their confirmation in such a Parliament." So, too, in the references to James' kindred. "Glorious and blessed memory," alluding to Anne, was struck out, and "glorious memory" retained. For "eminent justice and exemplary piety," ". . . inclinations to justice" was substituted. The reference to Charles the First as a "blessed martyr who died for his people," was whittled down into "fell a sacrifice to rebellion." Bolingbroke had styled the Universities "nurseries of religion;" "of learning," was the correction; while "solicitous for the prosperity of the Church," was amended by the erasure of "prosperity."[2] The Declaration was originally printed with the counter-signature of Bolingbroke, who was furious at this aggravation and cancelled the copies.

Meanwhile events marched ill in Scotland. The enterprise, premature and ill-advised, was misconducted. At its first inception, early in September, Bolingbroke, who was ill, had been very uneasy. The temporary management, till Bolingbroke was better, had devolved on Secretary Murray,

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), Hanover Papers, 227, f. 7.

[2] *Cf.* Stuart Papers, p. 449, wholly confirming the assertions in the Letter to Windham. Works, vol. ix. pp. 278–283.

his keen enemy.[1] The campaign is familiar, and we need not detail it, but we must draw attention to several points and incidents. A large proportion of the best blood in Scotland was engaged. Besides Macintosh, Maclaine, Widdrington, and Forester among commoners, with Mar, Nithsdale, and Derwentwater among peers, we find the names of Strathmore, Tullibardine, Southesk, and Drummond of Logan,[2] each of whom furnished their several quotas. The reduction of Leith was the first news to greet the absurd but general expectation of success.[3] The very opening showed the commonest precautions neglected. Forester had started from Northumberland with Derwentwater and Widdrington, and had proclaimed James on the Border; but though he had besought Mar for regiments of infantry he had only cavalry with him. When Macintosh crossed the Firth, instead of rejoining Forester, he committed the initial mistake of advancing on Edinburgh alone. But, though Argyle was thus forced to hasten from Stirling and to return thither after Macintosh had retired to Leith, yet the best that Macintosh could do was to wriggle out of his false position and to seek the border. Reinforced by Nithsdale, he managed to join Forester, but he lost his Highlanders for his pains. Then again, now that at length there were two main forces—the troops of Macintosh and Forester and the army of Mar—instead of together attacking Argyle on both sides and diverting his course, Macintosh pursued his separate path to Durham, where the Catholics of Lancaster declared for him, while he left Mar to engage Argyle single-handed. The results of this double isolation were soon patent. Though Forester and Macintosh had 2000 troops as against the 1000 of Generals Carpenter and Wills, they were forced to capitulate at Preston on November 13. Mar, on the other hand, thus disunited, wasted his time at Perth, and tried to ford the Tay. He had as many as from 9000 to 10,000 men. Argyle, with not half that number, encountered him

[1] Stuart Papers, p. 415. [2] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 161.
[3] *Ibid.*, f. 163.

at Auchterarder. Argyle broke Mar's left wing, while Mar's right absolutely routed a large portion of Argyle's army. But instead of making that rout effective by pursuit, and engaging Argyle's whole strength before the Dutch troops were able to reinforce him, Mar calmly allowed Argyle to return to Stirling, while he fell back on Perth for provisions. Such was the battle of Dunblane, eleven days after that of Preston, which made Stair exclaim, "Le chapelet de Rebellion commence a filer."[1] Both sides claimed the present victory, but the future was evidently with Argyle. Hearing that Sutherland had decided at length to champion the Chevalier in the north, Mar then despatched Seaforth and Huntley to join him; but Sutherland did nothing but ravage the farms,[2] while Huntley, like Maclaine before him, turned traitor and made his peace. Mar himself sent proposals of submission by his prisoner, Colonel Lawrence, in December; they were rejected. Many of the best families were ruined.[3] The Scotch, with the Highlanders' traditional attachment to the Stuarts, the Lowlanders' trade grievances against England, and the odiousness to both of the Union, afforded the Chevalier a golden occasion. It was disconcert, bad leadership, bad faith, clan-rivalries, and missed opportunities that frittered away the splendid valour and large majority at the Jacobite disposal.[4]

Their effect, moreover, on England, and even on Ireland, was marked and instantaneous. The bishops, menaced by the alternatives of popery or latitudinarianism, issued manifestos for the Crown against the rebels; and though by December attempts were made to intimidate the Mayor of Dublin, and the Pretender's Proclamation contained plenty of diatribes on "German atheistical" usurpers,[5] they fell flat. The first act of the tragical farce in Scotland prevented the curtain from even rising on the drama south

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 187.
[2] *Ibid.*, f. 174.
[3] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. pp. 520, 521.
[4] For these considerations *cf.* Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. pp. 250–253.
[5] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, ff. 178, 195, 196.

of the Tweed in a no longer disunited kingdom. Yet the incredible delusions of the French Jacobites were still miraculously fed. The Chevalier was said to possess two millions of money, although the late Louis had with difficulty begged and borrowed 700,000 crowns from his grandson in Madrid.[1] Stair was alleged to be secretly abetting him. A courier had arrived with despatches for Bolingbroke only four days before Dunblane, and their purport was that Argyle was defeated, and Ormonde at Milford Haven. The Pretender would embark on the first signal of success. Officers were waiting at Calais for the triumph of Mar. Even as late as November 24, when the second and ignominious return of Ormonde could be no longer concealed, it was believed at St. Germain that the Chevalier had set out.[2]

We left the Pretender at Dunkirk after waiting at St. Malo for Ormonde, who was still popularly regarded as "the soul of the enterprise,"[3] but whom Bolingbroke has satirised as "Tully" in his "Reflections upon Exile."[4] On the very day of the surrender at Preston, Stair reported to his Government, on the Regent's authority, that the Pretender had started for the coast of Cherbourg. His masquerade on this occasion was that of bishop, and it was discovered through his valet, who at once made believe to be charged with "compliments" for the Queen Dowager at St. Germain.[5] And although, towards the close of the month, his movements were rumoured as still on the Norman coast,[6] yet even early in December Ormonde is traced by Stair as alternately in Paris and St. Germains, where Bolingbroke "*has an apartment.*"[7] We may conjecture, therefore, that the Pretender may have found asylum with his mother for a space before he entered on

[1] *Cf.* Voltaire's Works, vol. xxi. p. 78.

[2] For these instances of deception and credulity *cf.* B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, ff. 163, 169, 177, 182, 184.

[3] *Cf.* Voltaire, vol. xxi. p. 77.

[4] Works, vol. viii. pp. 455, 466. In this delineation "Clodius" is Walpole.

[5] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 169.

[6] *Ibid.*, f. 184.

[7] *Ibid.*, ff. 186, 190.

his final struggle; and in any case, that for the cabals of his adherents in action were now being substituted their intrigues in council. Bolingbroke had been for some time in communication with Leslie. It is probable, therefore, that Bolingbroke's efforts were about this period still employed in furthering those arguments against bigotry and for the guarantees of civil liberty, which, as we have seen, he had been courageous enough to press against his own interest in the matter of the Declaration; for Stair, writing to his Government on 13th November, delivers himself as follows: "Je me flatte que nous verrons bientôt une heureuse fin de cette folle entreprise. Vous savez que Bolingbroke a converti le Prétendant, et qu'il s'est d'abord declarer bon anglicaine. Voilà un apôtre!"[1]

Bolingbroke had been baffled on every side. The wise Declaration he had framed had been altered; the astute plans he had devised had been thwarted. By sheer staunchness and ability he had excited the jealousy of Ormonde and Mar, and the malice of the *précieuses ridicules* in the Bois de Boulogne, as well as the detestation of the Scotch and Irish papists. But he had scorned to be bribed by Stair and the Regent, or to be wheedled by the new Court. He set himself resolutely to effect his utmost for the proper equipment of the Chevalier's impending enterprise.

He had, as we have already noticed, obtained arms which Ormonde diverted from their destination without employing them himself. He exerted himself to procure the promised balance of the Spanish subsidy. Through Lawless he solicited Alberoni at Madrid, but Philip put him off. The adroit passing of the Septennial Bill in the previous May had shown Europe that the vexed agitations of frequent elections would no longer serve a foreign turn; while the death of Louis XIV. and the chaos of the Chevalier's business indisposed a monarch troubled both by Austria and his wife's ambitions to embroil himself. Bolingbroke chose officers picked out of those Irish troops which Spain re-

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 169,

tained in her pay, he marked out their routes, and prepared a transport to receive them; but the money dribbled in so slowly and in such trifling amounts that the Chevalier had returned from Scotland when these officers were on their way. He resumed Berwick's negotiations with Sweden. But Charles XII., who had shrunk from offending the Protestant princes, was now, despite that management, beaten out of the Empire while George as Elector of Hanover was an actual party to the war. But the Regent, who had no wish to discountenance Sweden, directly her discomfiture boded danger from the Emperor,[1] was persuaded to promise the arrears of the Swedish subsidy and an immediate advance of 50,000 crowns for the attack on Britain to Baron de Spar. These promises, however, were simultaneous with his proffered friendliness to Great Britain, and were only made to be evaded. That friendliness was beginning to ripen, and Peterborough, the "man of mystery,"[2] as Bolingbroke called him, had hastened over *tout botté*,[3] as usual, to advance it by his extravagant *fanfaronnades*. It was further hardly to be expected that, since Louis had in the exhaustion of his treasury been forced to have recourse to his grandson, his nephew should be a whit better able to assist. The French coffers were for the moment somewhat depleted, and Law had not yet waved his magic wand. "Arms, ammunition, and connivance," writes Bolingbroke, "they made us hope for." Troops and money they frankly refused. "The latter, in some degree, we might have had perhaps; but to what purpose was it to connive when by a multitude of little tricks they avoided furnishing us with arms and ammunition, and when they knew that we were utterly unable to furnish ourselves with them." Bolingbroke further conceived the idea of French privateers to carry transports first, and to sail under the Chevalier's commission afterwards, with the advantage of retreats into Scotland and in

[1] After Stralsund, Stair says the Regent spoke "*doucement*":—"La prise de Stralsund renverse leur système." B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 198.

[2] See Corr. No. xxxi.

[3] Stair's Diary, p. 550.

Sweden. The plan would have proved of the greatest service to a mountain warfare such as was contemplated, but it fell through, like all the rest, for want of money and of concert. All Bolingbroke's inventiveness was thrown away on a cause which failed because insurrections were attempted "without any previous certainty of foreign help," and "in direct contradiction to the scheme which their leaders themselves had formed." Berwick emphatically protests that in counsel, in preparation, in precaution, and in fealty, Bolingbroke had not only accomplished his best, but the best practically possible.[1]

It passes belief, but it is true, that James, who was to have sailed at latest by the last week of October, tarried through cabals, subterfuges, and suspense of decision until the last week of December, at the beginning of which he was hiding in a Mr. Farrel's house when Ormonde returned.[2] It was Christmas before he had closed a pasteboard scene where—

"Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise,"

each hill of which had brought forth its mouse, though none punier than this his final effort. It was foredoomed to failure. His blunders belittled both his *right* and his *policy*—the two tests which Bolingbroke applied to the rival claimants for the Spanish succession.[3] At the very moment of embarkation, and while he was issuing a blatant proclamation for Ireland, the Regent openly called him an idiot and his followers lunatics.[4] It was only six weeks between his arrival at Peterhead and his debarkation at Gravelines on February 22, and every day of them was wasted. He gave no battle, and he neither rallied his friends nor earned the respect of his foes. He sent despatches to Bolingbroke through General Hamilton when it was too late to repair his mistakes.[5] He squandered a week in his absurd coronation at Perth; and, according to

[1] Bol. Works, vol. ix. pp. 198–204, p. 232; Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 275.
[2] Stuart Papers, p. 472.
[3] In his "Letters of History."
[4] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, ff. 197, 198.
[5] Stuart Papers.

Sir John Erskine, he saved himself by a *sauve-qui-peut* at Montrose, when he could have made an effective stand at Aberdeen. Moreover, despite Bolingbroke's remonstrances, he was still an authorised emissary of Rome. Stair, in advising the Ministry as to pardoning some of the rebel lords, insists that its absolute condition should be the Protestant education of their children.[1] The Chevalier could never divest himself of his instinct to combine irreconcilables. He wished to be both monarch and priest. He began as a native king and a papal legate; he ended as a despairing bigot rather than as a disappointed prince. He had entered on the stage like a tragedy-king; he quitted it like a strolling player. The only tangible results of his catastrophe were the execution of three peers and twenty-six[2] commoners, and a general impression throughout Europe that henceforward he was a mere pawn on the political chessboard, to be pushed or withdrawn as the designs or despondency of Spain, Russia, Sweden, and even Austria might suggest or inspire. Nearness had dispelled the romance of illusion which only the dignity of distance had created. Dilatoriness and want of resolution had throughout spoiled the promise of performance and the performance of promises.[3] "I remember," writes Bolingbroke to Swift in 1730, "to have seen a procession at Aix la Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size and is set by among the other lumber."[4] He must have remembered James Stuart in 1716—the prince who disdained to be "the servant of his people."

But notwithstanding his folly, George did not profit by it in the national affections. Though the Pretender had dissipated his inheritance and had proved a puppet of

[1] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 192.

[2] Four in London, the rest in the provinces.

[3] Lord Camock in B.M. Add. MS., 3583, f. 509-511.

[4] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 325.

mountebanks, the people could not forget that, under Anne, a good and glorious reign had been associated with the memory of the Stuarts. It was only after Anne's death that the Revolution Settlement had come forcibly into play; and "emancipation" might yet bode enslavement. In such matters the last impressions are the keenest, and the very forlornness of the Prince who unworthily embodied their hopes, shed a glamour over his cause. They feared, and feared justly, a system of denationalisation. The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended. The "royal ermines," to employ Smollett's expression, "had been dyed in blood." Lansdowne and Windham had been imprisoned; and it was never forgotten that the impeachments of Ormonde and of Bolingbroke had proceeded, not on any proved criminal correspondence, but solely on that peace of Utrecht which the Governments of England and of France were now sedulous to maintain. And yet so late as January 16 the duped Jacobites were still prophesying their millennium. A curious letter still exists from a lady at Rouen, announcing the departure of the Chevalier's *écuyer* with a Jesuit for St. James'. England would turn Catholic, and George would shrink into a Protestant duke.[1]

While these disasters were proceeding, Bolingbroke, in the vain hope of some assistance from France, sick of the "Madrid" junto, who hailed Ormonde as their master, hated by and hating the Irish bigots and the Scotch fanatics, concerted with D'Uxelles. He determined that he would no longer be "the instrument of amusing the Scotch," that he must absolutely undeceive the Pretender, and uplift the veil of impossibilities with which his henchmen had enveloped him. "Your Grace," he wrote to Mar on January 31, from St. Germain, "can contribute very much to ease me . . . since nothing but the warmest zeal . . . could make me lead the life which for some months past I have led. . . ."[2] What little was to be done, however chimerical, he did. Castel Blanco, the

[1] B.M. M.S. (Stowe), 228, f. 217.

[2] Stuart Papers, p. 498.

Spanish son-in-law of Lord Melford, affected at this very time to have procured an order for the stores detained at Havre. His plan was to convey them to Spain and thence to the West Indies, so as to be in readiness if the Scotch undertaking made progress; and he complained bitterly that he had been thwarted.[1] Bolingbroke procured a vessel for their transport with secrecy and despatch; but the first order given by the Chevalier on his return was to stop all vessels on his account. The despatches that Bolingbroke had forwarded arrived too late to reach his hands.[2]

But he was about to suffer a last indignity at the hands of the man whose "false charity and real malice" he has celebrated, and who persisted in remaining untaught and unteachable. March was ever an unlucky month for Bolingbroke. It was so in 1735. It had been so in 1715. His second wife died in March 1750. March 1754 was to witness Mallet's abominable edition of his works. March 1716 gave him his *congé* from a service which he had grown to despise. The sequel shall be related in Bolingbroke's own language, for nowhere has it been more accurately or graphically portrayed than in the Letter to Windham.[3]

"I saw him the morning after his arrival at St. Germain, and he received me with open arms. I had been as soon as we heard of his return to acquaint the French Court with it. They were not a little uneasy; and the first thing which the M. D'Uxelles said to me upon it was that the Chevalier ought to proceed to Bar with all the diligence possible. . . . Nothing more was meaned by this proposal than to get him out of the dominions of France immediately. I was not in my mind averse to it for other reasons. Nothing could be more disadvantageous to him than to be obliged to pass the Alps, or to reside in the papal territory on this side of them. . . . In all events it would not be wrong to try every measure, and the Pretender would have gone to Avignon with much better

[1] Stuart Papers. [2] Bol. Works, vol. ix. pp. 204–209.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 209-219.

grace when he had done, in the sight of the world, all he could do to avoid it.

"I found him in no disposition to make such haste; he had a mind, on the contrary, to stay some time at St. Germain, and in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to have a private meeting with the Regent. He sent me back to Paris to solicit this meeting. I writ, I spoke to the Marshal D'Uxelles, I did my best to serve him in his own way. The Marshal answered me by word of mouth and by letter. He refused me by both. I remember he added this circumstance, that he found the Regent in bed, and acquainted him with what the Chevalier desired; that the Regent rose up in a passion, said that the things which were asked were puerilities, and swore he could not see him. . . . .

"It was two or three o'clock on the Sunday or Monday morning when I parted from the Pretender. He acquiesced in the determination of the Regent, and declared that he would instantly set out for Lorraine: his trunks were packed, his chaise was ordered to be at the door at five, and I sent to Paris to acquaint the Minister that he was gone. He asked me how soon I should be able to follow him, gave me commissions for some things which he desired I should bring after him; and, in a word, no Italian ever embraced the man he was going to stab with greater show of affection and confidence.

"Instead of taking post for Lorraine, he went to the little house in the Bois de Boulogne where his female Ministers resided; and there he continued lurking for several days, and pleasing himself with the air of mystery and business, whilst the only real business which he should have had at that time lay neglected. He saw the Spanish and Swedish Ministers in this place. I cannot tell, for I never thought it worth asking, whether he saw the Duke of Orleans: possibly he might. . . .

"The Thursday following the Duke of Ormonde came to see me, and after the compliment of telling me that he believed I should be surprised at the message he brought,

he put into my hands a note to himself, and a little scrip of paper directed to me, and drawn in the style of a justice of peace's warrant. They were both in the Chevalier's handwriting, and they were dated on the Tuesday, in order to make me believe that they had been writ on the road and sent back to the Duke: his Grace dropped in our conversation, with great dexterity, all the insinuations proper to confirm me in this opinion. I knew at the time his master was not gone; so that he gave me two very risible scenes which are frequently to be met with when some people meddle in business: I mean that of seeing a man labor with a great deal of awkward artifice to make a secret of a nothing, and that of seeing yourself taken for a bubble when you know as much of the matter as he who thinks that he imposes on you.

"I cannot recollect precisely the terms of the two papers. I remember that the kingly laconic style of one of them, and the expression of having no farther occasion for my service, made me smile. The other was an order to give up the papers in my office; all of which might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. I gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which I could readily come at. Some others, and indeed all such as I had not destroyed, I sent afterwards to the Chevalier, and I took care to convey to him by a safe hand several of his letters which it would have been very improper that the Duke should have seen. I am surprised that he did not reflect on the consequences of my obeying his order literally. It depended on me to have shewn his general what an opinion the Chevalier had of his capacity. I scorned the trick; and would not appear piqued when I was far from being angry. As I gave up, without scruple, all the papers which remained in my hands, because I was determined never to make use of them, so I confess to you, that I took a sort of pride in never asking for those of mine which were in the Pretender's hands. I contented myself with making the Duke understand how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who had made the bargain which I had done at

my engagement; and with taking this first opportunity to declare, that I would never more have to do with the Pretender or his cause."

His actual exclamation is alleged to have been, "May my hand rot off if ever I draw sword or pen in his service," and may well have been so. His zeal had been for the cause, not the person. His dismissal was the outcome of the mean spite of Olive Trant, of the rancour of Mar, who succeeded to the seals, and of the jealousy of Ormonde, who generously followed his master to Avignon.[1] The Jacobites were at the end of such wits as they shared between them, and they rounded on their best and ablest agent as the scapegoat of their grievances. "Ils disent ouvertement," writes Stair immediately afterwards, on March 14, "que B. les a trahis et qu'il m'a donné avis en tous leur projets, et entre autres du dernier . . . *Ils ne veulent pas croire tout ce que je puis dire pour justifier B. Ils prennent tout cela par raillerie; je ne scaurais que faire.*[2] Not long before, "Murray" had supped with Stair, uneasy lest he should be taxed with coming away too soon, dissatisfied with his cause, anxious about his absent wife, and venting his spleen upon "Harry" and Seaforth: "He endeavoured to discover whether there had been any intelligence between me and Harry. I told him plainly that I had been very well informed of their designs, *but not by him.*"[3]

A year afterwards Stair himself wrote to Craggs of Bolingbroke: "I think, in justice, he ought to be distinguished from the rest of the party he is of, being almost the only man who has sincerely left it."[4] And further, the letter which Stair

[1] Berwick Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 272. "Mais la véritable raison de sa disgrace procédait d'autres motifs," &c.

[2] B.M. MS. (Stowe), 228, f. 240.

[3] Stair's Diary, p. 551. "Murray" here probably means Mar; but there was of course his adherent Murray, who remained inveterate against Bolingbroke.

[4] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 558. It may here be mentioned that Mar, in 1719, cried off from the Pretender and made a hollow peace with the Government.

penned to Horace Walpole, immediately on Bolingbroke's dismissal,[1] and in which he recapitulates all the groundless charges, says: "They use poor Harry most unmercifully, and call him knave and traytor, and God knows what not. I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens." The fact was, both according to Grimoard and Jesse, that he had spoken of the Pretender with scant respect over his bottle, while his quarrel with the Pretender's henchman, M'Donald, over Madame la Marquise de Villette, had accentuated the petty annoyances of the toy Court. The more serious charges of starving the war in Scotland, of withholding expresses, as well as the rest mentioned in Stair's letter and dismissed with characteristic contempt in the Letter to Windham, need not be investigated here, and for this reason — the consensus of exoneration is overwhelming. Stair absolves him; Berwick enthusiastically vindicates him.[2] The Queen Dowager herself acquitted him,[3] so did the Regent; and in future times Grimoard absolutely exculpates him, while Mr. Churton Collins, in his brilliant essay, is constrained to do the same.[4] One point alone need be touched. He was accused of squandering the Pretender's exchequer on his pleasures. So far was this from being the case that Bolingbroke almost exhausted the wreck of his own fortune in endeavouring to further that which not one foreign Power would assist;[5] while the Treasurer of St. Germain himself was a witness in his favour.[6] From first to last in this transaction he acted with fidelity, with honesty, with generosity, with an acuteness peculiarly his own, and with a patience hitherto unhabitual to him. The

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 307. Cited also by Jesse, Memoirs (ed. 1901), vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 314.

[2] Berwick Mémoires, vol. i. p. 139. He comments on the fact that Bolingbroke disdained to play the *delateur*.

[3] Jesse, vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 315.

[4] On these points and on Bolingbroke's refutation of both Jacobite and Whig slanders before and afterwards, *cf.* also Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 367.

[5] Works, vol. ix. p. 243.

[6] Works, vol. ix. p. 222.

sole evidence against him was the babble of the malicious addressed to the ignorance of the ill-informed. It would not have availed to hang a dog.

While these reproaches made the round of Paris, Bolingbroke lay *perdu*, probably at Ablon,[1] a small house four leagues from Paris belonging to his life-long friend Madame de Ferriol. He calls it "a little lodging which very few people knew of"; and afterwards, in a letter of 1723, transcribed in our "Correspondence," he terms it "une guingette."[2] At Berwick's request he emerged to find "that there was hardly a scurrilous tongue which had not been let loose on my subject, and that those persons whom the Duke of Ormonde and Earl of Mar must influence or might silence were the loudest in defaming me." But he afterwards adds: "This method of beating down the reputation of a man by noise and impudence imposed on the world at first, convinced people who were not acquainted with me, and staggered even my friends. But it ceased in a few days to have any effect against me. The malice was too gross to pass upon reflection." In a letter to his friend Alari, of June 1723,[3] he repeats a similar protest, with the proud preface, "Je n'aime pas les apologies."

Thus closed the chapter of fatalities which had opened for Bolingbroke through the persecution of his enemies and the solicitations of his friends. That very year he sent his account to England through his secretary Brinsden—the "Pandour," as Stratford terms him in his Harleyite correspondence—and the next, he composed the famous Letter which, though often privately circulated among personal friends, and shown both to Lord Marchmont,[4] in 1740, and as late as 1744 to Lord Hardwicke,[5] was only published posthumously, when it was translated into French,[6] and at once

[1] *Cf.* Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 52, where, in 1720, he asks Mme. de Ferriol to lend him Ablon, on the left bank of the Seine, on his return from Aix.

[2] Corr. No. xlix.

[3] *Ibid.*, No. xli.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 230.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 317.

[6] Under the title of *Histoire Sécrète*, &c., Paris, 1753 and 1754; and *cf.* Grimoard, i. p. 197.

created a public sensation. His patriotism cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that, in 1720, three years before even the first penalty of his attainder was cancelled, he broke off all private intercourse with Dubois, a Minister then most useful to him, merely because the Cardinal had presumed on his exile to insult his country in his presence.[1]

We shall conclude with a final extract from the Letter to Windham :—

"There is nothing which my enemies apprehend so much as my justification ; and they have reason. But they may comfort themselves with this reflection, that it will be a misfortune which will accompany me to my grave, that I suffered a chain of accidents to draw me into such measures and such company, that I have been obliged to defend myself against such accusations and such accusers ; that by associating with so much folly, and so much knavery, I am become the victim of both. . . ."

He had extricated himself from the toils of one who had failed to champion England, as from the first he intended to do should the emergency arise ; and he now proceeded to remove the scales from the eyes of his party and to purge them of their ignorant prepossessions. That his course hereafter was uniform, that, as Stair observed of him, "he did nothing by halves," will be fully shown throughout these pages. For the present we must chronicle the less familiar events and characters of the next few years in our two succeeding chapters.

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 609.

THE SECOND LADY BOLINGBROKE.

*From the medallion on her monument by Roubilliac.*

# CHAPTER II

## RECOIL

MARCILLY—"REFLECTIONS UPON EXILE"—MARCH 1716–AUGUST 1720

It was not till the winter of 1716 that Bolingbroke found himself installed in Marcilly at Nogent-sur-Seine,[1] the seat of the Marquise de Villette.

Before summarising the events which passed during the interval between the months of March and of December 1716,[2] it will be convenient to detail his acquaintance with that charming and remarkable companion of his life; since this private occurrence of the year must precede for our purpose the recital of any public transaction.

A fragment of a letter from Bolingbroke to his father, bearing date January 24, 1716,[3] complains that the "ill season" still detains him in Paris, and thus continues, "I hope ere long to go to a friend's house about twenty leagues off, and to find in that neighbourhood some place to settle in, from whence I will not stir without a better season than perhaps I shall ever have for removing." What the "season" signifies is not difficult to guess. The "friend" was Marie Claire Deschamps de Marcilly de Villette, who in most biographies has been incorrectly called the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

She was the niece of Deschamps de Marcilly, Governor de la Meute, and she sprang from one of the noblest families that adorned the Court of Louis XIV. She was born in

[1] In modern Aube, within ancient Champagne.

[2] Mr. Churton Collins is, as will be seen, mistaken in dating their acquaintance from 1717.

[3] Corr. No. iii.

1675,[1] and was thus Bolingbroke's senior by some three years. She was educated at St. Cyr, where she distinguished herself as "Zarès" on a speech-day. She was already thirty-two when she was wooed by the Chevalier de Villette, whose father, the Marquis de Villette-Mursay, "chef-d'escadre," was a nephew, on his mother's side, of Madame de Maintenon, from whom, Voltaire says, the future Madame de Villette was never able to extract a favour.[2] But the father, now a widower, supplanted the son in her affections.[3] The children of his first marriage, including three daughters, were always beloved by his second wife. One became Abbess of Sens. Another eventually married M. de Volar,[4] Governor of Fontainebleau, a third the Maréchal de Montmorin.[5] As will be seen from the genealogy in our note, the Marquise de Villette thus became connected with the Caylus family—aristocratic amateurs of art and letters—who were friends of the young Voltaire, and who figure frequently in Bolingbroke's early correspondence with his sister.[6] She was also connected with the Marquis de Matignon, who married Charlotte de Bourbon,

[1] Grimoard (vol. i. p. 145) wrongly gives her age as fifty-two in 1717. Her real age is ascertained by Bolingbroke's epitaph on her tomb in old Battersea Church, and by many allusions in contemporary correspondence.

[2] Voltaire's "Louis XIV.," vol. ii. p. 150.

[3] The following genealogy will explain :—

Marquis VALOIS-VILLETTE = Sister of Mme. de MAINTENON.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *2nd wife.* MARIE CLAIRE DESCHAMPS de MARCILLY. | = | Marquis de VILLETTE-MURSAY. | = Mme. de BOISFRANC. (*1st wife.*) | MARTHE MARGUERITE = Comte CAYLUS. |
| | | Chevalier de VILLETTE-MURSAY. | | CLAUDE PHILLIP de CAYLUS. |
| | | Abbess of SENS. | | ANNE de CAYLUS. |
| | | Mme. de VOLAR. | | |
| | | Mme. de MONTMORIN. | | |

[4] *Cf.* Corr. No. xlviii., in 1723.

[5] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 162.

[6] Caylus himself he describes in 1730, "an honest, friendly creature as ever lived." B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 66.

"Dame du Palais," in 1725, and with whom Bolingbroke throughout his career maintained an admiring friendship; and, as stated, with the Montmorins, who were base enough at its close to dispute her will.

That she was a woman of high accomplishments and distinguished charm, the testimony of all who knew her on either side of the water unites in establishing. Voltaire loved and Alari adored her; so did Pope and his circle. Gay too was a privileged associate. With Swift, years before she ever saw him and he admired her, she began that familiarity by correspondence which was such a token of her times. "... She desires you," replied Bolingbroke from Paris to Swift, in December 1723, "to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if ever that happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes that you shall not perceive she wants either of them." The Queensberrys, the Essexes, the Berkeleys, and the Gowers were devoted to her; so were Bathurst and Chesterfield, Windham and Marchmont, Cobham, Chetwynd, and Hardwicke; even the coy coldness of Henrietta Howard melted in her intercourse with this brilliant and unassuming woman. But her best friend, next to her husband, was Bolingbroke's own half-sister Henrietta, whose intimacy with her is marked by the warmest affection to the end, and from the correspondence with whom, in addition to that with Lord Essex,[1] we glean the clearest glimpses of her personality. She was both sprightly and sympathetic; and she was liked for her qualities of heart as much as she was flattered for those of her head. Wit and judgment were the rare combination of her intellect; and she pleased by her raillery while she corrected by her satire. It was she who teased Pope by declaring that he made mysteries even of his turnips, but she also furnished him

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27734-5.

with the idea which inspired one of his most ironical instances.[1] Throughout her perpetual ill-health, consoled, cheered, and tended by the unfailing and touching devotion of her husband, himself persistently ailing, her spirits never flagged, and her courage never languished. She was a heroine at heart; and free as she was in her thoughts on theology, she never relinquished her hold on religion.[2] Outwardly her delicate frame was all flutter and excitement. "Amusement," writes Bolingbroke to his sister, "is as necessary to her as food."[3] Inwardly she was firm and resigned. Not only did she enjoy his complete confidence,[4] but her counsel and her energy often helped and even guided him. Nothing can be more pathetic than his distraction in the early summer of 1730 when she was ill abroad, and away from him. "I cannot," he writes,[5] "my dear sister, sufficiently express to you how sensible I am of your tender concern for her and me, nor thank you enough for the effects of it, which I have felt, and which I promise myself I shall feel. Among the many contrarieties of fortune which I have experienced, one of the greatest is that of her present state compared with mine." In the March of the ensuing year he thus writes of her to Swift: "... I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least fear. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself."[6] And in the August he again ejaculates: "... But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the

[1] That of the *Dévote* in the Epistle to Cobham.

[2] This trait is commemorated in her husband's epitaph on her.

[3] Corr. No. liii., November 22, 1724.

[4] See Corr. No. lv. (2) "... The Marquise, who knows that I never disguise anything to her, not even those things which may be disagreeable," &c

[5] *Ibid.*, No. lxxx., May 17, 1730.

[6] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 375.

company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others, and of securing by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet."[1] Her eventual death[2] desolated him and hastened his own.

Even Horace Walpole the younger relents towards her. One of her husband's intellectual coterie towards the close of their lives was the famous Dr. Conyers Middleton,[3] who so much influenced the young Gibbon. In a letter to Mann aspersing Bolingbroke,[4] his arch enemy's incisive son thus expresses himself: " . . . I have heard her wits and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English books, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible."

Nor was it by literary insight alone that she was Bolingbroke's helpmeet: her judgment in political affairs also was keen and invaluable.[5]

Such was the woman whom Bolingbroke met in the day of his trouble. She had many suitors, but she did not hesitate to prefer the last, the poorest, and the greatest. She was the first perhaps to understand him, and she showed him a quick and perceptive sympathy which appealed to his ardent nature. "Bolingbroke," observes Grimoard, whose information on this head was first-hand,[6] "s'enflamma pour elle, comme elle s'éprit de lui."[7] Mutual attraction was the spark to kindle the torch which mutual esteem replenished. "Sans être belle," adds the same authority, "elle savait plaire," and he continues that, while her fortune was fairly large, a length of lawsuits encompassed it.[8] It was her

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 425. [2] March 18, 1750.

[3] Some of his correspondence with Bolingbroke is preserved in the B.M., Add. MS., 32457, 32459. [4] April 2, 1751.

[5] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 13. [6] Through Alari. [7] Grimoard, i. p. 145.

[8] It produced some 40,000 crowns of rent, Grimoard, i. 155. The capital, some £50,000, was invested in the English funds, *see* post p. 205.

grace, her intellect, and her appreciation that drew Bolingbroke towards her They were not formally married for many reasons until 1722.[1] Her ill-health even from the first made Arbuthnot, who had met Bolingbroke in Paris, doubt of the marriage altogether.[2] At the time of their avowed association Bolingbroke's first wife was of course still alive, not only alienated from him, but, as we shall see, so influenced by others as partially, though excusably, to forfeit the confidence he had, even if for his own safeguard, reposed in her. Such a *liaison* was not at this time morally censured either in England or France. In their retirement, as will appear, and even before their marriage they drew around them not only shining talent but unimpeachable virtue. A much lower level of the home life than such real and lasting unions of the heart was openly accepted in England. The timorous Chesterfield some seventeen years afterwards wedded, with characteristic regret,[3] the "niece" of the Schulemburg with her royal connection and immense dowry. His reluctant marriage with Lady Walsingham may be called a neighbourly alliance, since immediately afterwards, although excellent friends, they inhabited adjoining houses. But Chesterfield was condemned by nobody for his open intrigue with Lady Fanny Shirley,[4] and even his "lean, pale-faced Bab"[5] was amused when a queen had set the example of complaisance. Let us for a moment listen to Lord Lovel[6] (our old friend Tom Coke), who thus writes to Lord Essex in 1736[7]: ". . . That beauty you think so cold shows herself warmer than any lady in

[1] As to this date, now first ascertained, *cf.* post, p. 142.

[2] " . . . For I have been consulted about the lady, and by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony." Arbuthnot to Swift, 11th December 1718. Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 343.

[3] Chesterfield writes to Lord Essex in April 1734: "I am married and out of court at the same time; I am equally a stranger to the Busy and to the Polite part of mankind." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 55.

[4] Pope's verses to her are well known.

[5] Lady Hervey's expression for Melusina Petronilla. *Cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 195.

[6] Lovel afterwards traduced Bolingbroke's sister and led Bolingbroke to write, "He is a stranger to delicacy and decency." B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 50, and *cf.* f. 54.

[7] B.M. Add. MS., 27736, f. 66.

England; but not with me. . . . That fly, Chesterfield, like the toad in Milton, came privily behind and fastened on her ear, and that way found access to her heart. . . . The great trouble they have is that when they ride out his lordship is forced to stand on his stirrup, while she makes her back ache with stooping to hear him. But I am now in treaty for a monstrous tall horse that is showed at a show here, which I will present to his lordship." Lord Essex, universally esteemed, crams his correspondence with allusions to an inamorata at home, while he affectionately mentions his wife and children, who were with him during his envoyship at Turin. Henry Pelham, the most respectable of politicians, intersperses his private letters with allusions that would shock the social decency of to-day. There was certainly no squeamishness as regards these matters in society.[1] Indeed, Bolingbroke is the sole man of leading whose instinctive grace of propriety is fastidious not to offend in his correspondence, and who emphasises the duty of decorum in all his writings. That there was a stricter sense of the marriage-tie among the middle class at this period is to their honour, but it was by no means uniform, and they would certainly never have censured a nobleman's peccadillos. The intrigues of the road were kept alive by the coaches as all the contemporary literature attests, and it would be vain to judge either him or Walpole in these matters by our present standard.[2]

None the less we cannot absolve him from seeming heartlessness. Unless he had ceased to care for the wife he had trusted at home he would have been in no such sudden haste to replace her. We can only say, apart

[1] Henry Pelham, writing to Essex in May 1735, speaks of various ladies as interested in various statesmen, including Sir Robert Walpole, and concludes: "You see what power love has in all ages. Scarborough keeps close to an old acquaintance of yours, even an easterly wind does not keep him from taking the air in the park, but you know he is too tender a person to joke with. . . . I have lost my youngest girl since you went, which is very happy for her, as she knew nothing of this wicked world." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 170.

[2] Such as wish to test the standard of that day in high life should read the story of Lord Onslow and Miss Mead, who put ear-witnesses at her own mock-marriage, as it is given in a letter. B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 59.

from the material fact that she was under the influence of Stratford and the Oxford group, first, that he was a man of few but very strong friendships, and that those friendships were invariably for those who were both appreciative and intellectual; and secondly, that the conventions of his time never blamed him; for amid all the slanderous recriminations hurled at his head for the remainder of his life this conduct is, from first to last, never so much as mentioned.

Of the force and purity of Bolingbroke's new attachment there can be no doubt.[1] It is proved by the unremitting tenderness and fidelity of thirty-five years.[2] From first to last, whether as "the Marquise" or "the good woman of Dawley," she is never absent from his care or his counsel; nor throughout the many letters that we have perused in various collections and in differing regards is her affection for him and for his less manifest. Not the least pleasing of these tokens is their joint love of his nephew and his nieces. They were childless, and they took the most unaffected pleasure in the work and the play of Henrietta's two daughters and of the son, who was christened "Harry" after him. We have related that the Marquis de Matignon, Comte de Gace, was an intimate of the Marquise de Villette. It was he who introduced to her and to her future husband that most remarkable genius, the Abbé Pierre Alari, who at the age of twenty-two had, through Fleury, become the sub-preceptor of a king, and, through his scholarship, the wonder of Europe, though he had been born in an apothecary's shop and bred in a garret.[3] We shall have more to say of him hereafter. That Bolingbroke had made his acquaintance as early as

[1] Alari said she was his only love. *Cf.* Grimoard, i. 171.

[2] "I have been," he writes to Swift in 1724, ". . . infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind has been these many years devoted to one subject." Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 442.

[3] *Cf.* Corr. No. xxiii: "He . . . is perhaps the most extraordinary genius in Europe. You may judge of his character by this, that they have taken him out of his garret, without any application but that which his merit made for him, to put him about the young King. B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 12.

1715 is proved by the fact that the Marquise, during Bolingbroke's first courtship, begged Alari to persuade the Comte de Boulainvilliers, an amateur astrologer, to cast her horoscope. "Cette personne," it pronounced, "a un grand nombre de passions : elle en éprouvera une plus grande que toutes les autres . . . et mourra en terre étrangère ;[1] a circumstance which perhaps accounts for Bolingbroke's constant allusions to his evil star."[2] From her first husband she inherited a house in the Rue St. Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain, opposite the Hôtel de Luynes ; from her father, a small country estate at Nogent-sur-Seine, called Marcilly, whence her family took its name. Bolingbroke always delighted in a country life, and never cared to remain long in towns. It was therefore principally at the latter abode that we find him ensconced in 1716. It would be wearisome to recount the names of the many personages who formed their society at this period. Besides the Berwicks, the Torcys, the D'Uxelles, the Ragotzkys, the Matignons and their connected aristocracy, there were many intellectual companions. There was also an amiable Squire M. Listennais, who had married the blood royal,[3] and a charming lady, afterwards *dévote*, Mademoiselle de Boisfranche. The mathematician and litérateur, De Pouilly, was also an *habitué*.[4] But of all fascination, both in beauty and of intellect, the queens were those two phenomenal women, Madame de Ferriol and her sister, Madame de Tencin. Bolingbroke had known both in the salons of the De Torcys and De Croissys during his famous mission to Paris in 1712 ; and as their personalities have been superficially misstated, it may be well to dispose of them in this place.

[1] Grimoard, i. p. 145.

[2] In 1718 the Marquise rallied the Abbé de Thonlieu about these prophecies. Grimoard, vol. ii. p. 452, and *cf.* Corr. xi. (1). Bolingbroke's sister also emphasises her own evil star : "It is, I think, fatal to have a friendship with me. My ill-fortune reaches to my friends. . . ." (May 6, 1751). Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 261 ; and *cf. ibid.* p. 149. The Italians would certainly have attributed the "evil eye" to the St. Johns.

[3] Helène de Courtenai (1689–1766), only daughter of Prince de Courtenai, the last of his race.

[4] *Cf. post*, p. 79.

Madame de Ferriol was the eldest of a trio, who illustrate with extraordinary point the manners of the Court of Louis XIV., even under the sway of Madame de Maintenon, which were those of the Renaissance without its romance, and of the Latin empire without its decay.

She was born De Tencin, and was early married to a profligate, much older than herself, who, while he was ambassador at Constantinople, did not scruple to outrage her feelings with the grossest brutality.[1] She was an intellectual woman, an accomplished scholar, with an interest in philosophy, and a distaste for the frivolities of fashion. But she had not avoided those *galanteries de cœur* which were the mode. One of her sons was M. Pont de Vêle, styled "Antoine de Ferriol," who wrote comedies and was *lecteur du Roi*. While Bolingbroke was in Vienne, soon after his flight from London, he had come with his uncle, then Abbé de Tencin, "pendant les rogations se mortifier ici," and is described by Bolingbroke's compliment, that the sight of the son enhances the remembrance of the mother.[2] The younger was the Marquis d'Argental, the intimate of Voltaire, who was brought up in the society of his aunt, Madame de Tencin, and who yet was as staid as she and his brother were volatile. Bolingbroke perpetually corresponded with him on the gravest affairs, and often addresses him as "Cher Conseiller," long before he was in fact created "Councillor of Honour;"[3] indeed he styled him "Le Seigneur Prudent."[4] Her friendship with Bolingbroke was long, serious, and constant. She interested herself in all that concerned him, she was known and liked by his sister, and she was respected by the large circle of less blemished but equally distinguished acquaintances, the leader of whom was the Maréchal D'Uxelles. Through her his friends sent him presents, and he, presents to his friends. Of her he observed, in 1718, that "Fortune, who

[1] The episode of Mdlle. D'Aisse, whom Bolingbroke and his wife afterwards rescued and befriended. See Grimoard, ii. p. 443.

[2] Corr. No. i.

[3] In 1744. He died as late as 1788.

[4] Grimoard, iii. p. 58. *Cf.* Corr. No. xxv. and another letter, Grimoard, iii. p. 60.

desired his unhappiness, had placed him under her protection, and he had been happy."[1] On her death, in 1736, Bolingbroke, then at Chantelou, records in a letter his deep emotion and her sterling qualities. Her memory, he writes, he will always cherish; it is that of "a gentleness of manners, a goodness of heart, a sincerity and a candour of soul."[2]

Claude Alexandrine Guérin de Tencin was her younger sister. She was born at Grenoble in 1681, and began her early youth as a nun at Montfleuri. Passionate and beautiful, she escaped from the religious seclusion which had been forced upon her. What a sign it is of the time when theology stood for religion, which was itself degraded into the mask of fashion, to find this undisciplined beauty an accredited canoness! She came to Paris, and twinkled among the mimic stars of its artificial firmament. There can be little doubt that her wiser sister sought to influence and restrain her. But nature emancipated from religion proved too weak for resistance, and too strong for reflection. She has been handed down in the scandalous chronicle as a Messalina. She became the spying tool of D'Argenson, a mistress of Dubois, a political manageress whose "Secret Memoirs" were published,[3] the authoress of "Les Malheurs d'Amour"; but she still survived to assemble wit and beauty around her, and her hôtel was visited by Chesterfield in 1741 on a par with those of Coigny, Matignon, and De Noailles.[4] It should be remembered that her complete abandonment did not occur until the Regency removed the last shreds of outward propriety. Those who would comprehend the tawdriness of its splendour should peruse the journal of the artist, Rosalba Carriera,[5] who, through Law and the bankers, Crousat, repaired to Paris, and remained painting portraits between April 1720

[1] Corr. xi. (2).

[2] Grimoard, iii. p. 448.

[3] By Barthèlemy. Grenoble, 1790.

[4] *Cf.* Chesterfield's Works, vol. i. p. 101. Dr. Maty styles them all "ladies equally distinguished by their rank, their merit, and their wit."

[5] Journal de Rosalba Carriera pendant son séjour à Paris, publie au Italien par Vianelli, traduit, annoté, &c., par Alfred Sensier. Paris, 1865.

and March 1721. Compared with the sitters for some of these portraits Madame de Tencin becomes half a saint. Madame de Prie and Madame de Parabére touched the nadir of avarice and unscrupulousness. Madame de Tencin was but the frailest of those flitting butterflies out of the gay dust of whose wings Rosalba's pastels themselves seem to be compounded. One of those portraits displays Antoine Watteau, a great master, who degraded his genius by representing the false glitter and the false sentiment of a period when it became the mode for dukes of the realm to return their wives to their parents under the insolent excuse of retrenching their expenses,[1]—an example adopted by statecraft in the subsequent repudiation of the Infanta. Henceforward, her career was one of piteous degeneration. Fontenelle was one of her lovers ; Law, through whose wand of venal finance she became rich once more, was another. After the Regent's death, President Frenay was found dead in her room, and though she was guiltless of crime, the affair created a scandalous sensation. She lingered on in Paris until 1749.

There is a curious coincidence in the fate of one of her children, and in that of one of her brother's, the Cardinal's.[2] The former was D'Alembert, the celebrated scientist, and protégé of Frederick the Great. The latter was Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse. Unconscious of their cousinship, and mutually strangers, the pair fell violently in love with each other, and their names are linked together in the tattle of scandal.

Bolingbroke's friendship was with Madame de Ferriol. With Madame de Tencin there may have been at an early period flirtation,[3] but he never refers to her in his letters after 1718, although in that of 1715, already mentioned, he praises to Madame de Ferriol "les beaux talents, . . .

[1] *Journal de Rosalba*, pp. 340-41. The episode that set the fashion was that of Prince Charles of Lorraine and the daughter of the Duc de Noailles.

[2] The Cardinal narrowly escaped being a Bishop under the Regency. *Cf.* Grimoard, iii. p. 51. He was not made Cardinal until 1749. He lived till 1780.

[3] She was said to have been set by Torcy to lure him in, 1712; *cf.* Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 71.

de la reine vôtre sœur." The lampoons of a later period, however, still chose to represent her as his mistress.[1]

From Bolingbroke's correspondence with his sister, with Madame de Ferriol, and with Alari, we gain some adequate idea of the life pursued by this extraordinary man during the three years that preceded the golden age of his retirement at La Source ; as we also gain, both from these letters and those to his political friends at home, the sequence of his efforts to reverse his attainder and of his views on the political outlook. It will simplify the recital to separate the two, both of which in their entirety will be found in the letters reproduced in our "Correspondence."

He devoted his time to strenuous study, to select friendship, and to those garden and country tastes which attended him through life.

The famous Lévesque de Pouilly was his first instructor in mathematics and philosophy.[2] Together with his two younger brothers, Levesque de Burigny and De Champeaux,[3] he had produced the great Encyclopædia of 1717. He abandoned mathematics for *belles lettres* in 1727, when

[1] Grimoard, ii. p. 431. The verses run as follows :

"Tencin, vous avez de l'esprit
On le voit, à vôtre conduite,
D'Argenson vous avez séduit
Pour éviter toute poursuite
De cet affreux débordement
Qui vous fait sortir du couvent.

"Bolingbroke, es-tu possedé?
Quelle est ton idée chimérique,
De t'amuser à caresser
La fille de St. Dominique ;
Crois-tu, d'elle et d'un Tori
Il eu put naître un Anti-Christ?
Penses-tu donc plaire au Regent,
Suivant toujours cette guénippe," &c.

It should be noted that the "Tori" mention shows a political animus. Stair in one of his letters says that D'Aumont himself had returned from England a true Whig.

[2] *Cf.* his "Substance of some Letters to M. de Pouilly," noticed hereafter.

[3] The latter long continued his friendship with Bolingbroke, who mentions him in one of his later letters to Lord Hardwicke.

he was appointed lieutenant-general of his native Rheims. In 1722 he had been admitted a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. In 1747 he published his "Theory of Agreeable Sensations." He was the father of a celebrated son. He died in 1750. Bolingbroke admired and esteemed him, and in a later letter, he is said to have laughingly coupled him with Pope and himself as the only triumvirate capable of ideal government.[1] But Alari was his grand preceptor. "C'est un très digne garçon," he says of him, "et capable de devenir un des ornements de son pays. Il y a peu de têtes si bien ornées, et peu de cœurs si bien placés. L'envie et la médisance l'ont déjà attaqué. C'est une bonne marque. Les insectes rongent toujours les meilleurs fruits."[2] He studies for hours each day, and remembers all he reads, just as long afterwards at Chantelou he pores over his work during his nights of sleeplessness;[3] while he brings to erudition that discernment which he himself has said is worth all, the undigested learning in the world.[4]

". . . Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

Aided by Alari and by Pouilly, we find him steadily achieving a deep conversance with the works of philoso-

[1] *Cf.* Larousse Dict., "L.," p. 445. But this story is denied by Voltaire in the twelfth volume of his letters.

[2] Corr. No. x.

[3] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 339. Letter to Sir W. Windham, February 20, 1735.

[4] *Cf. inter alia:* "He who reads with discernment and choice will acquire less learning, but more knowledge," &c., Works, vol. viii. p. 115 ("Study of History," Letter iv.); his criticisms on those "who cannot see the working of the mine, but their industry protects the matter that is thrown out," Works, vol. viii. p. 129; and his fine satire on the pedant ("Essay on Retirement"), Works, vol. viii. p. 418–421.

phers and theologians, a complete and critical perusal of the long line of Latin historians, and a scheme of historical knowledge which was to co-ordinate events and tendencies, to interpret the motives of mankind, and to follow their development, rather than to narrate their performances in isolation. To his already wide and desultory knowledge of classical literature began now to be added a nicer and preciser scholarship,[1] while the scope both of his reading and reflection was enormously enlarged. Of his first application to philosophy he thus writes to Alari: ". . . Je ne fais que commencer . . . est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra. . . . J'ose vous promettre par avance que je n'y regretterai jamais la perte de la fortune, dans laquelle je suis né, et encore moins la perte de celle à laquelle j'aspirais autrefois."[2] Nor with his practical bent did he ever omit the bearings of antiquity on the modern scene. In 1718 he had met Charles Stanhope, his personal friend if political foe, in Paris; and we find him begging Alari to ascertain from the learned Abbé Vertot the precise procedure of composing the old Roman Senate, with a view to Stanhope's forthcoming speech in protest against Sunderland's Peerage Bill, and begging him to verify in Sallust and elsewhere certain passages which his memory did not suffice to transcribe concerning the unfitness of aristocracies for war; out of which he furnished a striking illustration to Windham as late as 1734, on the debate concerning Cobham's deprival of his commission,[3] and which he embodied in his chapter on the "Study of History,"[4] that he seems even

[1] A writer in *Notes and Queries* (December 7, 1901) — to whom I am indebted for pointing out that the author of the Ἀνακρέων χριστιανὸς, mentioned on p. 185 of my first volume as evoking some Greek misquotations from the youthful St. John in 1705, was the Rev. Joshua Barnes—regards these as "fatal" to his reputation as a classical scholar. Bolingbroke's knowledge and critical insight into ancient literature was always large and became immense. He was never a Greek *scholar;* and he never, either in Latin or Greek, pretended to be one of those "word catchers who live on syllables"; or of "Those learn'd philologers who chase a panting syllable through time and space."

[2] For the whole passage, see Corr. No. xvii.

[3] See the passage in Corr. No. xiv., and the notes appended.

[4] Works, vol. viii. p. 21.

thus early to have been projecting. All these studies were to be resumed with even greater zeal, discrimination, and fulness at La Source. For the present their only immediate fruit was a little essay which he published in French, and left among his papers translated into English. We allude to his "Reflections upon Exile." This tract is by no means the mere pompous plagiarism from Seneca that some have represented it, or the hints from the "Consolatio," as Bolingbroke himself suggests.[1] Of Seneca himself he had no high opinion, and of the "Paradoxes of the Portique" less.[2] He disliked his debased Latin, though he admits that he read him with pleasure. He once termed him a stoical fop.[3] He said of him, what some would fasten on himself, that all his big words were the language of a slighted lover who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture.[4] But although in the treatise there are many allusions to Seneca's works among more to those of other classical authors, its tone and its style are Ciceronian. It is an endeavour to reconcile himself by resignation, by the wider opportunities of contemplating fresh humanity, by the separation in adversity of real friends from false, by the conversion of the mind to a truer and a calmer contemplation of the past, both in books and men, to the fate of banishment with all its attendant train of ills. This endeavour is not insincere, nor is this choice of a cheerful stoicism affected. He always affirmed that his material reverse had been his mental salvation—that the "storm" had "thrown him into port." It chimes with all his private correspondence from the letters of this period to those shortly preceding his own death. It enunciates ideas which are consistently repeated both in his published and unpublished works, and form, so to speak, the refrain of his life.

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 412, Jan. 1, 1722.

[2] Works ("Reflections upon Exile"), vol. viii. p. 438, and *cf.* p. 474.

[3] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 376.

[4] To Swift, Dec. 10, 1725. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 58. He says he quotes him like Montaigne, "rather for the smartness of expression than for the weight or newness of matter. Bol. Works, vol. viii. p. 405.

"Shall we," he urges, "expect from time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance; shall we wait to be happy, till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us set all our past and our present afflictions before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure. . . . Let us gratefully accept the help of every one who has endeavoured to correct the vices and strengthen the minds of men, but let us choose for ourselves and yield universal assent to none. . . . It is much harder to examine and judge than to take up opinions on trust, and therefore far the greatest part of the world borrow from others those which they entertain concerning all the affairs of life and death." He next proceeds, but with less evident heartiness, to reason against the inherent indispensability of his country to the citizen; though in doing so he cites from memory several remarkable illustrations, one of which, that of Abgarus and Augustus, he repeated in his "Essay on the Study of History" with another attribution, which provoked a criticism of his accuracy, but only confirmed the exactness of his first remembrance. After several considerations as to the opportunities of enlarging the mind by a less narrow survey of one's fellow-creatures, he thus continues: "Change of place then may be borne by every man. It is the delight of many. But who can bear the evils which accompany exile?" Here Seneca more especially comes to the rescue. "Reduce your desires, be able to say with the apostle of Greece, to whom Erasmus was ready to address his prayers, 'Quam multis ipse non egeo!' Banish out of your exile all imaginary, and you will suffer no real wants." The poor "bear poverty with cheerfulness because they have been bred to it"; the rich "run for refuge into the arms

of frugality." He next touches on separation from family and friends, and points out, with the bitterness of experience, how few in times of trouble deserve the name. "Regret if you please your separation from this small remnant, . . . but regret it like a man who deserves to be theirs. This is strength, not weakness of mind; it is virtue, not vice." Do you perhaps lament the loss of rank? remember merit, which is its only justification. ". . . It is impossible that he who reverences himself should be despised by others . . . the persons in opposition to whom you served, or even saved the public, conspire and accomplish your private ruin. . . . The ignominy remains with them who persecute unjustly, not with him who suffers persecution?" Virtue, he adds, is the same in all conditions; "like the temples of the Gods, she is venerable even in her ruins." And he then turns savagely against himself. "Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity. If we have applied ourselves betimes to the study of wisdom and to the practice of virtue these evils become indifferent, but if we have neglected to do so, they become necessary. In the one case they are evils, in the other they are remedies for greater evils than themselves. . . ." The shortest and best prayer which we can address to Him, who knows our wants and our ignorance in asking, is this: "Thy will be done." Resignation must be followed by reform, and change of air by change of life. "Far from the hurry of the world," "like Thucydides in Thracia or Xenophon in his little farm at Scillus," "in such a retreat you may sit down like one of the inhabitants of Elis who judged of the Olympic games without taking any part in them." Let us "submit to the order of things, let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature." Our sufferings are a necessary part of the disposition of things. "Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did, in those admirable verses which are going to lose

part of their grace and energy in my translation of them :—

> "'Parent of Nature! Maker of the World!
> Where'er Thy Providence directs behold
> My steps with cheerful resignation turn,
> Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
> Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear
> Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?'"[1]

Such is a brief abstract of this treatise which abounds in happy instances and turns of expression, though it is by no means one of Bolingbroke's best; it was translated into French by the Abbé Blanc in 1754. The customary verdict has been that it is the cant of disappointment. It was certainly never cant, though a drop of disappointment mingled with it—

> "Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
> Pride guides his steps and bids him shun the great."

". . . I am indifferent enough," he wrote to Madame de Ferriol in the February of 1718, "to the goods of fortune. When they present themselves, I enjoy them, as if I could not pass them by; when they take wings, I pass them by as if I had never known them. Had I not nourished this principle within me, my other consolations would not have availed me much these last three years. . . ."[2]

Let us collect a few examples from his later letters and writings to prove his genuineness. They will serve a double purpose, for they afford a clue to a singularly consistent character. It is only by hearing him converse that we can, as it were, get close up to him, and "see him at his whole length in history."[3] In August 1740 Bolingbroke thus addressed his great friend Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, on the death of his greater friend Windham.[4] The passage

[1] Works, vol. viii. pp. 436, 438, 440, 443, 460–1, 465, 468–9, 472–3, 474, 476, 478, 480–1, and *cf.* his letter to M. de Pouilly (noticed hereafter): ". . . As much as I am convinced of the existence of a supreme, all-perfect Being, as seriously as I adore His majesty, bless His goodness, and resign myself cheerfully to His providence. . . ."

[2] Grimoard, ii. p. 461.

[3] Works, vol. viii. p. 33.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 227–229.

is remarkable not only as repeating the close of the tract which we have just summarised, but also as containing that scientific doctrine of general laws instead of special providences which was always a marked feature of his belief.

"... You see, my dear lord, that neither my philosophy nor the habit of receiving misfortunes, as you call it, makes me resist, or attempt to resist, the afflictions I am under. ... Whether the Supreme Being governs the moral and physical worlds by general laws, as I find most reason to believe—for this is a matter of opinion only—or by particular providences, resignation to His government is our duty most certainly; and wherever we are concerned as individuals—I mean, wherever the accidents of life or that of death fall on us alone—I think we should practise, as far as the frailty of our nature permits, *the lesson contained in the hymn of Cleanthes.* We should follow cheerfully, what we must follow necessarily, the order and disposition of Providence; but in all cases we should follow it without murmuring, and this may be done by him who feels his loss, and who even indulges his grief the most. Your reflections on all that theological cant which is employed on great and national events, nay, on minute family events, when the use of them or these serves the turn of the doctor, are just. The honest country parson will advance that Windham's death in this critical conjuncture is a stroke of that scourge of God which is lifted up to punish a corrupt and profligate people. He will see the hand of God in it; so will a bishop, too, if he waits for a translation, but then he will add to this a long catalogue of other providences by which the Supreme Being has conducted Robin and Horace Walpole into absolute power, and maintained them in it. All this ... is blasphemous, and not to be heard without horror by every man who has thought himself into religion. I hope you will see one day or other some essays that vindicate reason against philosophy, religion against divinity, and God against man. ..."[1]

[1] It should be noted that this is the very phrase—altering Milton's—employed by Pope in line 15 of his "Essay on Man": "But vindicate the ways of God to man."

This was written twenty-four years after the "Reflections." Twenty years after it, in 1736, he thus writes to his brother-in-law, Robert Knight, in a letter concerning his affairs and not his own: ". . . One's own actions alone it is that bring a man to shame or dishonour, not those of others, though ever so near to one." In a passage from a letter to Swift, already quoted in our first volume, he declared, as he constantly declared both privately and publicly, that in his earliest stage he had embarked without sufficient ballast, and that "the storm itself threw me into port"; that the very years of which we have been speaking converted him to the philosophic attitude of not leaning on externals. In the same year as the letter last cited, he delivers himself to Lord Essex, then at Turin, as follows: ". . . Without giving myself any air of false humility or false philosophy, I do myself and your world justice. A long chain of events has made us very unfit for one another. . . . This being the case, my party is taken to pass the remainder of an impertinent life a little less impertinently out of it. Of all the sentiments I contracted in the world, I preserve none except those of private friendship. Those I shall preserve as long as I live. . . ." And in another, some months afterwards, addressed to the same friend from Fontainebleau: ". . . You may, though I hope you will not, meet with disappointments. But in the plan of life I have formed to myself, or rather have resumed, I can meet with none. I have resumed it indeed, for I had renounced the world when the late King called me into it again. Nothing shall ever call me into it more. The world will not regret me, my lord, nor those whom I served best, and might have served better if they had pleased, nor shall I regret them. Assure yourself, my dear lord, that this Resolution is not the effect of the cause you imagine—spleen created by disgust. . . ." And the same sentiments are frequently reiterated elsewhere.[1] It was about the period of these expressions that he indited another letter to Lord Bathurst, which is now famous as the "Essay on Retirement and Study," and which re-

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27734, ff. 59, 135, 181–186.

mains a monument of limpid eloquence and pensive thought. Throughout this essay he accentuates his desire—a desire never untinged by melancholy, though here perhaps less against the grain than formerly—to live apart, and, as he afterwards told Lord Hardwicke, "in abstraction rather than in action."[1] The whole of this noble treatise, examined hereafter, breathes the spirit of Ecclesiastes. It should never be forgotten that all his works, with the exception of his fugitive polemics, were communicated privately to friends, privately circulated among them, and couched in the same language, with the same spirit, and the same persuasiveness as his shorter and more personal epistles. In that model miniature of the largest ideas concerning education—a subject in which he evinced his unflagging interest by thrice educating others—occurs this unhackneyed passage: " . . . Such a view . . . will . . . teach us to establish our peace of mind, where alone it can rest securely, in resignation; in short, such a view will render life more agreeable, and death less terrible. Is not this business, my lord? Is not this pleasure too, the highest pleasure? The world can afford us none such; we must retire from the world to taste it with a full gust, but we shall taste it the better for having been in the world. Every advance in knowledge opens a new scene of delight, and the joy that we feel in the actual possession of one will be heightened by that which we expect to find in another; so that before we can exhaust this fund of successive pleasures, death will come to end our pleasures and our pains at once."[2]

But, that there may be no doubt as to Bolingbroke's consistency, after he had once schooled and fortified his mind, let us take both later and earlier examples. He says the same to Windham in February 1725, when he protests that: "If the Marquise and one or two other friends did not attach me to life, I should soon grow tired of the world, as one grows tired of bad company."[3] He says the same in

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, f. 173.
[2] Works, vol. viii. pp. 409, 427.
[3] Corr. No. lv. (2).

effect in 1727[1] to that sister whom he loved so ardently from the time when he helped her studies and sympathised with her pleasures, as an absent and much elder brother, to the time when, with death at his door, he hopes that they may be still a mutual solace. He says the same in that noble passage of the year 1738, which serves as the first motto to this volume, and which was addressed without a thought of publicity to his brother-in-law.[2] He breathes the same devotion to the philosophic life in a letter to Alari, bearing as early a date as 1719, from which we have quoted in our Appendix of Correspondence,[3] and where he further asserts that nothing is worthier than the research after truth, and that it is the simplicity of truth that renders life agreeable and death tranquil; as well as in another of 1722, where he sketches his studies. He says the same in a copy of stray verses, "written in a postchaise," in the year 1719, where he sings that it is :—

> " . . . superior bliss not to desire
> That trifling good which fondly you admire,
> Possess precarious, and too dear acquire ;" [4]

and in the very letter to Swift of March 1719 where these occur, he ejaculates : " . . . Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people, and more in myself than I expected." He repeats the same to Lord Hardwicke,[5] the admired associate of his latter days, when, as he phrased it, he was communing more with the dead than with the living, just as he had said to the close friend of his earlier days, that he wished to bury himself in an "agreeable sepulchre," and to invite him to the "funeral."[6] He says the same to Lord Marchmont in 1748, when he declares himself to be

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 40.
[2] *Ibid.*, f. 136.
[3] Corr. Nos. xvii. and xxxvii.
[4] Given in the App. to Cooke's Memoirs, p. 299. They occur in a letter to Swift (Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 346), and are a paraphrase of Horace, *Ep.* i. Lib. 1.
[5] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, ff. 18, 49, 193.
[6] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 102 (1726).

"a species apart in the political society";[1] and finally, though we could multiply instances, he hints the same two years before his decease in the very "Advertisement" to the "Patriot King" which resented Pope's base betrayal. "There is," runs the sentence, "scarce a man in the world more detached from it at this hour than the author of these papers, or more indifferent to the censure of most people in it, having nothing to expect nor anything to fear from them."[2] The French verses he inscribed on his screen at Chantelou reiterate the theme.[3] His last words to Chesterfield convey the same meaning, and his last testament opens with the same aspiration: "In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose providence I am cheerfully resigned."[4]

But we can adduce stronger because extraneous evidence that he actually performed what he continuously preached. Swift, writing to Mrs. Cæsar in the July of 1733—after 1727 and before 1735, two periods of hopes once more dashed to the ground, be it noted—thus expresses himself, although, ten years before, he had cast shrewd doubts on Bolingbroke's conversion of life:[5] "... My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and when he hath dined, to his studies again." He had told Pope the same in a previous letter.[6] Though Swift is constantly teasing him about his want of economy, he has explained that his extravagance (like his sister's[7]) was due to his persistent instinct of bountifulness towards his friends; and Bolingbroke, writing to him in 1729 from

[1] Marchmont Papers, p. 380.
[2] B.M. 523, f. G.
[3] Jesse's Memoirs, vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 334.
[4] Cooke, App., vol. ii. p. 446.
[5] "I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement." To Pope, Sept. 20, 1723. Works, vol. xvi. p. 446.
[6] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. pp. 177, 207, and *cf.* letter to Pope, June 12, 1731, vol. xvii. p. 401. At this very time, in an affectionate letter to his sister, he says, "You know how little is to be writ from this place worth reading." B.M. Add MS., 34196, f. 65.
[7] *Cf.* especially Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 27.

Brussels, and urging him to a stay at Dawley, observes: "... You shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs, and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. . . ."[1] Bolingbroke once more assures Swift that he has learned how to be "unfortunate without being unhappy."[2] Pope corroborates Swift's account of Bolingbroke's mode of life at Dawley in his account of it six years afterwards at Argeville,[3] where the same routine of study and contemplation was pursued.

That Bolingbroke even in his frequent recalls to business and pleasure strove strenuously to fulfil the ideals he had set before him will be shown incontestable. The fact that he continued to surrender himself to, if scarcely to seek, the recurrent summons is not inconsistent with them. In our first volume we started by emphasising, through a striking passage from his Works, the irresistible connection in his being between speculation and action. The double instinct was inborn. Like some charger taught with infinite pains to moderate its paces and to amble along the peaceful road, he could never hear the trumpet or scent the battle, even afar, unmoved or irresponsive. "You may object," he wrote to Lord Bathurst in his "Letter on Retirement and Study," "that though a man has discarded these habits, and has not even the embers of ambition about him to revive them, yet he cannot renounce all public business as absolutely as I seem to do; because a better principle, a principle of duty, may summon him to the service of his country. I will answer you with great sincerity. No man has higher notions of this duty than I have. I think that scarce any age or circumstances can discharge us entirely from it; no, not my own. . . . In the midst of retreat, wherever it may be fixed, I may contribute to

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 292.

[2] By a slip, these words were attributed to Arbuthnot in our first volume at p. 22.

[3] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 286, quoted by Jesse, Memoirs, vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 336.

defend the British constitution of government; and you, my lord, may depend upon me that whenever I can, I will. . . . "[1] About the same period he gave the same assurances to Windham, and, moralising on the constitution, adds, "for ours it will be to me under what government soever I live."[2] Eight years afterwards, when he was advising Lord Hardwicke, whose kindness to him on the reversal of his attainder was never forgotten, he thus unburdens himself in an important letter: ". . . Something my personal regard to you will call upon me to say, and something my love for this country, though I can scarce call it my own."[3] That he truly retained a genuine zeal for the national liberties will subsequently and consistently appear. The profession of such a zeal is not repugnant to the practice of honourable ambition—

"Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido."

Such a patriotism he placed in his favourite toast as prior only to friendship; and since friendship is touched upon in the "Reflections on Exile," and since further it was a dominant note of his being, or, in his own phrase, "the most sacred duty of social life,"[4] it behoves us to add a word as to his consistency throughout in his conceptions of this relationship also.

His friendships were few and select, but singularly deep and firm; he was fastidious in his choice, but unfaltering in his attachment. Those that he acquired were chiefly with people of marked intellectual eminence. Those which were, so to speak, inbred, were riveted rather by feeling than by forethought, and by character more than by capacity. A letter to his sister, of December 1719,[5] which playfully assures her that she is "neither of an age nor of a sex to practise much philosophy," contains a

[1] Works, vol. viii. pp. 410, 411; and *cf.* a like passage in "The Spirit of Patriotism." Works, vol. vii. pp. 24, 25.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 340.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 314.

[4] To Essex, Jan. 14, 1733. B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 91.

[5] Corr. No. xx.

passage in point. "I have long," he says, "taken it kindly of you that I never found any variation in your sentiments for me, and I never will forget it, for it is an excellent character as well as a rare one." "You have never," he assures her in another of the same year, "failed me one moment in all the varieties of my ill-fortune, and you may count on my never failing you."[1] In a previous letter of 1718, a still more pertinent example occurs. ". . . I have always observed in you the symptoms of a good heart, and have therefore always loved you; for sentiment in my opinion is preferable to wit, and you have both."[2] If he seldom forgave a deliberate and unexcused affront, he never forgot the slightest kindness shown him, and was generously grateful. "Those who are sensibly touched by ill-usage," he writes to his sister in 1728,[3] "of which number I own myself one, ought to be still more affected by marks of good nature and kindness. That I am; and therefore to you, from whom I never received any other, I shall be as long as I live full of the warmest affection and sincerest friendship." Chesterfield observed of him in his age that "no man was more partial to his friends, and more ready to oblige them . . . and that he would recommend them, and represent them as so many models of perfection; but on the other hand, that he was a most bitter enemy to those he hated, and though their merit might be out of all dispute, he would not allow them the least share of it. . . ."[4] In this, as in most other concerns, his character touched extremes. To Hardwicke he over and over again recorded his obligations for his kindness in 1723. For Swift, as late as 1730, he was trying to secure an English benefice, as he had tried before in 1726. In the same year he put La Source at his disposal,[5] as he afterwards placed Battersea at Marchmont's, and he protested—as he constantly does to others—that he felt his position in nothing more

[1] Corr. No. xix. (in French).
[2] Corr. No. viii.
[3] Corr. No. lxx., B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 50.
[4] Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. p. 283.
[5] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 74, 76.

acutely than his inability to serve his friends.[1] To Alari, when he was under a cloud, he offered half of his reduced fortune.[2] He was always supporting the unfortunate and subsidising the distressed.[3] His frank good nature was unsuspicious, and it was often abused. ". . . I can say with the utmost truth," he tells Lord Essex in 1732,[4] "that I never broke friendship once in the whole course of my life with any man who did not begin and persist in breaking it with me. . . . There may have happened things which I could have wished otherwise on your lordship's part, but I hold it a maxim in friendship that such things as can in any way be reconciled with friendship, should not be esteemed breaches of it. Friendship is tender, but should never be touchy." In 1734 he writes to the same purpose.[5] All along his desire was that which he expressed to Swift in May 1727 : "Would to God my whole life could be passed in the same manner. Two-thirds to friendship, one-third to myself, and not a moment to the world."[6] All along he had no higher praise for a man in his vocabulary than that he was "capable of friendship."[7] It is also remarkable, considering the formality of his order and his time, that his rare friendships should have been so thoroughly genial and human. Punctilious himself with acquaintances, he, like his sister,[8] detested ceremony with friends. "Vous pensez, ma chère sœur," he protests to Henrietta St. John in

[1] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 418 (1731), and to his sister as early as 1720. Corr. No. xxii.

[2] Corr. No. ix.

[3] We shall meet with other instances hereafter. He helped the suffering Mdlle. D'Aisse in 1723; he portioned, at his own expense, a poor relation, who was driven to be a nun, and to whom his father refused to contribute in 1737. He thrice educated protégés. One of his later letters to Hardwicke is in the interest of the son of an old adherent, a clergyman.

[4] B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 51.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 119. "If I loved apology, it were easy for me to show that in the few instances which the malice of party has endeavoured by clamour to fix on me of the contrary, it was not I but my friends who forfeited that character."

[6] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 140.

[7] Of Caylus, B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 93. His sister uses the same expression. Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 144.

[8] *Cf. inter alia*, ". . . When the rays of friendship appear, ceremony vanishes" (Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 183). We may mention that she shared many other *traits* of her brother. *Cf. ibid.*, pp. 139, 159, 164.

1724,[1] "comme j'ai toujours pensé sur les devoirs qui sont purement de cérémonie et de bien séance. À l'egard de ces connaissances il faut les remplir avec unc exactitude extrème. C'est la loi que la coutume impose, et la coutume a un droit absolu sur l'exterieur, mais à l'egard de nos amis c'est la Nature, c'est la Raison qui nous prescrivent nos devoirs. Il ne s'agit plus de l'exterieur. Il s'agit du cœur . . ." Three years before, he had begged Madame de Ferriol not to play *la façonnière*.[2] His opposition of custom to reason has been finely phrased in a definition of his which occurs elsewhere, and which Chesterfield has quoted.[3] Custom, he says, is "the result of the Passions and Prejudices of many and of the Designs of a few, the Ape of Reason who usurps her seat, exercises her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead."

Another of his tenets as to friendship was, as we have seen, that friends alone should be his readers. He designed his works for posterity.[4] But during his life his friends were his audience. "When he[5] and you," he assures Swift as late as 1734, one of his most productive periods, "and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public;"[6] and what was true of Pope and Swift in that year proved true of Marchmont and Hardwicke ten years later.[7]

Mr. Churton Collins has made the astonishing statement that Bolingbroke relinquished his friendship for Swift. The fact, on indubitable evidence, is just the contrary. In 1729 Bolingbroke penned him one of his most affectionate letters. ". . . While my mind," runs a re-

[1] Corr. No. xlix. and note 1.

[2] Grimoard, iii. p. 70.

[3] *The World*, February 20, 1755. The passage itself occurs in the "Essay on Retirement and Study." Works, vol. viii. p. 403.

[4] "About posterity one may flatter oneself, and I have a mind to write to the next age." April 12, 1734. Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 257.

[5] *i.e.* Pope.

[6] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 280.

[7] See his remarkable letter to the latter. B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 318.

[8] Churton Collins' Bolingbroke, at p. 10: "He dropped Swift when the letters of Swift ceased to entertain him."

markable sentence, "grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? Or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society. There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this; I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and I am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boisterously in and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream."[1] In 1733 Barber says that Bolingbroke complains of Swift's break in correspondence.[2] It *is* true that from the date of Bolingbroke's retirement to Chantelou, in 1735, till the spring of 1738, when Swift mentions Bolingbroke, who was at Argeville, in a letter,[3] nothing survives of their published intercourse, though this may be due to the increasing vigilance of the Government and the Post-Office. But it is also true that in the former year, 1735, Pope chides Swift for his false suspicion that Bolingbroke was again approaching the Pretender.[4] Between these years Swift's health was daily decaying under the blight of that awful malady which was shortly to overwhelm him. In August 1738 he writes to Pope and Bolingbroke, excusing the previous irregularity of his correspondence on the ground of his entire loss of memory and his "cruel deafness." This is how he addresses the latter in the last communication to him that we possess preserved: ". . . I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess that I have more obli-

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 305; and *cf.* Philos. Works, vol. i. p. 20, where there is a remarkable passage as to immortality."

[2] Barber to Swift, Nov. 17, 1733. Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 235.

[3] Letter to Barber, March 31, 1738. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 216.

[4] See Goldsmith's short "Life." Works, vol. iv., p. 71. Pope in this letter assures Swift that Bolingbroke's "whole business is *vacare litteris*."

gations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me even when you were a great Minister of State; and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be in exile. . . ."[1] This very letter mentions a correspondence between them deposited elsewhere for safe custody. Its final words are, "It is now August 24, 1738," though the letter is dated "Dublin, August 8, 1738." A year later Swift is unable to remember the day of the week. But our evidence reaches a still further period. On October 12 of the same year, Pope assures Swift that Bolingbroke, among others, frequently mentions him "with affection and respect"; and in the May of the year following he thus addresses him: ". . . I am in proportion grieved to find that several of my letters . . . miscarry. . . . Your last . . . inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself."[2] It is therefore indisputable that Bolingbroke remained staunch in his intimate and sprightly correspondence with Swift up to the time when Swift became practically unable to correspond at all except at fitful and lucid intervals.

Another characteristic also which colours the background of this essay is his native and sometimes supercilious independence both in thought and action which had intensified his impulsive impetuosity, but was now to be disciplined to severer uses. He disdained to surrender originality to convention. "There is," he acutely reflects in his "Letter on Retirement,"[3] "a strange distrust of human reason in every human institution; this distrust is so apparent, that an habitual submission to some authority or other is forming in us from our cradles; that principles of reasoning and matters of fact are inculcated in our tender minds before we are able to exercise that reason; and that, when we are able to exercise it, we are either forbid, or frightened from doing so, even on things that are them-

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 243.
[2] Swift's Works, vol. xix. pp. 251, 286.
[3] Works, vol. viii. p. 403.

selves the proper objects of reason, or that are delivered to us upon an authority whose sufficiency or insufficiency is so most evidently." It is such considerations that started and underlie that series of critical letters to Pope which are posthumously known as Bolingbroke's "Philosophy."

Two more brief comments and we have done with the "Reflections." The natural optimism of "Whatever is, is right," a doctrine which accounts for his ethics of resignation, has of course been embalmed by Pope, after its systematic development in the "Philosophy," and derided by Voltaire in the person of Pangloss. But, besides this outlook herein first indicated, there is a method, also first here adopted, which Bolingbroke afterwards continued in all his historical disquisitions. We allude to the delineation of more modern figures under the veil of past characters. "Metellus" is Clarendon, "Atticus," Harcourt, "Rutilius," himself. He has been blamed for this in his "Remarks on History," but it was really part of his plan. To such a scientific student every event was only the specimen of a tendency, and every person the result of recurring conditions. We may mention that, without any sort of covert irony, and in another essay, he refers to himself and his own mission to France under the image of the conference of Lorenzo de Medicis with the Emperor Ferdinand.[1]

But we must now divert our gaze from his meditative and studious retirement abroad to the swifter course of events at home, and see how they mutually affected each other.

The Septennial Bill was passed in May 1716. It exercised a marked effect both in England and on the Continent. In the former it was resented by the nation and hailed by the Ministry. By the latter it was regarded as a party stroke at once against the Pretender and against the Tories.[2] Walpole, though he did not propose it, was its prime mover

[1] "Of the Study of History." Works, vol. viii. p. 49.

[2] B.M. MS., 228 (Stowe), f. 275. Stair was *ravi* at its "good effect." It would prevent *grands mouvements*. The Regent termed it "un coup de parti contre le Prétendant et les Torys."

under the sanction of the dying Somers. It evinced his powerful tact, for he thus hoped at once to crush the Jacobites and to free the Government from Hanoverian predominance. He had great difficulty in managing it. A large proportion of the Whig majority in the House of Lords had to be bribed or conciliated before they surrendered their secret hostility. An open and strenuous opposition in the House of Commons embittered the debate. On the division nearly one-third of that House was against it.[1] It was not merely the constitutional revolution involved that made it unpopular. The Act proposed to continue the sitting Parliament without a dissolution. It was in fact a proposal for a standing Parliament, which, in the general imagination, was only one degree worse than a scheme for a standing army.[2] It inaugurated a system of pliant Parliaments, compared to which those of James the Second were models of independence.[3] Swift's letter to Pope, of 10th January 1721, embodying his profession of the political faith which he shared with Bolingbroke, may well be consulted.[4] Bolingbroke has aptly pointed out, in one closely reasoned passage among many, that it stifled the voice of the people,[5] and opened the flood-gates to corruption.[6] We shall not cite the passage here, but it may be studied with advantage for the constitutional history of its facts, and the logical accuracy of its conclusions. The measure's immediate results justified

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 128 *et seq.*

[2] "I came late last night from the funeral of the Triennial Act, which I wish may not prove the interment of the liberties of England, for what may not be expected from a standing army and Parliament." Edward Harley to his nephew, Lord Harley. Hist. Man. Comm (Portland), v. p. 552.

[3] *Cf.* Stratford's remarks in the Stratford Papers, p. 331.

[4] Works, vol. xvi. at p. 381: ". . . As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual," &c.

[5] For this feature *cf.* Lord Strangford's fine lines put into Bolingbroke's mouth :—

> "But there shall come a day
> When a yet greater, the greatest class of all,
> Shall know its strength," &c.
>
> —*Historic Fancies.*

[6] Dissertation upon Parties, Letter xi., Works, vol. x. pp. 158–179, and *cf. ibid.*, p. 252 *et seq.*

both his fears and his criticism. It was the "first breach" into a system designed to prevent dictatorship, whether monarchic, oligarchic, or democratic. It enabled a Minister to attach mercenaries by the length of office, which insured length of emolument. It preluded a long series of bought majorities and sold constituencies. It afforded permanence to administration; but it purchased a cynical stability at the price of candour and independence, while it sacrificed representation to private interest.[1] It was defended even in 1734 by the argument that it prevented popular commotion and muffled public remonstrance. It contributed to preclude parliaments from being the "true guardians of public liberty." It seduced the trustees of that liberty from the honesty of their trust. It violated the requisition in the Claim of Right for frequent parliaments. ". . . The trade of parliaments and the trade of funds" grew "universal." It led on to an "abyss," not only for the country itself,[2] but for the prime promoter of the plan—an abyss where the *Briber* stands before the *Bribed*, as the *Devil* stands before the *Sinner*."[3] Its anti-popular tendencies[4] cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that the Chartists demanded, a hundred years after the debate on the motion for its repeal in 1734, exactly what Windham championed and Bolingbroke inspired.

And yet, evil as it loomed for its generation, in the long run it has proved a blessing for the country. The reasons are manifold, though in each case linked with its abuses. In the first place, its influence, which tainted the source of public life, was for a time employed to foster the pacific development of the nation. In the second, the derangements of agitation were postponed until the prosperity of the country was assured; since the popular voice for a century afterwards never demanded, or was educated to

[1] "Of the Constitution of Great Britain," Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 252.

[2] *Cf.* a most remarkable passage (which we quote subsequently, p. 183), from the *True Briton*, 8th July 1723, No. 11, vol. i. p. 91 *et seq.*

[3] *Occasional Writer*, No. 3, Works, vol. vi. p. 60.

[4] *Cf.* the whole fine passage (excerpted in our first volume). Works, vol. viii. p. 387.

demand, domestic reform. In the third, it spread the bribery of elections over a longer period. In the fourth, it did gradually impart a greater stability to foreign policy, though this was far from manifest till the days of Chatham. We shall see that Walpole's foreign policy of shilly-shally opportunism, now for France, now for Austria, now for Spain, succeeded in estranging them all; while its attendant system of subsidies encouraged the corrupt perquisites of the Paymastership, which the young Pitt was the first to disdain. "In short," observed Bolingbroke in the last of his works, the Ciceronian motto of which contemplated the future of his country after his death: ". . . Our politics were not only variable, but incomprehensible to every man who knew the State and interest of Great Britain, but was not so well apprised of the several turns of interest to be sowed abroad."[1] In the fifth, though it was contrived, and at first ineffectually, to concentrate and prolong the sway of a Minister who never hurried his operations, that came to happen which Bolingbroke has traced as arising from the political struggles under the Plantagenets; when "some of the Commons holding for the King, who promised liberty from the Lords, and others siding with the Lords who promised them liberty from the King, . . . an example rarely to be paralleled was set, for general liberty was nursed by these means under the wings of particular ambition."[2] But the "particular ambition" was baffled by its immediate results. The King, who regarded it merely as an excuse for going home earlier to Hanover, like a truant schoolboy, after a settlement of affairs, was appeased.[3] But no sooner had the wild Sunderland grasped the reins of office in the succeeding year than he sought to obviate Walpole's retarded ascendency by a mad scheme of perpetual oligarchy, to which the King for the same reason was equally willing to consent. The Peerage Bill of 1719 was a direct

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 351.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 254.

[3] *Cf.* Lord Townshend's strong remonstrance to Bernsdorff in his letter of 16th May 1716. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 51.

counterblast to the Septennial Bill of 1716. It failed, because England preferred the reality of rule even by one man and under an impaired representation to the despotism of republican aristocrats.

At no time were politics more fluid than they were when the Septennial Bill poured oil on the troubled waters. Walpole was feeling his way. He had no firm hold on the King, who resented his Paymaster's frugality as to the German forces, and who pressed for the sale of the lands in St. Kits.[1] He had not yet propitiated the Princess of Wales.[2] He was hated by Bothmar.[3] Bothmar and Bernsdorff, and the Schulemburg herself, whose influence had been just bought by Bolingbroke's father to secure him a peerage,[4] favoured the Marlborough faction. England was just beginning to breathe again after the upheaval of the Scotch rebellion. The ailing Marlborough, whom his old confederates had abandoned, still wielded a great influence on affairs,[5] both by the money which he was ready to lend to the Government at six per cent.,[6] though he had a few years previously demurred to the electors' security at five, and by the discontented intrigues of his son-in-law Sunderland, his recruit Carteret, and his nominee Cadogan.[7] Stanhope was for him. Not-

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 109.

[2] This he effected during her severe illness in November 1716. *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 284.

[3] Townshend writes, in October 1716, to Stanhope that the "insinuations" against Walpole arise from Bothmar, who "has every day some infamous project or other to get money." Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 119.

[4] The illuminated patent of this peerage is still extant in the vestry of Battersea Church. Its enumeration of his high services is amusing.

[5] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 228. f. 291, and *cf.* f. 229. Stair remarks that his loss would be *une perte intense* for the King's service.

[6] There is a good story told of Marlborough's avarice in his later days. He was playing piquet at Bath, and had by the end of the evening won the sum of sixpence. His debtor pleaded that he had only a five-pound note in his pocket. Marlborough, however, begged him to change it, as he had left his purse at home, and must pay his chair-man. The note was therefore changed. But Marlborough *walked* home.

[7] Stair seems to have been in their favour. B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 78. Before Cadogan went to The Hague in July, he conferred with Marlborough at Bath. B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 18.

tingham,[1] the sole remaining Church champion, was out before the end of March.[2] Even Coningsby complained to the King, in vile English and viler handwriting, of "plotts and counterplotts."[3] Everything augured some change of administration.

Townshend and Stanhope, so soon to be disunited, had hitherto fixed on no firm foreign policy. They had already concluded minor leagues of defensive alliance with Holland and with Austria. They were trying to conclude a larger and a more lasting pact with the Regent of France, who had waited the result of the Jacobite complot before taking his ply. But their endeavours were hampered by the blunders of their agents. Walpole's brother Horace, now making his début as commercial traveller for England abroad, was at The Hague keeping pace with the laggard humour of the Dutch. Peterborough, who could never resist the temptation of intrigue, was occasionally in Paris — in his riding-boots as usual—imagining that he furthered, while really he foiled, the better understanding between England and France,[4] and requiring the removal of the Pretender from the amused Duke of Orleans.[5] Stair himself was embarrassed by the growing signs of dissension in the home councils, against which he repeatedly warned the Ministry,[6] and in the face of which he nearly resigned.[7] But it was his address that prompted and secured the private and melodramatic meeting between Dubois and Stanhope at Hanover which tied the knot by the autumn of this year. While Horace Walpole was pretending that the arrange-

[1] He was Bolingbroke's maternal uncle by marriage, as we know now from the recently published "Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick"; and *cf.* an allusion in his Philosophical Works, vol. iii. p. 192: "My uncle Nottingham."

[2] Of this event Stair observes, "We must take care not to make our bottom too narrow."

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 317.

[4] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 228, f. 291: "Il a fait tout son possible pour gâter les négociation," and *cf.* f. 131.

[5] *Ibid.*, f. 284.

[6] This point is well indicated by Mr. Basil Williams in his able and instructive essays on the "Foreign Policy of Walpole" in the *English Historical Review*, 1900–1901.

[7] B.M. MS., 229, f. 286, f. 352, and ff. 60, 61, and f. 96.

ment was secret and shocked his nice sense of honour, he was, in fact, as we know from his own manuscript letters, well aware of what was in progress, and mainly apprehensive that his heavy management would be wrested from his awkward hands.[1] At last the Regent reluctantly[2] complied, to the great dissatisfaction of Austria,[3] on the terms that the Treaty of Utrecht (the great achievement of which had been the disentanglement of England from engagements abroad alien to her immediate interests, and the opportunity of "diminishing taxes, reviving commerce, and paying debts")[4] should be respected, and that foreign guarantees of his succession should be secured.

For the Regent was oppressd by a double fear. On the one hand, Philip of Spain was caballing to undo his renunciations of the French crown, while his imperious wife desired to abolish the neutrality of Italy and secure the fiefs of Parma and Placentia for her "Baby" Carlos. On the other, Russia was at last compounding and hobnobbing with Sweden, now that her fear of the Turk had been allayed by English "mediation."[5] George I. was still insisting on his rights to Bremen and Verden, which Denmark had pawned and sold, and still refusing to pay the fees that Austria claimed for his due investiture. It was purely as Elector of Hanover that he coveted these acquisitions, at the expense both of English money and English arms; "though it was made in contradiction to the engagements that the Crown of England had taken when King William gave his guaranty to the Treaty of Travendahl"; and though, ultimately, "this acquisition became the first link of a political chain by which we were dragged back into new and expensive broils, the consequences whereof we feel at this hour."[6] For these aims he

[1] *Cf.* especially B.M. Add. MS., 229, ff. 62, 96, 104, 107. Coxe's account in his "Walpole" is quite mistaken.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 286.

[3] *Ibid.*, 229, f. 167.

[4] *Cf.* the striking passage, Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 345, "Of the State of the Nation" (1749).

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 284.

[6] Bolingbroke's statement in his last work, "Of the State of the Nation" (1749). Works, vol. ix. p. 347.

was braving Russia with the feeble Denmark as his only ally.[1] The Regent compassed the convalescence of France during the minority of her boy-king; and he therefore threw the weight of his support into the British scale. England was equally anxious for quiet, and equally apprehensive of Spain[2] and of Russia.

Alberoni was profiting by the general embroilment. Baron Gortz,[3] that marvellous essence of Muscovite intrigue, was a kindred spirit. He was ubiquitous in his cabals—now at Petersburg, now at Paris, now in Amsterdam;[4] while his Swedish confrêre Gyllenburg had been conspiring in Hertfordshire with Cæsar, Lord Oxford's[5] "creature," and, after his correspondence had been intercepted, was expelled from the country. If Russia, Sweden, and Spain could combine, Spain with her fine fleet might yet recapture her partitioned territories and solace her national pride by ejecting Britain from Gibraltar; Russia might establish her dominion over the Baltic; Sweden, with battalions led by her hero, might redeem her forfeited provinces; and all of them, in the vast dreams of their visionary hopes, might reduce the King of England to the petty state of a crippled Elector, and seat on the throne of England a weakling who would prove their puppet, as he was already that of "the Duchess of Perth and a few old women;"[6] and by whose revenues they might hope to humble France and abase Austria.

Of all these stirring events Bolingbroke was a spectator in his nook at Marcilly. Meanwhile the Tories at home were despairing. Oxford was in the Tower[7] inditing pious

[1] Townshend, writing to Stanhope on October 4, 1716, observes: "The northern war has been managed so stupidly that it will be our ruin." He recommends immediate peace with Sweden, after Norris' failure to gain success. Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 86.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 94.

[3] The best account of Gortz is to be found in Voltaire's "Charles XII." He was hiring Dutch privateers for the Pretender in September 1716, while Spar was ready to give Jacobite commissions for Swedish vessels in the following month. B.M. Add. MS., 229, ff. 61, 131.

[4] *Ibid.*, f. 107.

[5] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 114. Townshend to Stanhope, October 23, 1716.

[6] *Cf.* Hardwicke State Papers, p. 567.

[7] Since July 16, 1715.

effusions with a martyr's unction for the benefit of his countless kindred, and intrepidly awaiting a trial which never happened. The friends, who in the preceding year had increased by whole parishes, were now not so numerous. Marlborough's illness gave him hopes.[1] Dupplin, Scarsdale, and Powis had been liberated from durance vile, as well as Windham. Lansdowne, however, might have caught sight of the late Lord Treasurer as he paced the ramparts by the special grace accorded him.[2] The dissensions in the Cabinet promised well for a small group of Tory peers[3] who had settled themselves in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, where Bolingbroke was, nine years afterwards, to reside, and who were now cooking cabals with their attendant relish of secret dinners. Meanwhile Society, of course, flirted, raked, and gambled furiously. We catch an amusing glimpse of the fat Duke of Bolton,[4] still Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, whom the Princess Anne two years later compared to her globe with a blue zodiac, gaming hard with the Spanish diplomatist Monteleon[5] at Tunbridge.

The Jacobites, too, kept undaunted the uneven tenor of their straggling way; by turns absurdly elated, and by turns as violently depressed, according as English complications or foreign successes were magnified or minimised. In April Mar had tried to agitate Holland in the Chevalier's favour, and had reminded the Dutch of the rich commercial harvest which the Utrecht Treaty had reaped for England.[6] In July the Duke of Leeds was commanding

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland Papers), v. p. 522: "How fast the Duke is galloping out of his estate," &c. *Ibid.*, p. 514.

[2] B.M. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 18.

[3] These included Lords Uxbridge, Orrery, Shrewsbury, Carlton, Rochester, Windsor. Dick Hill and the *money*-sided Duke of Argyle were also among the number. *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 78.

[4] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), v. p. 572. This reminds one of the story of Augusta, the little daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who in 1743, mistaking Sir R. Rich for Walpole, ran up to him, exclaiming, "Pray, where is your blue string; pray, what has become of your fat belly?"—"H. Walpole's Letters," vol. i. p. 241.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 95.

[6] *Ibid.*, ff. 3, 60, 61, 78, 127, 131, 160, 175, 208, 229, 327, 352; and 228, ff. 243, 277.

the ragged squadron which they called their fleet. In August they again counted on the King of Sweden, with whose envoy Dillon frequently conferred. They counted further on Berwick's connivance. They boasted of the mad Wharton as a new convert. But by October they were in the dumps. The Pretender was seriously ill. Guérin was sent to perform an operation at Avignon, whither he had been forced to withdraw by the end of March with Mar and Ormonde. He was "in a sad plight physically and mentally." Castel Blanco was trying to prevent his further expulsion to Rome. His supporter Philip of Spain was equally ill. The Tory clergy, moreover, were discontented with the Jacobites, who were losing ground steadily even in the west.[1] But early in November he had recovered, and their hopes with him. The Regent, it was thought, would think twice before he scared him over the Alps. Dillon even brought him the Regent's compliments by the close of the year; and in October attempts had been made to enter the King of England's box at Drury Lane and to assassinate the Prince of Wales. Seaforth and Gordon were bound mysteriously for Scotland. Bolingbroke was justified in writing of them to Windham on September 13: "Nothing can be so desperate as the circumstances of affairs, nothing so miserable as the characters, and nothing so weak as the measures.[2] At home, Townshend's dread of a rupture with Russia and Walpole's prudence in skimping the King's requirements for German affairs, lent an opening to Marlborough's intrigues, abetted by discontented Whigs like Carteret. Sunderland had accompanied Stanhope in attendance on the King in his journey to Hanover. The Schulemburg and her German satellites were more than ever in his favour. They soon found additional opportunities. Walpole during the King's absence had been courting the Prince of Wales, and the Princess's precarious recovery from her confinement enhanced the popularity of the pair. The

[1] Poyntz to H. Walpole, October 5, 1716. Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 97. *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 18.

[2] Corr. No. iv.

people imagined that here at last were an English king and queen. Argyle encouraged the delusion. Added to these grounds for George's irritation, was the continued traffic of Walpole in reversions to appointments which competed with the monopoly of plunder arrogated by the Countess of Munster, Bothmar, and Bernsdorff. Stanhope must be gained. He was gained. What a month could not achieve in London, was accomplished in a week at Gohre. The treaty with France had been retarded by Walpole, who intended his brother to negotiate with the Dutch. His brother visited Hanover only to find that done which he knew must be done, but, too late, desired to be done by himself alone. James Stanhope, doughty as he was, did not scruple to fall in with Sunderland's intrigues. By the end of December, Townshend, after remonstrances and refusals, was relegated to Ireland, and shortly afterwards peremptorily dismissed. By the March of 1717, Walpole and his group, including Methuen and Pulteney, resigned. Townshend and Walpole were out; Sunderland and Stanhope were in. The King's journey to Hanover, it was hoped, would disconcert the Jacobites.[1] The intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope elated them. The German faction had prevailed, and Europe might at any moment be re-plunged into war, especially as Stanhope was unpacific both by temper and by profession. Stair himself was alarmed, although Stair was more in sympathy with Sunderland than with Townshend.[2] He warned the Ministers against the fatuity of their dissensions, which embarrassed his position with the Regent.[3] He even offered to resign.[4] He corresponded with Sunderland. He was in constant communication with

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 229, f. 284. From Stair, November 30, 1716. Stair himself, however, thought the "necessities of affairs demanded his presence in England." *Ibid.*, f. 350.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 78; and *cf.* his letter to Craggs, October 5, 1717: "There are no men in Britain that I personally love better than I love both Lord Sunderland and Lord Stanhope." Hardwicke State Papers, p. 559.

[3] His main fear was of a Ministry without an effective majority, which might "attack a formidable enemy with feeble forces, and troops that follow you unwillingly." Hardwicke State Papers, p. 560.

[4] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., ff. 3, 286, 330, 352.

Bolingbroke, whose knowledge of foreign affairs was as indispensable to him, as it was afterwards to Chesterfield, to Lord Hardwicke, and even to Horatio, the future Lord Walpole.

Bolingbroke himself descried a ray of light in the gloom. He was busy with his books; he was happy with the Marquise; but he sighed none the less for the possibilities of return, and of public activity which need not clash with his new-fledged ideals. His property and his health were alike impaired. His restoration, he felt, was due to himself and to his friends. As he wrote to his half-sister, just before it partially occurred in 1723: "... Il est très vrai que mon parti est pris sur l'exile, et sur tous les autres événements de la vie. Mais il est vrai aussy, que je n'ai négligé rien de tout, qu'un homme d'affaires doit faire pour procurer la fin de cet exile."[1] The disgrace of proscription stung him to the quick.

Sunderland, at any rate in the succeeding year, was in confidential communication with Stair respecting Bolingbroke.[2] Bolingbroke we now know was, either this or the succeeding year, in communication with Sunderland,[3] and in either case, to the knowledge of the King, with whom Sunderland was in the autumn of 1716 at Hanover, and whose Secretary of State he became in 1717; so that at their very outset these overtures, to be protracted over the next nine years, were assuredly not self-invited. It is on this fact that Bolingbroke so vehemently and so conclusively insisted in his great rejoinder to Walpole of 1731,[4] where he refutes the assertion that his submission of 1718 was the ground of his partial restoration. The King, he

[1] Corr. No. xlvii.

[2] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 559.

[3] *Cf.* the most important letter of Bolingbroke to Lord Hardwicke, of November 12, 1744, where, in sending the Letter to Windham for his perusal with other private papers, he says: "... One was written to Lord Stair on what he communicated to me from Lord Sunderland. His lordship took so little care of it, notwithstanding the caution given him in it, that, falling behind his scrutore, it was found by Madame de Mezières, in whose house he had lived, and printed as you see for reasons obvious enough." B.M. Add. MS. (Hardwicke), 35587, f. 318.

[4] Works, vol. vi. pp. 371–373.

there solemnly declares, with an appeal for corroboration to Lord Stair, who had delivered the message, had in 1716 granted him his favour "unasked and unearned." " . . . This mercy did not consist in encouragement to hope for some future mark of his Majesty's favour and goodness, but *in a gracious and absolute promise*, . . . to the full extent which the circumstances of that gentleman required." When we join this statement to George's previous overtures, to his concession that Bolingbroke might live as a "King's man" in 1718, and to his intervention as to his property both in 1717 and in 1724, the inference seems irresistible. At all events, throughout the last eight months of 1716, it is evident from Stair's manuscript correspondence that he was doing his utmost to forward Bolingbroke's private and public interests with the King, and was for these ends in confidential correspondence with Stanhope. It is further evident that Bolingbroke was at this time in constant communication with Stair. It is therefore highly probable that the following interview was the consequence of some understanding with Sunderland, or Stanhope, or both. Writing only three years afterwards to Swift, Bolingbroke speaks, as we shall find him often doing afterwards, of "His Majesty's unconditional favours, the offers of which prevented even my wishes."[1]

James Craggs the younger, the son of the then Postmaster-General, and the brother of Mrs. Knight, whose stepson was to wed Bolingbroke's sister, was now, in the autumn of 1716, at Paris, and to him, their mutual friend, Stair addressed a letter in French, to be shown to the King at Hanover. This letter, which was long afterwards appended to the Letter to Windham,[2] describes an interview which had been the fruit of Bolingbroke's epistle. It had taken place the day after an interview with Mr. Pitt, the father of the great Chatham, with whom and with whose

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 348.

[2] Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 314. The letter in a note is said to have been communicated to the editor in 1753 "by a relation of his lordship." This was doubtless his half-sister Henrietta, then Lady Luxborough.

family we shall afterwards find both Bolingbroke and his wife in frequent association.[1] The formal conference lasted an hour and a half. Bolingbroke declared that, after his disillusionment with the Pretender, he was prepared heartily to return to his allegiance; that he would render any service compatible with honour to his King and country in France; that he was unalterable in his resolution, even if the King should not find it opportune to grace him with his pardon; that he would gladly contribute to the public tranquillity by opening the eyes of the Tories to the Pretender's real character, which was repugnant to the security of the liberties either of Church or State; that the assistance he could give would be substantial, and worthy of "an honest man convinced of his error, and genuinely repentant"; but that he would never consent to betray confidences or individuals. The conversation closed with the following avowal: " . . . My lord, if they will do me the justice of believing my professions sincere, the more those professions will advance my own reputation and the King's service. If, on the contrary, they suspect me of crooked courses, they have the right to exact from me conditions which I, in my turn, as a man of honour, have the right to refuse. The difficulties which I raise in the way of promising too much form the best guarantees that I shall hold to my engagements. In any case, time and the uniformity of my conduct will convince the world of the rectitude of my intentions; and it is better to await that time with patience, however long it may be, than to reach at my goal with precipitation and by a diversion from the great highroad of honour and of honesty."

Stair added that he was personally convinced, both of his sincerity and of his power, that his character was to do nothing by halves, that he knew him to be no political friend of the French, and that he was the most formidable enemy that the party of the Pretender had or could have, as well as the most able eradicator of the prejudices in his

[1] At the close of her days, Anne Pitt was a frequent companion of Lady Bolingbroke.

favour. He therefore begged to know the King's intentions as to what he might promise in his name, so that Bolingbroke might at any rate retire from France where many irksome circumstances environed him. By 1721 this letter went the round of London, and, observes Oxford's Erasmus, Lewis: "It has already done a great deal of mischief to its author, who seems to be otherwise loaded with more than his share of misfortune."[1] A permission to quit France had already been besought, not only by Bolingbroke, but by Stair himself, hampered by divided counsels at home and threatening dangers abroad.[2] Bolingbroke had begged "to live under the King's protection in France or Holland," as shortly before this time he had begged to be allowed to proceed into Germany with a view, doubtless, of himself approaching the King. This request had been forwarded with alacrity by Stair to Mr. Secretary Stanhope. Stair pointed out that no harm could possibly come of it, since Bolingbroke's return to England could be denied, should the King disapprove of it, from one country as well as another.[3] At the same time Stair privately assured Robethon in Hanover that Bolingbroke—whom he styles "St. David"—was friendly to Stanhope and Cadogan,[4] and therefore by implication less so to the set of Walpole. Bolingbroke, however, seems to have been well disposed towards Townshend who was friendly to him, and who, as we have said, had purchased his horses when he fled from England.[5]

But Sunderland had not yet succeeded. Pending the Anglo-Dutch and the Anglo-French negotiations, Horace Walpole passed through Hanover on his way from The Hague, and though he was "bubbled" by Stanhope as to his own brother's acceptability to the King, he was doubtless able to prejudice his ear.[6] The disaffected Whigs at home

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 625.

[2] B.M. Add. MS. (Stowe), 229, ff. 60, 61; and ff. 284, 352. ". . . J'ai servi le Roi avec beaucoup de zéle et de fidelité. Je comprens bien qu'à cette cour on pourrait avoir besoin d'un homme de compliance qui n'a plus de capacité que je n'ay. . . . Dieu vous garde en pareil schisme;" and *cf.* his long discussion of the whole affair in his letter to Craggs. Hardwicke State Papers, p. 456.

[3] *Ibid.*, f. 131.

[4] *Ibid.*, f. 78.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 36243, f. 2.

[6] B.M. Add. MS. (Stowe), 229, ff. 60, 61.

were not yet distinct or potent enough to withstand the inexorability of one who dreaded and detested Bolingbroke beyond any mortal alive, and was already aiming at supreme power, caballing too during his master's absence, and employing the same mercenary means for which he had been sent to the Tower in the reign of the Queen.[1] Bolingbroke had indignantly spurned the base trade of an informer as the price of reinstatement, and, unless he would so dishonour himself, his return should not be vouchsafed. The permission to leave France for the present was refused, not only in his own case, but in that also of Stair, chafing under the manifold mortifications of his post.

Nor could Bolingbroke reap much solid advantage from Sunderland's impending ascendency. He knew the character of the man, at once violent and vain, alike despotic and republican, bribing and bribed.[2] Carteret too he knew: Carteret, who displayed Peterborough's eccentricity without Peterborough's romanticism; Carteret, who was gifted with something of his own brilliance, but little of his own persistence; Carteret, who glittered where he shone, and promised what he performed; Carteret, whom six years later he was to baffle in Paris; Carteret, who twenty-seven years afterwards was to vaunt that his business was to crown and discrown kings and emperors; who disdained domestic affairs in public, yet who read his own love-letters to an assembled Cabinet;[3] Carteret, who played with principles and trafficked in parties;[4] who ruined his favour with

[1] *Cf.* "The Defection Considered," 1717, and *Craftsman*, No. 32. This was answered by Walpole himself, who, bearing in mind his future charges against the Patriots, had the impudence to say: ". . . Must they be Jacobites because they do not consent to King George's business their way?" *Cf. Craftsman*, No. 34.

[2] For Sunderland's venality *cf.* the covert allusions in *Craftsman*, No. 21.

[3] "H. Walpole's Letters," vol. ii. p. 290, in 1744. Lord C. was fifty-four years old when he married Lady Arabella Fermor—*en secondes noces*—"one of his vigorous measures," H. Walpole terms it, *ibid.*, p. 296. Henry Pelham, writing to Essex in 1734 of the marriage of Carteret's daughter, says: "He has made good domestic alliances for himself; if he could make foreign ones for the public as advantageous and durable, I should think him the ablest Minister this country ever had." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 11.

[4] *Cf.* Count Broglio's description in 1724. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. x. pp. 303–304.

the King by pitting one royal mistress against another,[1] and yet who averred he would rather be a page of the back stairs than forsake the Court; Carteret, who atoned for the licence of his politics by the quibbles of his scholarship, and who inspired Pope's line of the "word-catchers who live on syllables";[2] Carteret, who shivered in his distant coach-and-six while the battle of Dettingen was raging,[3] and, when it was over, rifled the French watches from the pockets of the wounded officers on the field,[4] yet who deemed himself greater than Frederick the Great; Carteret, who would scribble projected treaties in the very carriage which sheltered him from war, yet, impenetrable to rebuff, suggest exuberant plans of campaign which made the Marshals alternately swear and smile;[5] Carteret, as devoid of malice as of modesty, whose bombast was only rivalled by his placability; Carteret, who in the rhetoric of Pitt was to prove "an execrable, a sole Minister," and to seem "to have drunk of the potion described in poetic fiction which made men forget their country"; Carteret, the favourite Minister of

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 4.

[2] *Cf.* Spence, p. 286. The reader will note that in this estimate we differ from that of Macaulay in his Essay on "Walpole's Letters." Both in this essay and in the two on "Chatham," Macaulay seems to us, much as we admire him, to have been highly coloured by the prejudiced chatter of Horace Walpole the younger, and to have drawn far less on original sources than was his wont. Had his History been completed, he would doubtless have depicted the personalities of this period in less conventional outlines and with more insight into the complexities of such idiosyncrasies as Pitt's. To quote one instance out of many, Macaulay has quite missed the significance both of the "Patriot" opposition and of the Spanish War of 1739. He has ignored the *national* movement; and he has portrayed both the defects and the virtues of Robert Walpole's system as if he were a Whig of some fifty years afterwards. This negligence of national movements and this stereotyped method of post-dating character leads him to say that, in the rough, the Tories stood for Order and the Whigs for Liberty. As if there could be Liberty without Order! It imparts a metallic ring to his utterances in these regards; while it leads him to omit altogether the inconsistent vagaries of Walpole's foreign policy, as well as to minimise the degeneration of public life which his home tactics fostered—a degeneration finely summarised by Bolingbroke in his "Of the State of the Nation" by the sentence, "It is degenerate, no doubt; but I have heard men complain of this degeneracy who promoted it first, and sought their excuse in it afterwards."

[3] *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Russell-Astley Papers), pp. 252, 266.

[4] H. Walpole's Letters, vol. ii. p. 253.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 340.

CARTERET

*From an engraving by Major after a portrait by Van der*

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two kings, and of a prince who could yet never give him a free hand;[1] Carteret, the cynic enthusiast, who quoted Homer heroically when he died, yet who, while he lived, in the coloured invective of Chesterfield,[2] was one ". . . who, when in the opposition, even his sincerity could never beget confidence nor his abilities esteem; whose learning is unrewarded with knowledge and his experience with wisdom; discovering a haughtiness of demeanour, without any dignity of character; and possessing the lust of avarice, without knowing the right use of power and riches. His understanding blinded by his passions, his passions directed by his prejudices, and his prejudices ever hurrying into presumption; impatient even of an equal, yet ever requiring the correction of a superior. Right as to general maxims, but wrong in the application; and therefore always so intoxicated by the prospect of success that he never is cool enough to concert the proper measures to attain it."

"Genius," observes Bolingbroke,[3] "without the improvement at least of experience, is what comets once were thought to be, a blazing meteor, irregular in his course, and dangerous in his approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any." Such a meteor was Carteret!

These were not men on whom to count, but there were others who might yet serve him. Charles Stanhope was friendly; William Stanhope, his younger brother, now opening his parliamentary career, and afterwards familiar as Earl of Harrington, might not be unpropitious; Philip Stanhope, his more illustrious and congenial kinsman, had likewise already encountered and appreciated him in Paris. The two Craggs believed in and loved him. Pulteney, it was true, whom he knew and liked, remained staunch to

[1] On Sunderland's death Carteret applied to George I. to support him against Walpole. The King promised, but said he was forced to temporise, and the Duchess of Kendal told him the King hated his other Ministers (Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 3). For Carteret and the Prince of Wales, *cf. ibid.*, p. 42.

[2] Chesterfield's Works, vol. ii. p, 109. The famous article in *Old England*—by "Jeffrey Broadbottom of Covent Garden, Esq."—of Saturday, Feb. 5, 1743. The supposed author and printer were taken into custody. Chesterfield afterwards repeatedly owned the real authorship.

[3] Works, vol. viii. p. 19.

Walpole; but Walpole himself would be thrown into opposition, and Walpole in opposition, as he well knew, would oppose the very measures he had advocated when in office. The waiting game was once more the best, and a premature return, as, re-echoing his Letter to Windham, he assured his sister six years afterwards, more injurious than one cautiously delayed.

But one thing he had determined to do, and had done without hesitation. His conduct with the Pretender should be vindicated against the Jacobites, and before the Tories, from whose eyes he was bent on withdrawing the film.[1] Immediately on his dismissal in the preceding March he had sent Brinsden, his secretary and lifelong friend,[2] into England with exculpatory letters.[3] In September he also made a private communication to Windham, which is transcribed in our Correspondence,[4] and which formed the basis for that famous and incomparably finished production unpublished until after his death, when it created a *furore* even in France. One of its sentences is embodied in Bolingbroke's letter to Swift of 17th March 1719.[5] The private letter was entrusted to Craggs, and fell—presumably by design—into the hands of the Government.[6] The public letter, which was completed in 1717,[7] is a model of clear-cut style, of luminous eloquence, of close reasoning, and, we may finally add, of confirmed veracity. It was more than answer to "that

[1] ". . . I was so full of these apprehensions that I began . . . as early as the years '16 and '17 to do all in my power to persuade the men I had acted with to purge themselves of Jacobitism," &c. Marchmont Papers, ii. p. 187.

[2] In 1728 Bolingbroke helped him to traffic in Burgundy. B.M., Add. MS., 34196, f. 54.

[3] They were circulated with marginal notes added after the anonymous and condemnatory Avignon letter. Works, vol. ix. p. 226.

[4] Corr. No. iv.

[5] What Dolabella says to Cicero, "Satis factum est jam a te," &c. Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 345.

[6] Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 310. Townshend to Stanhope, 15th September 1716. It may not, however, have been the actual letter, for Stair writes in October 1716: "J'envoye par un courier copie d'une lettre que B. a écrit à Sir William Windham. Il travaille à une espèce de Manifeste pour se justifier," &c. B.M. Add. MS., 229 (Stowe), f. 131.

[7] The date is fixed by his own expression as to Brinsden's letters, "about a year ago." Works, vol. ix. p. 226.

curious piece of false fact, false argument, false English, and false evidence," the "letter from Avignon," "which exhausted the malice of Jacobite insinuation, and twitted him with his Protestant scruples." It was more than a reply to the false Memoirs of Mesnager.[1] It remains not only an indignant repudiation, but a perspicuous history. Mr. Churton Collins has found some difficulty in accounting for its non-publication during Bolingbroke's lifetime, and has searched for a reason which is not the fact. It was not so published for two causes. The first is that to which we have twice already drawn attention, namely, that none of his works, except a few political pamphlets, were designed for any outside a circle of chosen intimates, to whom they were all from time to time sent and shown. They were all of them, including his "Philosophy," indited as letters, and in an epistolary vein, as they were all of them continually polished, altered, amplified, and amended. The second belongs also to the character of the man. Though he never vaunts it, he could never forget his royal blood.[2] His spirit could not stoop to apologies. "Je n'aime pas," he wrote to Alari in 1723, "les apologies, et je n'en ai pas besoin. J'ai préferé un long exile à un retour équivoque, mais tout est équivoque pour les ignorants malinformés des faits, et pour les gens de peu d'esprit qui ne sauraient juger quand même ils sont informés."[3] It was by his contemptuous disregard of slander that he manufactured, as it were, his own posthumous detraction; for, to clear a man's character, the iron must be struck while it is hot. When once it has cooled, the animosities both of party and of persons are able to mould the shape imposed on genius by posterity. "This," exclaimed

[1] They appeared in 1717, and Defoe was credited with their authorship. Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 535.

[2] The stained-glass window, still in the parish church at Battersea, contains, amid the St. John quarterings, the portraits not only of Henry VII. and Margaret Beauchamp, but of Queen Elizabeth, whose maternal great-grandmother had espoused a St. John of Lydiard. The old St. John motto, "Beatus in terrâ, sanctus in cœlis," is also there. Another, "Rather Death than false Faythe," surmounts the St. John schoolhouse. It is rather amusing that Lord St. John, when he bought his peerage, should have adopted "Nec quærere nec spernere honorem." Bolingbroke's "Nil Adnurari" was chosen by him for his own viscountcy.

[3] Corr. No. xli.

Bolingbroke, as late as 1749, in his impartial and patriotic review "Of the State of the Nation," "is the language of reason dictated by public spirit"; but "private interest and narrow views will dictate another." None the less the Jacobite rage at his desertion clung to Bolingbroke long after the Jacobite cause was dead, and poisoned his posthumous reputation. It proved the main, though scarcely the avowed, cause of Dr. Johnson's prejudice against him.[1]

After this initial rebuff, Bolingbroke withdrew once more from Paris to Marcilly. "Mr. York" (Bolingbroke), writes Stair to James Craggs—shortly to be made Secretary of War—on 4th January 1717, "continues to talk very wisely." He desires me to assure you that he has taken his pli, and, happen what will, he will follow it; he is resolved to go into the country, to wait quietly and patiently what becomes of the public and of his private affair. He goes with Madame de Villette—Miss is in a convent." "Miss" was the Marquise's daughter, Mademoiselle de Mursay, who was being educated by her elder[2] sister, the Abbess of Sens, and who was afterwards married to the Governor of Fontainebleau. Her other unmarried daughter was not yet Madame de Montmorin.[3] The convent itself was far from an inviting abode,[4] though Bolingbroke often visited his stepdaughter there.

He continued his historical and philosophical pursuits, and to the ensuing period probably belong his "Reflections on Innate Moral Principles," published in French, like his "Letter to Pouilly" and his treatise on Tillotson mentioned hereafter. But in the summer of 1717 he was once more tempted to re-open negotiations with the Government.

[1] As late as 1778, Boswell, who in vain offered his services to Johnson in procuring materials for the Life of Pope from the veteran Marchmont, was welcomed by the latter, who, however, took down Johnson's Dictionary and pointed out to Boswell that Johnson had betrayed his aversion to Bolingbroke in his elucidation of the word "transpire"—first used by Bolingbroke—"to escape from secrecy to notice; a sense lately innovated from France without necessity." "The truth was Lord Bolingbroke, *who left the Jacobites*, first used it; therefore it was to be condemned." Boswell's Life (ed. 1848), p. 612.

[2] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 558.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 66.

[4] *Ibid.*, f. 68.

His arch-aversion Oxford was now acquitted without trial[1] and liberated from the Tower; he was in close confabulation with Harcourt (who was on excellent terms with the Government[2]) respecting the latter's building speculation in Cavendish Square.[3] The Uxbridge coterie was plucking up courage under the changed face of administration, and the old Tory leaders began to take heart. Bingley invited the Harleys to Bramham with its splendid carved hall. Our ancient acquaintance Strafford, now nicknamed "Stars and Garters," was living in great magnificence at Wentworth Castle, which was not yet completed, and was at last able to entertain there the Harley family. We cannot refrain from abstracting an amusing account of their reception. ". . . I endeavoured to behave myself as well as I could, and hoped I performed tolerably well till dinner and supper time, and then was so confounded with fine dishes and French names,[4] having none but my own mother tongue, that, had not eyesight been better than my understanding, I must have fasted. . . . There was not a suit of hangings, looking-glass, nor cabinet, that was [not] adorned with those emblems of honour, and had the greatest lady in England been there, [she] could not have been treated with more respect. He met us upon a fine prancing horse; . . . set out as fine as his trappings could make him, the rider not falling short of anything that could dazzle the eyes of the beholders. . . ."[5]

The martyrs at home being thus well-liking, Harcourt bethought himself of his old intimate, and wrote to try if he could induce the exile in adversity and the philosopher in

[1] Owing, it is said (by Spence), to letters incriminating Marlborough with the Pretender. He had himself used Marlborough's Brest letter to frighten him away in 1712.

[2] "Harcourt speaks seldom, but divides always with the Court," Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), v. p. 556. In 1720 "it was reported that all his arrears would be paid, and a pension of £3000," *ibid.*, p. 591.

[3] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 550. Bingley, Dartmouth, and Bathurst were also among those of the old set interested in the venture.

[4] This should be contrasted with the plainness of Strafford's entertainment to young people about this time described in the Wentworth Papers.

[5] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 532.

retirement to be reconciled for their joint benefit with "Sir Roger." Bolingbroke's answer is in the British Museum, and we have transcribed it in our Correspondence."[1] It was, as might have been expected, a flat refusal to take so wrong a step. "I must," he said, "always look on my acquaintance with him as the great misfortune of my life, and the source from whence those waters of bitterness, which I have drunk so largely of, have flowed. That acquaintance is broke entirely, and any step which might give occasion for renewing it in any degree would doubtless be a false one." At any rate, he added, he was now free to choose his course; and the letter closes with an interesting record of the value of school discipline at Eton, in view of Harcourt's son by a second marriage proceeding thither. "I hope," he concludes, "you will keep him there till he is continued in his Latin at least. Some of the best books in the world have been writ in that language, and, after all, he who cannot learn a thing in the original, knows it but by halves." Four days later than the date of this letter, Stair wrote to Craggs: "I send you enclosed a packet from *York* (Bolingbroke). You see in what manner he bears his misfortune. I really pity him, because he is almost the only man of his party that I have seen resolved to act a good part. He desires two things, for which I desire your intercession with Lord Sunderland and Mr. Stanhope. The first is, that I may have orders to speak to the Regent to consider him a man under the British protection. The next, that Brinsden may have leave to come into England for *York's* private affairs. . . . As things stand now, if either his wife or his father should happen to die, he would be a very great loser."[2] The effects were immediate. George Berkeley — brother of Bolingbroke's future intimate and the future husband of Lady Suffolk — writes in November from Paris, where he seems to have made his first acquaintance with Bolingbroke, that Stair averred "publicly at his table that Bolingbroke was under the King's

[1] Corr. No. v. Add. MS., 34196, f. 2, 24th July 1717.
[2] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 559.

protection, and this day it is reported here that Bolingbroke was introduced by Stair to the Regent."[1] Brinsden was once more allowed to visit England, and by the King's especial grace, to procure a mortgage of some of that property which Bolingbroke had confided to the keeping of his wife,[2] with Windham for trustee.[3] One more stage had been reached in the long road of obliterating the past.

Meanwhile the new *régime* had opened with fair auspices. Sunderland made advances to the Tories with whom the discontented Whigs offered to coalesce. "Shippen and Walpole might have been united from that hour."[4] But two certain dangers attended it from the first. Sunderland was pledged to subserve the King's Hanoverian designs which menaced the embroilment of England in foreign affairs; and, further, there was the peril of his rash character in the face of an incoherent band of capricious adherents. As Stair, that shrewd observer, pointed out at this very conjuncture: ". . . In taking public measures, I think the wisest and most moderate men's opinions should be asked and followed. For if rash councils are followed you will not find hands to support them. By attempting things, even right things which you are not able to carry, you expose yourself, in our popular Government, to the having

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 535.

[2] *Cf.* Corr. No. xii. (1) and (2).

[3] Lord Stawell was the other. *Cf.* Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 410. Brinsden's visit is detailed by our old acquaintance Dr. Stratford, the "fat levite," tame cat at Bucklebury, and Christchurch don. As a keen adherent of Oxford and warm defender of the sweet Lady Bolingbroke, he was naturally strongly biassed against Bolingbroke, who, moreover, had borrowed "Tillotson's Sermons" from him, the title-page of which was lost, and some money which Lady B. never repaid. Some of his future statements, we shall see, are mere false gossip, and his accounts must therefore be accepted with large reservations. He says that the "Pandar" gave notice at Bucklebury, where Stratford was staying, of his arrival; went to Sunderland, and was introduced by young Craggs to the King. Lansdowne refused to see him at Longleat, but Windham received him, though Murray (Jacobite) said his master was a "treacherous villain," and he would cane him if he came. Stratford sighs over the "Poor Lord," and observes: "I am afraid he has not philosophy to struggle with contempt and want." Portland Papers, vol. vii. (Stratford Letters, recently published) p, 228.

[4] *Cf.* the remarkable Letter of Bolingbroke to Marchmont, July 22, 1739. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 157.

the administration wrested out of your hands and put into other hands. . . ."[1] It was the great merit of Walpole that this was never his behaviour, that his opportunism was never hasty, and seldom unpractical. It is his reproach that his steady[2] shrewdness created a system of corruption, if even to preserve, and of division, if even to unite; that his corruption, as Bolingbroke in a fine passage[3] justly indicates, was applied not merely to maintain government, but to subserve monopoly; that he inoculated England with political opiates to still the pangs of discord and allay the spasms of war—although he regarded his country as a cattle-market, and himself as the only farmer cunning enough to control it—until, compelled to misinform in order to misrule, the corrupt led the blind and the blind led one another.[4] It was not till the days of George II. that this became possible. As Dr. Johnson well remarked, Walpole was a Minister given by the King to the people; Pitt, a Minister given by the people to the King. None the less, that is half-true of Walpole which Voltaire predicates of a statesman: ". . . Ce n'est point une pénétration superieure qui fait les hommes d'État, c'est leur caractère. Les hommes, pour peu qu'ils aient de bons sens voient tous à peu près leurs interêts. . . . Nôtre conduite et nos entreprises dépendent uniquement de la trempe de nôtre âme, et nos succès dépendent de la fortune."

But Walpole was now not only out of office, but out of favour. His bad Latin and good sense were equally distasteful at Court. It was never forgotten that he had been relegated to the Tower for peculation. When Anne died he was poor. He was now rich. There is a little-known political allegory by Swift, entitled "An Account of the Court and Empire of Japan," which embodies some curious secret transactions. In it occurs a character of Walpole

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, p. 560.

[2] It was from him that George II. must have caught his watchword of "Steady! steady!"

[3] "On the Spirit of Patriotism." Works, vol. vii. pp. 43, 44.

[4] *Cf.* the whole of the fine passage in the *Occasional Writer*, No. ii. Bol. Works, vol. vi. pp. 20–23.

under the anagram of "Lelop-Aw," of which we transcribe a portion. ". . . He had the most boldness and the least magnanimity that ever any mortal was endowed with. By enriching his relations, friends, and dependents in a most exorbitant manner, he was weak enough to imagine that he had provided a support against an evil day. He had the best among all false appearances, of courage. . . . He had some small smattering in books, but no manner of politeness. . . . The whole system of his ministry was corruption." And he adds that "the Emperor" had left him the "whole management . . . upon the condition of being made easy in his personal revenues, and the management of parties in the senate"; and that he was thought "to hate him more than he did any other person in Japan, except his only son, the heir to the Empire."[1] Discounting party and personal rancour, we are convinced that there is much truth in this incisive satire. The King turned his back upon him at Newmarket; the lords-in-waiting were ordered not to invite him; "and no other of the public tables to do it."[2] For the moment he was forced to drop that policy of "meaningless bluster,"[3] which he was afterwards so successfully to resume. Walpole himself accepted the situation with the cynical patience habitual to him. Introducing, in the April of this year, his measure for reduction of interest and a sinking fund—the first of those great financial schemes which give him his real title to fame—he remarked that he now presented it "as a country gentleman." But his vulnerability leaked out when Stanhope himself taxed him with selling reversions and exceeding the perquisites of his paymastership. He had no other answer but to throw the odium on Robethon, while he was brazen enough to defend the German Ministers.[4] His immediate conduct in opposition was equally shameless. He caballed with Windham, with Bromley, with Trevor, even with Shippen; though the last rallied him on "his new

[1] Swift's Works, vol. x. pp. 340, 341, 342.
[2] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 535.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 527.
[4] Coxe, i. p. 190.

allies." The man who had abetted Marlborough, when Marlborough's war degenerated into part of a political programme, now first opposed the Mutiny Bill, and then gave his vote for it; although rebellion still simmered in Scotland, although Gyllenburg's conspiracy with Gortz to support the Pretender with the conjoined help of Russia, Sweden, and Spain had just been discovered, and although Alberoni was beginning to put his European schemes into execution. He favoured the acquittal of Oxford, whose arch-persecutor he had so lately proved; while in the following year he supported that very measure to deprive the Nonconformists of political power which four years earlier he had so vehemently denounced. But his extraordinary hold on parliamentary management was still shown by his compulsion of the malcontent Whigs to vote supplies for counteracting Sweden; and to apply the advance of £700,000 by the South Sea Company to the National Debt. None the less, his private parsimony and public extravagance were soon to be at the expense of the nation. These *voltefaces* should surely be remembered and contrasted with Bolingbroke's lifelong consistency.

We have several times mentioned Alberoni; and with a view to Bolingbroke's perpetual insistence on the vital importance of the neutrality of Italy, declared by the Utrecht Treaty,[1] and the fatal consequences of the Quadruple Alliance,[2] whereby England sought to compose

[1] *Cf.* among many other passages, Works, vol. vi. pp. 12, 13., vol. viii. p. 349.

[2] Bolingbroke harps on this perpetually throughout his public and private correspondence. Writing to Lord Hardwicke of the "great scene" which opened in 1742, he says: ". . . God grant it may be closed by barring effectually a family ambition which I apprehend that we revived or encouraged at least by the Quadruple Alliance, and have favoured too much ever since." B.M. Add. MS. (Hardwicke), 35587, f. 74. "Consider," writes Bolingbroke to Windham of the events in 1736, which included the restoration of Sicily to Spain, "by the Treaty of Utrecht the Emperor had all the states contended for except Sicily. Sicily was given to a prince (Amadeus of Savoy), who had ambition enough, but not force enough, to light a new fire in Italy that might spread to the rest of Europe; and the Emperor on many accounts was unable to light this fire of himself, by attacking Sicily. His rival for the Spanish succession, who had ambition and force enough, was barred by the neutrality of Italy. . . . The great point for securing public peace was to keep the Spaniard out, to hinder the two rivals from treading on the same continent; and that point was given up when the principle of the Utrecht

the Italian disputes of arrogant Spain and indignant Austria, involving her in a blundering series of abortive engagements and inopportune mediations, "of expensive suspensions and more expensive negotiations";[1] where, in Bolingbroke's words, ". . . we have made the quarrels of other people our own, and . . . find ourselves engaged as principals in some cases where we have but a very remote concern, and in others where we have no concern at all";[2] and through which, to quote him pertinently again, England was reduced to a "tranquillity" which was "at best . . . only a state of Political Purgatory between peace and war,"[3] it becomes imperative to mention some brief considerations suggested by the long train of events abroad, which were inaugurated by the Quadruple Alliance of 1718, so falsely defended as a consummation of the Utrecht Treaty.

In his last great treatise, "Of the State of the Nation," occurs the most material passage of all. After commenting on the initial mistake of the Georgian claims for the investiture in the Duchies of Bremen and Verden, which necessitated the goodwill of Austria, he continues: ". . . These investitures might have been procured, and the Emperor

Treaty was departed from under pretence of consummating the peace, and of satisfying the insatiable ambition of the Queen of Spain." Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 341. It is curious that Walpole professed in 1723 that his policy was to keep clear of foreign engagements. *Ibid.*, p. 263. Bolingbroke adds that he did not know how this article of Sicily's reversion to Austria crept into the Utrecht Treaty.

[1] Bolingbroke, in an important political letter of Feb. 5, 1736, to his brother-in-law, R. Knight, which repeats his whole theory as to the Quadruple Alliance. B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 97. See Corr. No. cxxi. Bolingbroke told Lord Marchmont long afterwards that Stanhope in 1718, when he saw him at Paris, had given him as the reason for the Quadruple Alliance his wish to reduce Austria to a specific demand; ". . . to which Lord Bolingbroke replied that this was justifying one fault by another, that, *without it*, they might have satisfied the Emperor; for as they knew the views of Spain, had they delayed their Quadruple Alliance but about six weeks, when Spain had broke the neutrality of Italy, they might have said to Spain: 'We must, in pursuance of our treaties, arm against you, as you have broke the treaties; we will no longer be bound to the strange article of the reversibility of Sicily, but will give it to the Emperor,'" &c. Marchmont Papers, vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

[2] *Cf.* Works, vol. vi. p. 12.

[3] *Cf.* Works, vol. vi. p. 144. And *cf.* (speaking of the upshot), "We contrived to make peace abroad almost as chargeable to us as war," vol. ix. p. 352.

flattered with the acquisition of Sicily, by measures as effectual, and much more consistent with former treaties and the public tranquillity than those that were taken. The house of Austria sacrificed the success of the war to the immediate acquisition of Naples. *We sacrificed all the advantages of the peace, to procure her that of Sicily in the manner we did procure it.* I have heard it said, whilst these affairs were in transaction, that the treaty of quadruple alliance would complete that of Utrecht. But the event has shewn, and it was obvious to foresee, that *one of these treaties would unravel the system of the other.* If we had maintained the neutrality of Italy, as we were obliged to do by treaty, even indulging the Emperor in the acquisition of Sicily, and yielding to the house of Savoy the eventual succession which we stipulated should be given to Spain, *the intention of the Treaty of Utrecht would have been preserved, and France by concurring in these measures would have shewn her sincerity in maintaining the settlement of Europe.* But when she became a party to the Quadruple Alliance, *she meaned nothing more than to give the Spanish branch of Bourbon an opportunity of reannexing to that Crown the Italian dominions:* and we were grossly her bubbles when we triumphed that she entered into the Quadruple Alliance and made a sham war to oblige Philip to accede to it. . . ."[1]

The Treaty of Utrecht had compassed two great designs, besides its main purpose of creating for England a condition of things which should develop her commercial and colonial grandeur, and which, as Professor Seeley emphatically declares,[2] has constituted it a departure even more epoch-making than the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It aimed at the effectual isolation of the two great dynasties which had for more than a century

[1] Works, vol. ix. pp. 348-50.

[2] "Expansion of England." This point of view is not only Bolingbroke's and Professor Seeley's. It is implied in Mr. Basil Williams' most admirable essays on the "Foreign Policy of Walpole," from some of whose conclusions we dissent, but to whose thorough research and luminous grasp we are greatly indebted in some of the following résumé.

troubled the peace, and the consolidation by whom of their respective and former inheritances might still overturn the balance of Europe. To the Hapsburg, who unsuccessfully claimed Spain, had been allotted the possessions of Naples and Milan that never welcomed him and which the Spanish nation burned to recover. The Spaniard had been swept out of Italy, whose neutrality had been declared inviolable at Utrecht. To the Bourbon, who unsuccessfully claimed France, had been granted the throne of a people that abominated the French, and whose only ties with France were commercial; moreover, as we have pointed out in our first volume, the mutual renunciations to the Crowns of France and Spain had to be made, not only by Philip, but by all the possible claimants among a jealous family; so that friction in each case would divide Spain both from France and Austria, while England might hope to expand her trade and recuperate her energies.

But Charles the sixth Emperor was, of all monarchs engaged, the least satisfied with the Treaty to which he gave so late and reluctant an assent. He had been gratified by Naples, but he desired the seaboard of Sicily. His miscellaneous Empire, which united Hungary, Transylvania, Sardinia, the Italian possessions, and the Low Countries for whose commerce he was ready to usurp the Ostend trade, united them by no national feeling, but wholly by his traditional office; while, as head of the German confederacy, he could assert his *pas* of precedence over those palatinates and electorates of which Hanover was one. Austria, therefore (as we shall term her), impoverished as she was, and unable to raise more than 65,000 troops, had no national policy, and was merely the puppet of Hapsburg pomposity and Hapsburg pretensions.

Philip V. of Spain, on the other hand, represented the wounded pride of his adopted country, and the national glories which the partition of Utrecht had, it was hoped, only suspended. The Spanish commerce with the American and West Indian colonies still replenished his drained resources. His marine was at this time even better than

our own, and considerably better than the French. His Parmese Queen coveted Parma and Placentia as well as Sicily and Naples. Had he never married a second time, had Carlos never engrossed the most overweening of mothers, and had Alberoni subserved the true interests of the master who would of himself never have exchanged him for the Austria-subserving Ripperda, it is probable that France would have been detached from England, and that the great conflict for colonial ascendency which was inaugurated by the latter half of the century would have occurred during its first quarter. The Spanish nation resented the English occupations of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, even more than the opposition of Austria. They longed to repiece—as they managed to repiece in 1731—the two slices of the great worm that the Utrecht Treaty had dissevered, and they were bent on vindicating their commerce against the growing and surreptitious encroachments of the South Sea Company. Spain had a national aspiration, while Austria's was purely dynastic.

In estimating the kaleidoscopic combinations and counter-arrangements from 1716 to 1736, which included at least nine treaties and five conferences, no clue is more important than the separation of dynastic from national interests. Where the two accord, a nation usually wins, as England did when the national spirit insisted on fighting for the commerce which Walpole had nursed but shrank from defending. Where the two clash, a nation usually fails. Thus Russia, whose real aim was the monopoly of the Baltic, frittered her energies over Turkey and Holstein; while Prussia consolidated a vast military power at the expense of the chimeras of her neighbours. Holland aimed solely at her commerce and obtained it, while the ambitions of shifting governments proved fatal to the integrity of Sweden. As Bolingbroke has pointed out, in consonance with his ethical theory, " . . . There is a political as well as a natural self-love; and the former ought to be, to every member of a commonwealth, the same determining prin-

ciple of action where public interest is concerned, that the latter will be to him most certainly, wherever his private interest is concerned.[1]

Almost the sole object of Charles VI. was the ridiculous Pragmatic Sanction, which he had promulgated in 1713 against the provisions already contrived by his brother Joseph, and which Peter the Great imitated in his Ukaze of 1721. His character has been sketched in our first volume. Precedents and precedence were for him a religion. To surrender none of the thirty-eight titles which he had inherited, to maintain his rights of investiture, and of bestowing the Golden Fleece; to persist in holding councils of Spanish grandees as if he were still the monarch of Spain; but, above all, to secure the right of inheritance in the female line, he rendered himself absurd and his subjects unfortunate, with the sole object of compelling a general recognition, which took twenty-two years to accomplish,[2] and only ten years to undo. He was the martyr of etiquette, and he sacrificed the substance to secure the shadow. He was himself the ghost of a vanishing past, and he lived all his life among and for the sake of phantoms.

Philip, on the other hand, had been hailed by Spain as a deliverer from the detested Hapsburg. Though a Bourbon of the Bourbons, he was French only in hoping to upset his grandfather's will. The French have always been a governed rather than a governing nation, and his popularity in France was largely due to his long absence. But to his new subjects he was a Spaniard. He assimilated, by a strange adaptation to environment, almost all the qualities of his predecessor on the Spanish throne. He became a gloomy bigot, a religious monomaniac, a gross glutton, a deranger of the customary hours both

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 419.

[2] From Spain he obtained it by the Vienna Treaty of 1725; from Russia in 1726; from Prussia in 1728; from England in 1731; from Holland and Denmark in 1732; and from France by the third Vienna Treaty of 1738. *Cf.* Williams' "England under Walpole." *Engl. Hist. Rev.*, p. 255.

for pleasure and business,[1] and an abject worshipper of his wife. That wife was a masterful Italian.[2] By her family connections she united the two eventual inheritances of Parma and of Tuscany. The successor to the Spanish throne was her stepson. For her own darling, Carlos, she coveted these Italian possessions which her persistence gained for him some fifteen years afterwards, and for her own future widowhood an Italian maintenance. For these ends she was eager to venture all, and to sacrifice anything. For them her imperious and haughty will was ready to bargain with any momentary supporter to the injury of Spanish interests; to employ successively the congenial Alberoni of Genoa and the uncongenial Ripperda of Groningen; to affiance a stepdaughter three years old to a king ten years of age who, she knew, would repudiate her: and a son to an archduchess who was repudiated before she had even consented; to watch over her husband's fitful imbecility for years; to tear before his eyes the papers his quaking soul had prompted his quaking hand to sign; to share the religious retreat of his abdication at St. Ildefonso, and to force his reluctant return to the Escurial; to set the tenor Farinelli singing the same five tunes every evening for a year, so as to soothe his recurrent fits of insane violence; to appear, like Queen Caroline of England, a deferent waitress on the royal fiat which she always managed to reverse; to exclude all but herself from the bedchamber which the King often occupied for months together; and all but her favourites from the audience chamber where he alternately sulked or stormed.

Such were the idiosyncrasies of the two royal houses that troubled Europe till the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle;

[1] Keene, the English Resident at Madrid, tells how he retired to rest from five to eight o'clock in the evening, when he breakfasted; transacted business from ten to eleven at night; dined at midnight and then read and drew "landskips"; fished in the garden from five to six in the morning; slept in a chair from six till noon, and then heard mass before supper. B.M. Add. MS., 32798, f. 256. Cited *Ibid.*

[2] Her anglophobia is well exemplified by her conduct at the Pardo Convention (1728); she exclaimed that the English were never contented, but, "after a rage, signed." Stratford Letters, p. 458.

the one, to the preclusion of any national sentiment at all, and the other to the misdirection of the national will which it professed to represent. It is hardly credible that Spain and Austria were constantly on the verge of war for the paltry issue of whether Spanish or neutral troops should be sent with Don Carlos to his Italian dominions; and that they should as constantly have been reconciled by common enmities despite their repeated trick of throwing each other over in the face of European complications.[1]

To Bolingbroke it always appeared that England, as a colonising island with a naval power, ought never to meddle in foreign conflicts except when her own interests and the general interests of Europe might demand interference; and moreover, that the theory of "balance" was one to be applied by no traditional policy, but to be used merely as one Power preponderated or the other diminished in a present conjuncture. The "rage of negotiating"[2] he deplored. He, like Townshend,[3] was never a friend to the ambitions of Austria,[4] and the event proved him entirely in the right. He believed that the neutrality of Italy was the main safeguard against the rapacity of Elizabeth Farnese. The triple alliance between

[1] Thus Spain sacrificed the Emperor in 1731, as the Emperor had sacrificed Spain in 1727.

[2] Works, vol. viii. p. 382; and *cf.* vol. ix. p. 352. ". . . We continued busy and bustling in every Court of Europe. We negotiated against the Emperor in concert with France, and gave her thereby the means of regaining more of that credit and influence in the Empire, which she formerly had, than she could have acquired without our assistance. . . ."

[3] This was one of the reasons for Townshend's dismissal in 1731, for Queen Caroline was a warm personal friend of the Empress.

[4] As early as 1718 Stanhope said to him in Paris, "Harry, you was always an enemy to the House of Austria." Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 14. The second Lord Hardwicke has written on one of Bolingbroke's MS. letters to his father, "Lord B. was prejudiced from the beginning against Austria." *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 3558, f. 11. The letter is dated January 30, 1744, and its tenor may be summed up in its last sentence: "For God's sake, my lord, let us not take it into our heads to make an Emperor, let us be content to follow the disposition of Germany in concert with Holland"; and *cf.* the passage in his last work, vol. ix. p. 419: "I have heard it often said of one man that he was a friend or an enemy to the House of Austria, and of another that he was a friend or an enemy to the House of Bourbon. But these expressions proceed generally from passion and prepossession," &c. "Of the State of the Nation" (1749).

the three great maritime Powers, England, Holland, and France, had been the keystone of William's policy before the fatal exigencies of the Partition Treaties diverted him from the straight path. This policy Bolingbroke is never weary of praising and defending.[1] It was repeated by the first act of Sunderland, who concluded a similar treaty, on the basis of the Utrecht engagements, in 1716. This treaty also—and we believe with Bolingbroke's material collaboration—settled the affair of the Moerdyke Canal. Its fourth article provided in effect that Dunkirk should be reduced to the state at best of a fortified town and of an unfortified harbour. Commissaries were appointed to enforce the execution of its provisions, but they were recalled in 1725, and four years later Walpole was assailed with regard to this designed indifference and subservience to France by some of the ablest arguments that ever emanated from Bolingbroke's brain and pen.[2]

Alberoni was now resolved to brave this alliance. He had a singular faculty for divining the moment in secret, but betraying his designs in public. It was said of him that had he been as impenetrable as he was penetrating, his success would have been assured.[3] His courage was of the dare-devil order. Long afterwards, he told Ramsay, the tutor of the Pretender's son, that his pupil must be taught to fear nothing and nobody: "Il faut l'apprendre à ne rien craindre, ni les hommes, ni le diable, ni le Dieu même—car, pour le bon Dieu, il faut l'aimer et non pas le craindre."[4] A Spanish fleet appeared off the coasts of Sicily;[5] a Spanish force overran Sardinia that received it with open arms; the Duke of Liria boasted that the days of George's kingship were numbered; the Jacobites indulged their foolhardiest hopes; the Pretender, again recovered from a fresh illness, fancied that the

[1] *Cf. inter alia*, Works, vol. vi. p. 27.

[2] *Cf.* "The State of Dunkirk Considered" (1729), Works, vol. vi., and especially at pages 309-352.

[3] Spence, p. 43.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 100.

[5] Bollngbroke alludes to this in a letter to Madame de Ferriol of Aug. 4, 1718: "Quel diable aurait deviné l'attaque de la Sicile? Sa Majesté Sicilieune pourra dire d'Alberoni ce qu'elle à dit d'un autre, qu'il à de l'esprit, maisqu'il n'entend pas les interêts de l'Europe. . . ." Grimoard, ii. p. 471.

exile of Avignon was at an end, that he would never have to live or die a pensioner of the Pope in the Palazzo Muti at Rome. Peter of Russia and Charles of Sweden—the bear[1] and the lion—at last in accommodated alliance, dreamed that the vast northern domination from the Volga to the Weser must fall into their grasp. Denmark was an easy prey; Poland would be destroyed. Peter and his peasant wife were machinating in Paris; Charles was preparing to conquer Norway and cross into Great Britain. Next year he was dead in the trenches of Frederickshall, just as his rival colleague was to expire at another critical conjuncture in 1725. Elizabeth Farnese believed that her Italian had attained her Italian provinces, and that in a brief space Carlos would be in possession of the Imperial and Papal fiefs and Philip acclaimed by revolting Naples and Sicily. Philip himself imagined that France must either break her new and unnatural alliance with England, or that the French themselves would summon him to be their king.

The Regent, however, was resolved to stave off the conflagration as well as to control the springs of Spanish policy; which he did until his death, and actually prevented Philip from abdicating earlier;[2] while George's jealousy of Austria and anxiety for Bremen and Verden impeded the new Ministers, who depended on his narrow whims for their favour at every step. Ulysses-Carteret, with his knowledge of men and languages, his ignorance of fear and the sense of proportion, would settle—as he did at Ahland and Nystadt—the complications of the North. But the Regent must be humoured with regard to Spain, however English commerce might suffer, and the Emperor be soothed into acquiescence

[1] Of the Czar's brutality a strange story is related. He put the Czarowitz on a wooden horse with iron pikes and 100 weights on each foot and lashed him with a knotted cord till his intestines came out and he died. "The Czarowitz cursed him, and prayed God he would send him to hell, and the Czar said he would send him there first." Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 572.

[2] Lady Bolingbroke's communication to Marchmont. Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 13. In 1718 France made a treaty with Spain to subserve her interests at Cambray. Williams' "England under Walpole."

in the family greed of Elizabeth Farnese. As for Gibraltar, at the worst, it might be yielded together with Minorca and Port Mahon, and other trade privileges be received in exchange. This was William Stanhope's opinion — an opinion ruinously advanced up to 1727, and retained by Horatio Walpole so late as 1748.[1] The Regent had himself secretly promised Philip to procure its restitution.[2] No arms should be paid for by the English nation, save for the King's northern interests. On the frantic Sunderland he relied to manage the people at home; on the testy James Stanhope, now titled with the name of the very place[3] which his younger brother was ready to surrender, and on that tactful brother William, at present in Madrid, he relied to manage the politicians abroad. Marlborough was received into favour. He and Newcastle were seen publicly with the King in his stage-box at Drury Lane.

The Regent was from the first determined to take the lead in the pacification, though it was secretly whispered that he was encouraging, and might assist or collude with Spain.[4] Mr. Williams, in the masterly treatise to which we have referred, is of opinion that, though up to 1725 England subserved France, she led her afterwards.[5] We cannot agree with him. But now, at any rate, France monopolised the negotiation, as she did that of Northern affairs in 1719,[6] and the commercial treaty of Madrid into which she drew England in 1721. The Regent sent Dubois to London.[7] The blunt but venal[8] Cadogan was despatched to The

[1] Coxe's "Memoirs of Lord Walpole," vol. ii. p. 259.

[2] Williams' "England under Walpole." *Eng. Hist. Review* (1900), p. 481.

[3] "Mahon." [4] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 558.

[5] "The Foreign Policy of England under Walpole." *Eng. Hist. Rev.* (1900), p. 667.

[6] ". . . As I conceive it, the secret of this matter is that France has a mind to the mediation and sole management of this negotiation," &c. Stair to Craggs, May 7, 1719. Hardwicke State Papers, p. 563.

[7] Dec. 21, 1717. Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 550.

[8] "The Ministry hold Cadogan very cheap; and as he receives £20,000 a-year from the treasury, he is Walpole's humble servant. . . . He has no influence at Court or in Parliament, nor is he beloved by the people at large. He keeps up his respectability only by the fortune he has amassed. . . ." Broglio to Townshend. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 304.

Hague, where his mastery of French—only excelled among his contemporaries by Bolingbroke's and Carteret's—formed a diplomatic pretext for his other disqualifications. Holland was induced to concert with the Emperor to avoid hostilities.[1] Alberoni was warned that Spain would be coerced into peace. George even offered a conditional surrender of Gibraltar,[2] which the Regent probably dictated, and himself transmitted to Philip. But Spain delayed entering into the Quadruple Alliance until 1720, when she was forced by the failure of the Northern League to throw up the sponge till 1727; while Holland as usual shuffled out of it now, and into it under pressure in 1719.

On August 2, 1718, the Alliance was concluded between the Emperor, England, and France. The Emperor renounced all claim to the Crown of Spain, while Philip in 1720 was obliged to follow suit as regarded the Netherlands, the Milanese, Naples, and Sicily. The Emperor consented that Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia should descend, in default of directer issue, to Don Carlos. Philip was to receive Sicily, and Sardinia to be transferred to Savoy in compensation. Three months' grace were permitted Philip to accede. Lord Stanhope himself repaired to Paris and Madrid; Byng was ordered to destroy the Spanish fleet if Spain still refused to evacuate Sicily. Spain retaliated by a supercilious declaration of war. Byng was successful. In 1719 Berwick led the French troops for the Protestant Powers against the Catholic forces of Spain under his own son. The Pretender's expedition under Ormonde was baffled by weather. Charles of Sweden had fallen. The Czar abandoned the alliance and, as we have said, Spain was forced to enter into a compact which checked though it could not quell her.

Thus, to repeat Bolingbroke's words, the two rivals were

[1] "Amsterdam is very violent against it, and makes all the interest it can to prevent the others going in," Dec. 7, 1718. *Cf. ibid.* p. 573, and *cf.* p. 587. They were threatened with the loss of their barrier by Austria.

[2] *Cf.* Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 90, where he asserts that Stanhope received the "ply from the Regent," and Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 14.

hindered from treading on the same continent, but at the expense of Austria's discontent, Spain's smouldering revenge, and England's double entanglement. Walpole had strenuously opposed the negotiation, which, when he resumed power, he was as strenuously to defend and more hopelessly to complicate; he even distinguished between the King and his Ministers, an argument against which he had indignantly inveighed when he sat as inquisitor on the last Ministry of Anne. His brother Horace based his opposition on the fact that the transference of Sicily to the Emperor was a violation of the Treaty of Utrecht, which the whole nation was now unanimous in upholding. Within six years Bolingbroke's masterly treatment of foreign affairs was at once praised and impaired.[1] The whirligig of time had soon brought about its revenges; but its ironies were more powerful than its vindications. He was still an exile, slandered, "disarmed, gagged, and almost bound."[2]

None the less the years 1718 and 1719 nearly witnessed his restoration. Harcourt had been again assiduous in his applications to the Court; Bathurst was friendly with the Marlboroughs.[3] The rupture between the King and his son over the punctilios of the christening of the baby princess in the autumn of 1717, abetted by the Queen of Prussia, had published the ill relations between them which had long been simmering.[4] There might now be said to be four Courts—the King's, the Princess's, the lean Schulemburg's, and the fat Platen's, which multiplied intrigue and increased the chances of intriguers. Trevor, favourable to Bolingbroke, was now acceptable to the King.[5] Nobody who flattered the Prince had a chance at Court. George even swore to confiscate Ormonde's house at Richmond if his son bought it.[6] There was talk of the Schulemburg being

[1] In 1726 Scarborough complimented Stratford on it in the House of Lords. Stratford Papers, p. 424.

[2] Bol., "A Letter to Mr. Pope." Works, vol. ix. p. 439.

[3] Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 27. For Bathurst's good offices on Bolingbroke's behalf, *cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 283.

[4] *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 544.

[5] Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 19.

[6] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 559.

declared Queen, yet his Majesty still visited twice a week[1] the Platen, who held his apology for a heart, as her rival his apology for a head. Walpole was intriguing, in his brother's "little lodgings," against Sunderland and Bothmar in his efforts at reconciling the Prince to his father; and he eventually succeeded by convincing the King that Bernsdorff had bought up vast sums owing to the foreign troops at 5 per cent., which the public had paid and the principals never received. Stanhope had tricked both the German Ministers. Carleton, Atterbury, who was now received at Court,[2] Compton, and the Uxbridge clique were "in another scheme" for the reconciliation, in concert with Harcourt and Trevor. Bernsdorff presided over another cabal, including Bolingbroke's cousin, Chandos, and the moderate Tories; while Lechmere, Bolton, Cadogan, and Roxburgh formed a fresh faction under Nottingham for profiting out of the sordid family quarrel.[3] There was surely hope for Bolingbroke. And moreover, from the date of Spain's accession to the Quadruple Alliance, began that *rapprochement* between France and Spain which left the management of the Madrid Court to Dubois and the Regent, and drew England into the treaty of 1721 at Madrid, and, at Cambray,[4] into the dullest, longest, and most dilatory farce ever dignified by the name of a Congress. Bolingbroke was reported well and plumper than of old, and in constant association with Stair, who consulted him on foreign affairs both in Paris and at Marcilly; by December 1718 the reversal of his attainder was openly mentioned "as a thing desired by King George," and to be recommended to Parliament; in January 1719, "his business was again revived."[5] He had probably seen one of the King's emissaries at Aix in May 1719, for in a letter about this time he again mentions "the unconditional favour of his Majesty;"

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. pp. 549, 554.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 575.

[3] "Lady Cowper's Journal," pp. 128, 133, 134.

[4] *Cf.* a most important passage in Bolingbroke's Works, vol. vi. p. 104, in his "Answer to the *London Journal* of Saturday, Dec. 21, 1728."

[5] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. pp. 564, 566, 573, 575.

while shortly afterwards he speaks of Cowper's recent retirement from the Chancellorship as likely to serve him.[1] But in the debate on the repeal of the Schism Act, where in the Lords all the leading bishops voted against any Church test at all, Walpole, still master of the Commons, discerned an opportunity. He inveighed against the Court, he supported the Test Acts, and he dragged in, as an argument for intolerance, an irrelevant, an unprovoked, and a cruel assault on Bolingbroke, as he did afterwards in 1723.[2] "He thought," he said, "there were people enough to fill all offices without capacitating any more disqualified," and, pointing at Sunderland, he put the case: "Suppose a Secretary of State, either wearied with business, or through restlessness of temper, desired to lay down, there was no occasion for sending abroad for one to succeed him, though he might be never so true a penitent, but that there might be found at home men of abilities enough for that station."[3] Surely the commentator Hanmer might have reminded him (for he was anti-poetical) of Shakespeare's—

> "... you are a little,
> By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
> However faulty, yet should find respect
> For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
> To load a falling man."

Bolingbroke perceived only too clearly that while he could count on the King, the King himself was powerless against the countless cliques of caballing Ministers.[4]

Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1718, the first Lady Bolingbroke had breathed her last. Her sweet personality, which we have faintly outlined, fascinated us partly through that very faintness, and it was not without emotion that we discovered her music-book in the British Museum.[5] But since Bolingbroke had quitted her, she had, apparently

[1] Grimoard, iii. pp. 16, 19.
[2] *Cf. post* p. 208.
[3] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 576.
[4] Corr. No. xiii.
[5] B.M. Add. MS., 34204. Her signature, "Fr. St. John," is written on the inner leaf. It contains, among other tunes: "La Grotte de Versailles," and "Celadon, when spring came on, woo'd Flora in a grove," songs, perhaps, not uncongenial to Bolingbroke.

under Stratford's direction, misdealt with his property in a manner that excuses his indignation, though it is more than excused by his neglect. "She died," writes Stratford of "poor Dice," on October 27, "on Friday morning about eight o'clock. Her father-in-law," he relates with a sympathy not untempered by pharisaical satisfaction, "and his family, Mr. Packer (an agent) and his wife, were with her. When her will was opened, it appeared that she had given all that she had left to herself, and had not before given to her husband at his leaving England, to Packer's second son, her godson, except legacies to servants."[1] Law had just visited England and afforded Bolingbroke assurances to the contrary, which had been falsified and added to his embitterment. ". . . Il est sure," he writes in December 1718 to Madame de Ferriol, "que j'ai beaucoup à me plaindre de la conduite de feue Madame de Bolingbroke. . . . Elle est morte dévote. Que la religion est une chose souple, qu'elle se prête à tout, qu'elle sanctifie tout, quand elle est maniée par un habile directeur."[2] But it is fair to add that, in another letter, he tells the same correspondent that his late wife's evil counsellors have hurt him far less than they have her own memory ;[3] and that the precise Harcourt himself was furious over Lady Bolingbroke's will.[4] Though Bolingbroke lays the blame on her sanctimonious surroundings, which were probably those of my Lord Oxford, he vouchsafes no word of explanation, of sorrow, of remorse. In the phrase

[1] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 224. In July 1711, Stratford had deplored her disconsolate condition : "A sad instance of the folly of vice . . . the only way which that unhappy gentleman will be of any use in the world." But he commemorates in July 1714 that Bolingbroke had promised amendment and entreated forgiveness—an improvement which Stratford attributes to mean motives unlike Bolingbroke's. *Cf. Ibid.*, pp. 29, 193. We may add that Stratford at times calls him "destitute of religion and virtue," says that in 1727 he was "the most friendless man in England," and is misinformed enough to assert that the second Lady Bolingbroke's illness was a comfort to him ! and that she would leave her "vast fortune" to Greenwich Hospital ! And yet we shall find him sidling up to Bolingbroke again in 1726.

[2] Corr. No. xii. The "director" is probably Stratford, "the fat Levite."

[3] Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 478.

[4] Stratford Letters, p. 245.

of Dryden's couplet, which Swift was never weary of quoting—

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong;
> He never pardons who hath done the wrong."

This behaviour is hard to understand, in view of his deep, delicate, and thoughtful tenderness towards his young sister and second wife, of his loyal attachment to his friends, and of his constant and active generosity to the forlorn. His complete estrangement from his first wife is, we think, due to her identification with Oxford against him. But, whatever the reason, she deserved a happier lot, and she sadly fades into the dim distance, a mute and imploring figure. Her own property, as we have said, she bequeathed away from the husband who had shocked her piety; but part of her land, at any rate, may have been under the care of Bolingbroke's brother Jack,[1] who was assuredly no saint, and singularly disagreeable in his family relations.[2] Packer, who had some rights, instituted a lawsuit in respect of the Bucklebury timber against Bolingbroke on his return in 1725. There is complete silence as to Bolingbroke's real feelings towards his late wife in all surviving papers, and we could wish that this blot on his name might be wiped away. Can it be that she exasperated him somewhat in the same way as the tempestuous Byron was exasperated by Anna Milbanke, whom he married for convenience, loved for herself, and came to loathe or

[1] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 128, where, in 1737, Mrs. J. St. John mentions their journey to look after his estates in Berkshire; these seem to have been Winchescombe property, and may have included Bucklebury itself. Bolingbroke, however, in writing to Swift, while trying to get him an English living in 1731, speaks of being prevented by engagements to "my lady's kinsman." *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 418.

[2] *Cf.* his future heartless letter to her husband about his sister's misfortunes. B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 104. " . . . I believe I told you in my last that Mrs. K. and I were in a state of war . . . and, indeed, a letter of hers so provoked me that I handled it pretty severely; and, indeed, it had the effect that is usual, and lay'd that turbulent spirit of hers, that fire of straw that is soon light and soon out." And *cf.* with this the allusion in the letter of Cory, Essex's agent, to Essex in 1735. B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 229. That affectionate sister herself, however, was deeply moved at his death, which occurred at Naples in 1748. *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 80.

despise for her narrow and unbending self-righteousness? It has been said that men of enchanting manners are usually heartless, but heartless we know Bolingbroke not to have been, though his heart grew hard and remained shut to Frances Winchescombe.

He was now free to marry the Marquise, but policy as well as his pecuniary circumstances delayed him. His father, who had bought his peerage in 1716;[1] who was never generous and always exacting; who, "having trifled away youth, was reduced to the necessity of trifling away age";[2] who became, as his son "Jack" and his daughter-in-law Ann observed of his patriarchal decline, better yearly in health and worse in humour; who was christened by the same amiable children "Old Frumps," and disrespectfully satirised for his annual birthday-parties which compelled the clan around him,[3]—this evergreen scapegrace was so far from helping him that he quartered poor relatives on him. His stepmother, herself a Frenchwoman, was fond of him, but powerless to assist him. If he married, and his wife remained in the Roman communion, he ran the risk of the anti-Papist laws against her personal property which was invested in the English funds. He determined therefore to postpone the ceremony, while he respected the tie. He first mentions his tie to the Marquise in a letter to his sister of December 20, 1719.[4], though in a previous note of November he has introduced the Marquise, as it were, to his sister; while the Marquise herself begins her long acquaintance with Henrietta, and sends her a present.[5]

[1] An earldom had originally been designed for this old tyrant through Mary, Duchess of Roxburgh, a daughter of Nottingham. But Bernsdorff asked Lady Cowper to stop it, as it might prejudice Bolingbroke's impeachment, on which Bothmar was bent. Lady Cowper's "Journal."

[2] "Essay on Retirement and Study." Bol. Works, vol. viii. p. 412.

[3] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 34196, ff. 121, 130, and 132. Mrs. St. John, writing in 1737, fears she will be "regaled by the sight of 85 more blooming than 84." In the first letter she calls his illness, "That fitt of nonsense rather than Palsy."

[4] Corr. Nos. xix., xx. It is uncertain whether, but it seems probable that, they were not married by Roman rites. Grimoard.

[5] "Il est vrai qu'il y a actuellement sur le métier la plus jolie étoffe du monde, mais ce n'est pas à moi qui vous en auriez l'obligation. C'est à une personne qui vous aime beaucoup sans vous connoître."

Nevertheless, by August 1720, she was fully accepted in his family.[1] The actual marriage, we now know through a future letter from Henrietta to Shenstone, was not celebrated until 1722, though (she adds) "out of honour and friendship he did too much to let it be believed in France; and his delicacy is thus rewarded by his own daughter."[2]

His correspondence with his sister, Alari, and Madame de Ferriol during the years 1718, 1719, and 1720, contains several matters of interest and importance. Alari had been unjustly suspected of some participation in the conspiracy of the Spanish prince Cellamare against the Regent, one result of Alberoni's plans against any ally of England; and Bolingbroke in consoling him doubtless reflected on his own destiny. "... Who knows to what point malice and folly may proceed? God himself, who bids the ocean 'Thus far and no further,' can scarcely, in a like situation, prescribe its limits. I would offer to share my fortune with you if it were what it once was. Such as it is now I boldly and affectionately offer it to you. I regard myself as a faithful dog; yet there is small semblance of it mending. Circumstances, however, may arise in which, useless as I have become, I may be able, and shall not scruple to do you service. Make me in that case, I beg you, your servant. And since I am the friend of Madame de Villette, do not consider me quite unworthy of the obligation of having been of some benefit to a man of your deserts. Nobody knows what I am writing to you, but as my valet must . . ."[3] Here the letter abruptly closed, and Madame de Villette, who had entered unobserved, looked over Bolingbroke's shoulder, snatched the pen from his hand and herself continued the correspondence. It should be added that in consequence of

[1] Corr. No. xxiii.

[2] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, p. 262. This was written in 1751 when, in the spring of his last year and, after his wife's death left him inconsolable, the heartless Montmorins were contesting his will. Previous biographers, including Mr. Churton Collins, are mistaken as to the date of this marriage.

[3] Corr. No. ix.

this incident he nicknamed his "guide, philosopher, and friend," "Tyrrel";[1] and that subsequently he helped Alari in the investment of his money.[2] But an even more individual *trait* appears. There is scarcely one of his non-political works where he does not dwell on the importance of early education, not only with eloquence but with an insight far in advance of his epoch.[3] In some of his political works, too, he emphasises its importance, and especially in the "Patriot King," where he could scarcely forget what had prompted Fénélon's *Telemaque*, the good nature warped by bad upbringing of Louis XIV., of Louis XV., and finally of Frederick "The Little." He himself was trying to repair the lack of early discipline, and in the most arduous manner to re-educate his mind. "When one reads," he writes a year afterwards to Madame de Ferriol, "in Cicero and elsewhere, especially in Quintilian, of the care, the trouble, and the continuous application which went to form the great men of antiquity, one is amazed that they have ceased; and when one reflects on the education of our own youth, one is astonished that there can arise even a single man capable of being useful to his country."[4]

Meanwhile he resumed his intercepted correspondence with Swift, whom he had sighed to see when Arbuthnot met him in Paris; he perpetually besought him to leave his slough of despond—"with an ill head and an aching heart"[5]—and come over and help him. His letters to Swift are among the best that we possess, at once wise and witty, cheerful and learned. In one of them he compares the Pretender to Rabelais' "King Picrochole," following out an analogy that Swift had made. ". . . Things

[1] Corr. No. xlii.

[2] Corr. No. xiv.

[3] One such passage has already been cited in our first volume, p. 87. Another striking example may be consulted in the "True Use of Retirement and Study": "Much pains are taken and time bestowed to teach us what to think; but little or none of either, to instruct us how to think. The magazine of the memory is stored and stuffed betimes; but the conduct of the understanding is all along neglected. . . ." Works, vol. viii. p. 403.

[4] Corr. No. xxix.

[5] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 353.

are come," he says, "to that pass, the storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse, for I had rather be a porter than a tool."[1] In another, just before he settled at La Source, he moralises as follows: " . . . *Anni prædantur euntes*, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches. Perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the golden fruit of friendship shoots, swells, and spreads."[2] And in another, two years later in date, after reproaching Swift and Pope for their joint excuses, he indulges the following sally: " . . . You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately."[3]

In the summer of 1720, when he was alternating between Marcilly and his newly acquired abode at La Source, which he was then preparing for residence, his father and stepmother sent him over a kinsman, some fifteen years old,[4] whose name is unascertainable,[5] to educate. He threw himself into the task with characteristic warmth. He entrusted him to the King's geographer, M. de Lisle, to Alari, and to the masters of the Paris Academy. He mapped out not only his studies but a method of discipline, and he superintended his whole conversation of life; he offered to be responsible for his expenses which his father affected to guarantee. "If we cannot make him book-learned," he writes, "we will endeavour to give him principles of virtue and honour, such a fund of knowledge as may enable him to be useful to his generation, and that manner which can only be acquired by frequenting people of sense and breeding, which gives a grace and casts a lustre on all the transactions of life. . . ." "Daily observa-

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 348. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 395. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 442.
[4] He says Alari is not seven years older than his "éléve." Corr. No. xxiii.
[5] On the 20th of August, 1721, he asks Alari's interest "for a relation." *Cf.* Grimoard, iii. p. 133.

tion," he observed, "on myself as well as others, convinces me how important it is to particular families, and even to human society, that a moment, if possible, should not be lost, nor the least advantage be neglected in the education of youth. An excellent education is preferable to everything which the indulgence of parents can do for their children." And again, "I neglect nothing to improve my pupil both as to body and mind. He may think my government a little hard at first. It will grow lighter as he grows more and more into the knowledge of men and of things. He is precisely at that age and in that situation when people generally form the habits which last their lives and decide of their characters in good or evil. . . . If he was born a prince he would have more state, but he could not have more advantages for real improvement than he now has. I shall take a turn to Paris in a few days to see what use he makes of them. If you think me a good tutor I hope you will make haste to bring me another pupil before I grow old and good for nothing."[1] The last is a playful allusion to his desire that the sister he so loved would marry. Her future husband, Mr. Knight, had just been with Bolingbroke, and was then in Paris.

Twice at least, hereafter, he essayed with enthusiasm the same severe task. The last time, shortly before he died, with his ungrateful nephew and successor, some of whose own silly and sulky letters, preserved in the British Museum,[2] attest the disappointment so keenly expressed by Bolingbroke, and render this case analogous to the relation of Beethoven's nephew to the great musical composer.

Another interesting point is his first mention of M. Arouet the younger, of whom he had heard through Madame de Ferriol and the Marquis d'Argental. It has hitherto been supposed that he was not concerned with him until after 1720. But in the summer of 1719 we find him thanking Madame de Ferriol for her promise to procure him a reading of Voltaire's *Œdipe*,[3] and impatient for it. "One," he writes, "whose first use of the buskin is to tilt against such

[1] Corr. Nos. xxii., xxiii., xxiv. [2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, ff. 156, 159.
[3] Produced in the year preceding.

an original as M. Corneille, makes an extremely bold attempt. . . . I do not know that what M. Corneille places on the lips of the Cid has not been applied to M. Arouet. Indeed his desert has not to wait on the number of his friends, and his *coup d'essai* passes for a *coup-de-maître*."[1] Nor should we forget our old acquaintance Abbé Gaultier, of the Utrecht intrigues, who had now fallen on evil days, and was succoured by the exiled statesman who despised him.[2] Two facts, which our correspondence establishes, are that Bolingbroke was not installed at La Source until the late summer of 1720, instead of at the close of 1719, as we have hitherto been told;[3] and, further, that the formal publication of his binding *liaison* did not take place in the spring of 1720, but at the close of 1719,[4] when he announces it with a note of simple and hearty joy. The nuptials themselves, as we have seen, were, for valid reasons, delayed until 1722.

Nor had he lost sight of old friends during his absence, or omitted to acquire new ones. Charles Stanhope he had met in Paris; James Stanhope was to consult him there on foreign affairs in 1718.[5] The Duchess of Montagu, too, passed through Paris in the summer of 1720 *en route* for Aix, and her he very probably saw in both resorts. Whether Marlborough's youngest and favourite daughter deigned to speak to his old protégé is more doubtful. Since, however, the old Duchess had just been haggling over the barter of her granddaughter to the cautious Duke of Newcastle, while she was still irritated at Sunderland's re-marriage, and at loggerheads with the Court, it is possible that old scores and old sores were forgotten, especially as her daughter was being piloted through Paris by the Berwicks, Bolingbroke's intimate companions. This probable encounter may have occasioned the strictures we are afterwards to subjoin[6] on the Marlborough family. Peterborough was also still among his acquaintances.[7] Philip Stanhope, afterwards Chesterfield,

[1] Corr. No. xvi.

[2] Grimoard, ii. 449. Bolingbroke in his letter calls him "mon pauvre Abbe." It is dated 1718.

[3] *Cf.* Corr. No. xviii., with Nos. xxi. and xxiii. [4] Corr. Nos. xix. and xx.

[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 13. [6] *Post*, p. 151. [7] Corr. No. xvii.

whose starched *sangfroid* and elaborate impromptus must already have diverted him, he had begun to know as early as 1717 in Paris, where he was already rehearsing his part as arbiter both of decorum and impropriety. Lord Berkeley, too, ranked among his new friends there, with Lord Essex,[1] and perhaps Lord Gower; Windham, and his old friend "Oronooko" Chetwynd, who lived to be first a "patriot," then Master of the Mint, and finally a Secretary of State, he had certainly seen during their short visits; with Bathurst, the laughing and riding "Lord of Cirencester,"[2] he could correspond once more; at home Arbuthnot had ceased his "Scriblerus" reunions, but was in collaboration with all Bolingbroke's friends and many of Oxford's who remained his enemies. Poor Prior did not die till 1721, but "Matt" had proved a broken reed; Gay, however, and his protecting Duchess, who afterwards saw Bolingbroke abroad, were probably in communication; and he was now at last able to pursue his written intercourse with the friends of his inner circle, Swift and Pope—who in 1718 had just completed his "Iliad"—without certainty that their letters would be intercepted. In one of these letters, though it is from Paris and a few years later,[3] he gives a glimpse of the life which we know he was now leading: disquisitions and repartee; a Rosicrucian disputing with a priest; burly Abbé Thonlieu[4] perhaps arguing at the bedside of the gout-ridden invalid with his blustering voice, while the Marquise teases him about Boulainvillier's horoscope;[5] philosophy and history under Alari and Vertot; jocose quotations from Hobbes and Patin;[6] gardening, and the companionship of the Marquise; with occasional runs to Paris, now as deep in Law's Mississippi speculations as excited London in its heyday of South Sea madness.[7]

To his sister he writes frequently and lovingly, whether

[1] Suffolk Letters, p. 19. [2] *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 439.
[3] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 453 (Dec. 25, 1723).
[4] For Thonlieu, *cf.* Corr. No. xxvii.
[5] Grimoard, ii. p. 452. [6] *Ibid.*, ii. p. 463.
[7] *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), v. pp. 583, 599. Bathurst was helping the bank proposal (*ibid.*, p. 591). For Harcourt's part in the speculation, *v.* Stratford Letters, p. 281.

in French or English, with equal charm; he forwards her his miniature, while the Marquise adds her offerings of frocks and headgear of the last fashion;[1] he chats with her, he gives her advice, for she was as quick-blooded as himself, and on the very threshold of court gaiety in Albemarle Street and rustic jollity at Lydiard. He is never too busy to miss the post to her, or himself to send her samples of the newest mode;[2] and the good-natured Mademoiselle Haillé, her whilom governess, a special favourite, visits him and brings him the news; while, when in England, she is always remembered, as he jests over advancing years and battered health, which disqualify him from playing the beau,[3] and exhort him to enact the hermit. Brinsden crosses the water on his master's errands, and is teased for his dandyism;[4] nor is a vein of sadness absent. "Adieu, my dear girl. God knows whether we shall ever meet. Whatever becomes of me, be assured that I shall live and die most faithfully and affectionately yours." Such is the picture evoked by his manuscript.

But two important disquisitions were composed by him at this time in French and circulated, as was his wont, among his friends. The one is "The Substance of some Letters to M. de Pouilly;"[5] the other, "A Letter Occasioned by One of Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons." They were both translated by him afterwards, and remain among his published works. They were his first essays in philosophy,

[1] She calls herself Henrietta's mistress of the robes, and mentions the French ribbons as prettier than the English, as well as "de jolies fleurs contrefaites." Corr. No. xx.

[2] The Duchess of Montagu, in her visit just mentioned, describes these fashions in 1720: "... It is really true if you would put a piece of scarlet cloth upon the whole side of your face, it would be exactly as they are. Then their hair is as short and as much curled as Cab's (the poodle's), powdered as white as snow, with a yellow, coarse, flourished gauze ruffled round their head; and in this manner they sit and talk all at a time of the beauty of their dress. *Cf.* the letter cited in Molloy's "The Queen's Comrade," vol. ii. p. 586.

[3] Corr. No. xxii.

[4] He returned July 1720. Corr. No. xxii.

[5] Its date in the headpiece is stated to be "about 1720"; but it must have been composed about 1718, for he says at the beginning: "... You led me first in my retreat to abstract philosophical reasonings; and though it be late to begin them *at forty years of age*," &c.

and they propound some of the convictions and criticisms, which we shall find him afterwards elaborating in his larger and longer Letters on Philosophy, as well as many of those canons of credibility in history, to which he clung throughout his life, and which are specially emphasised in his famous third Letter on History. From them, in these particulars at least, Voltaire seems to have borrowed in his "Le Pyrrhonisme de l'Histoire."

The first is directed against "unreasonable incredulity." The second against unreasonable credulity. And in both he broaches for the first time his ruling notion that the atheist and the theologian support each other in a war against reason and religion. He tells Pouilly that he has been arguing with a disputant, whom he names "Damon," about the existence of a supreme Creator extraneous to the world of which He is the cause. "Damon" urges a thesis then much in vogue that matter and the world have no beginning. Bolingbroke, as a thorough theist, confutes him with great dialectical skill, and enormous learning both of reference and research. Even, he argues, if the world were eternal, it must be so only in "time" and not in "causation." But that the world cannot be so, he proves by the universal consensus of mankind; and in so doing he is led to discuss the credibility of tradition, which he fixes as good when it deals with fact, and bad when it deals with opinion. The style is lively, and the illustrations apt; especially that concerning the King of Siam, who "was firmly persuaded that Sommon had straddled over the gulf of Bengal; that the print of his right foot was seen at Pra-bat and that of his left foot at Lanea"; and yet who refused to believe the Dutch Ambassador as to the existence of ice. "The seeming nonconformity to experience in this case had the effect which the real nonconformity to experience should have had in the other." The second pursues the argument against the divine which the first had pressed against the atheist. A French translation of Tillotson had just been published. Tillotson maintained the literal accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony, which Bolingbroke criticises with

marvellous acumen and knowledge, dealing with the laws of historical evidence systematically and philosophically. From this treatise, as well as from later ones embodying the same views, Voltaire seems also to have borrowed—as a sceptic in opposition to orthodoxy and a believer in opposition to materialism. There is a reflection in it concerning the persistence of certain Romanist formulæ, by perpetual proclamation, which Bolingbroke, in one of his letters to Swift, says that a Jesuit told him in Paris.

Meanwhile at home Sunderland evinced hourly signs of financial rashness and feeble administration. His schemes for converting the Government into an oligarchy of peers, and the funds into a commercial syndicate, collapsed, despite the pious (and pensioned) Addison's [1] advocacy of the one, and his impious Court's patronage of the other. The King was now reconciled to the son,[2] who was thirty years of age when he first touched British soil, and who was himself striving, under Hanmer's tutorship, to become English, yet who was to bann his own son from England, and even the English language.[3] Craggs and Sunderland had confederated with Walpole, Townshend, and the Duke of Devonshire ; the Germans were worsted in the protracted plot, and Nottingham, who had misused the two and a-half years' strain between prince and monarch into an excuse for endless cliques and manipulations, had destroyed the prime opportunities of a Tory coalition. The Regent was from the first apprised of his game, and discerned that Walpole was regaining his lost ground. Sunderland's Peerage Bill was openly called the "cabal," with which the South Sea bubblers were in league to overturn the constitution and undo the Quadruple Alliance. Those who in 1710 had affected consternation at Sunderland's dismissal were now contriving it themselves. That very South Sea bantling, for which the

[1] Addison himself died in 1719. To the last he could never resist embellishing despatches by a literary style which spoiled their purport.

[2] May 1720 ; *cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 596 ; and *cf.* p. 594.

[3] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 228.

Whigs had trounced Oxford, was now being dandled in George's arms, and petted by his favourites.[1] Townshend and Walpole were wrathfully summoned to dine by Sunderland, and had to confess their project for the removal of a Ministry suspected of intriguing with the Regent. George himself received his son in silence, and his Ministers with contempt. Walpole was once more perforce acceptable, though it was darkly hinted that he made royalty unpopular so as to bring about a regency.[2] The Sunderland Ministry had begun with cabal, proceeded with violence; and it ended in bankruptcy. It was an image of Sunderland himself, who with reckless brutality had, two years before, forced a second marriage with a child of fifteen, after courting her sister with Pulteney for rival,[3] and who was only to survive his own Ministry for one year after its fall. With Sunderland the Marlborough influence ebbed away. Bolingbroke, writing to his stepmother in August 1720, thus refers to the Duchess of Marlborough and her son-in-law, whose ill-usage of his favourite stepbrother, George, had in 1716 embittered the young man's dying hours, and half broken Lady St. John's heart. "... The person you mention, and her relation, have had sufficient reason to be convinced of the infinite bad consequence which has flowed from their former behaviour to particular persons, and which has created, or at least increased, a leaven, which might by this time have been worn out, and which, instead of that, is likely to sour the whole lump to future generations. The language is changed, I hope the manner of thinking is too. The treatment which your G. met with was inhumane, and worse towards you, all things considered, than towards him."[4] Bolingbroke was well

[1] *Cf.* the Duchess of Ormonde's expressions in her letter to Swift of April 18, 1720. Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 363.

[2] *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 596; Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 228 (Atterbury Papers).

[3] Miss Judith Tichborne. See Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 534; and Suffolk Letters, p. 19. She was connected with Lansdowne and the Stanleys, Bolingbroke's intimates.

[4] Corr. No. xxiii.

informed of South Sea affairs by the elder Knight, the cashier, who fled to Paris in the following year, with the Government's, and probably Walpole's connivance,[1] as well as with the damnatory green book of names, when Walpole was "screening" the delinquents.

In May 1720 Bolingbroke and the Marquise were at Aix drinking the waters, as so frequently afterwards for their health. There in the preceding year, as we have stated, he may have already been in treaty with one of the Ministers. Aix and Pyrmont[2] were both political rendezvous at this period, as Newmarket had been in that preceding, and Bolingbroke intended to have been in touch with the Court there in 1723. Ministers trooped thither in shoals; and the distinguished exile was able there to feel the pulse of affairs. From this resort he acquainted Madame de Ferriol that the Duc de la Force had crossed the water to bear the Regent's compliments on the little comedy of the Prince's reconciliation with the King; and he asked her to lend him Ablon so as to be near Paris at this conjuncture. Stanhope, he surmised, would alone survive the tottering ruins of Sunderland's Ministry. Stanhope was rightly trusted by the King, and Stanhope was, he still hoped, his friend. But on these events he built no serious expectations.

Marcilly had dissatisfied his taste.[3] His affairs were in slightly better order. The Marquise and he had determined to buy and beautify La Source, a château for which, as he tells Alari at this time, ". . . Nature has done much, while he would delight in aiding Nature by Art."[4] At the close of the year his pleasaunce was prepared. Stratford was already sneering at his failure to return, and hinting that he "would not long be in a condition to pay for such trumpery."[5] ". . . What the month of

[1] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, pp. 288, 292. Coxe is unwilling to admit it. Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 257.

[2] In 1733 Bolingbroke was "forced to drink the Pyrmont waters"; *cf.* his letter to Essex, B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 196.

[3] ". . . L'architecture de Marcilly est très peu," &c. Corr. No. xviii.

[4] Corr. No. xxi.

[5] Stratford Letters, p. 283.

May will produce," he writes to the Battersea household in August,[1] "is, I fear, very uncertain. Past events have taught me to depend so little upon that expectation that I proceed in fitting up my country house, where I hope to pass the winter, and wait in peace and quiet till these storms which we see, and those which we may apprehend, blow over. Nothing is so disagreeable as an eternal uncertainty in one's situation, and I must think that I ought not to have been left in it so long. But I shall go on for my own sake to act the part which becomes me, without any regard to the behaviour of other people."

At that behaviour we have already glanced, and we shall shortly scrutinise it; of the great part still reserved for him to act, a fresh chapter begins here to open.

[1] Corr. No. xxiii.

# CHAPTER III

## RETIREMENT

LA SOURCE—PARIS—ENGLAND—NOVEMBER 1720–JUNE 1725

In the May of 1720, Bolingbroke had apprised Alari from Aix: ". . . I have at last found a habitation, a home ["un chez-moi"], whither I shall go on my return to France."[1] This was La Source, one of the loveliest spots in France. It was a small château among many noble seats facing Orleans, amid vineyards and "terraces ornées." Its air was pure and delicious.[2] It took its name from the "Loirette," or source of the Loire, which springs in what were then its grounds, not as a rivulet, but in breadth and volume,[3] even as he had himself started on his first career in the transparent width and with the rapid rush of genius. "You seem," he writes to his sister in the November of the same year,[4] "so perfectly idle in England, that if I could send an enchanted boat like that of Armida to Battersea Stairs, you should sail down the Thames, cross the sea, and up the Loire in a trice, and land in my park, where, in the most beautiful place that Nature ever adorned, you would find the tenderest welcome. This image flatters me so agreeably," he continues, "that I would dwell longer upon it if I could hope to think it into reality and practice"; and indeed he reverts to it again.[5] "You must know," he informs Swift in a long letter of July 28, 1721,[6] "that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the château and the

[1] Corr. No. xxi.

[2] *Cf.* Corr. No. xlix: "Il n'y en a pas en France de plus pur."

[3] Rapin describes it as "rivière singulière qui porte bâteau de la Source." It joins the Loire after a quiet current of half a league northward. *Cf.* Grimoard, i. p. 146.

[4] Corr. No. xxiv. [5] *Ibid.*, No. xxvi. [6] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 399.

maison bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it, and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do it. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms before it leaves the park a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse."

The first two years of his sojourn at La Source were his golden age, at once brilliant and serene. Bolingbroke's temperament was that of the Renaissance, or, as he has himself termed it, "the Resurrection of letters,"[1]—alike semi-pagan and semi-Gothic. In this fair seclusion, not too far remote from the pulse of Paris, he, like Lorenzo at Careggi or Camaldoli, could enjoy the calm of congenial companionship, the throb of studious excitement, the delight of catching from afar, and as a soothed listener, the mellowed hum of busy movement. Writing early in 1723 to Swift from La Source, he says again: ". . . Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestion, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it. I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long novitiate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them. My losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving."[2] In the quatrain of his early associate—

> "Our hopes like towering falcons aim
> At objects in an airy height;
> To stand aloof and view the flight
> Is all the pleasure of the game."

In the summer of 1721 Bolingbroke was excepted out of the Act of Grace, which was then passed.[3] To conciliate

[1] A letter to Mr. Pope. Works, vol. ix. p. 508.

[2] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 444.

[3] Stratford says that none the less he will be pardoned, but that "he must be very low if he can submit." Stratford Letters, p. 302.

the Commons in 1718 on Sunderland's Peerage Bill, the King had been induced even to promise a surrender of his prerogative of pardon.[1]

Lord Stanhope's sudden death[2]—in an honest passion, as he had lived—proved Sunderland's final blow, and Townshend's fresh as Pelham's first opportunity. Walpole had become Paymaster of the forces. Walpole, who had resisted Sunderland's projects both for a monopoly of administration by a partition of privilege, and for a monopoly of finance by the South Sea purchase of public debts, now at the very time when the Company's trade was menaced by Spain, once more, in the Bank's interest, mooted the Bank contract,[3] to galvanise collapsing speculation. It was in vain. The South Sea crash resounded through England and throughout London. Walpole, to the monarch's disgust, was the sole politician capable of rebuilding its ruins, and of "screening"[4] its architects. For these purposes he conferred with the Tory leaders, whose advent to power he feared. He actually had recourse to Atterbury, Carleton, Trevor; even to Bromley and Windham, who had vied with Pulteney in his attacks, and especially in his onslaught in 1720 on Walpole's able scheme for entrusting the Bank, instead of the Company, with the privilege of advances to redeem the Annuity Debt. Had Walpole's first plan prevailed, the "bubble" would never have occurred. Both the public inflation, the private fraud, and the Court bribery had been due to the Company's extravagant offer of seven millions to outbid the Bank in a

[1] *Cf.* Coke's "R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 207.

[2] *Cf.* Peterborough's letter mentioning it and its effect on Spanish affairs. Grimoard, iii. p. 65, and see Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 617.

[3] This was long afterwards denounced by Bolingbroke in the *Craftsman*.

[4] *Cf.* the allusion to "Robert Skreen of Corinth." Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 617. The nickname of "Screen" long clung to Walpole. A broadside of 1727 ends:—

> "Speak loudly, Britons, what you mean;
> God save the King; fold up the Screen."

B.M., 1872, A. 189. Aislabie Sunderland, Charles Stanhope, and the Germans were the principal persons screened.

national undertaking. That offer had been promoted by Sunderland, as a counterblast to the German favourites, and by Walpole, who vehemently desired the prolongation of a Whig Ministry. Its effects were disastrous, and, to patch the position, Walpole, at the height of the crisis, committed the fatal error of the "Bank Contract"—an adroit expedient for circulating three millions of South Sea stock for a year. The Bank (always favoured by Walpole) repudiated this obligation, and Sunderland's last state grew worse than his first. Sunderland, of course, Walpole now also consulted, and, in these machinations, Sunderland was considered to be Atterbury's dupe. Walpole, anxious to retrieve both Sunderland and the situation, proposed in 1721 a remedy and a palliative. The remedy was to "engraft" nine millions of South Sea stock on the Bank and the East India Company. It failed, although both houses yielded their assent. The palliative was the expedient of remitting seven millions to the Company, or, in other words, of cancelling their obligations to the State. It succeeded.[1] Except in the matter of the Bank Contract, Walpole's moderation and adroitness were conspicuous. Yet even here the full concession of the whole seven millions was only wrung from him by the public outcry; while, though he had professed a horror of those "leeches" who, in Bolingbroke's parlance, "fill themselves continuously with the blood of the nation,"[2] he had already thriven by their stock-jobbing. Yet it was uncertain if Walpole would keep his ground. It was rumoured that Carteret would be in with Pulteney for Chancellor.[3] In vain Sunderland approached him when he beheld Walpole coquetting with the Tories. Walpole was resolved to grasp the reins of power, and reluctantly hastened to make his peace with the German courtiers who abominated him, but were

[1] Besides Coxe's (vol. i. Chapters XIX.–XXI.) and the ordinary accounts, *cf.* Stratford Papers, pp. 290, 295, 309, 312. Stratford's commentary on the "Engraftment Scheme" is, "What shall we get by their being hanged, if we must pay seven millions for the ropes?"

[2] Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 375 ("Of the State of the Nation.")

[3] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Papers), p. 312.

enraged with Sunderland for having been unable to abolish the restraining clauses in the Act of Settlement, which barred their absorption of the spoil. The Mississippi collapse followed, convulsed France, and nearly swept away the slender capital which Bolingbroke eventually extracted from Law's assignees.[1] "... The nation I am in," he writes to his sister,[2] "passes for as dancing and singing a people as any under the sun, and yet a thread of much such adventures as you have had in England has soured all their good humour, and Paris has become as little amusing as Amsterdam." Both bubbles had burst. Law was chased away. Knight the elder fled. Craggs took refuge in death, to Bolingbroke's regret.[3] The father of the great Gibbon shared the general execration, and even Walpole was cowed by the popular clamour into a righteous confiscation of the directors' goods.

The future Chesterfield was just resuming public life as member for Lostwithiel, and making infinite compliments to muses and mistresses, since, which often happens, intellectual freedom had increased, just as political freedom had declined. Peterborough was still buzzing mysteriously[4] about the Regent, while the Regent was still colluding with Spain and cajoling England. Schaub, Carteret's emissary, and now English Envoy at Paris (so soon to be baulked by the Walpoles as well as by Bolingbroke), had opened his absurd course of petty intrigue in the Platen's behoof at Paris, and was promising Bolingbroke's restitution.[5] At Madrid, Alberoni, the audacious curé of Placentia, had been disgraced,[6] and Ripperda reigned in his stead. In London, Atterbury was plucking up heart and corresponding with

[1] They amounted to 400,000 *livres*, and formed, he said, the greater part of his savings. They do not appear to have been gains, as is sometimes asserted. *Cf.* Corr. No. xxxv.

[2] Corr. No. xxvi., March 6, 1721.

[3] Corr. No. xxvii.

[4] *Cf.* Corr. No. xxxi. (June 1721): "Les marches de P. sont toujours mystérieuses, et, comme je ne suis pas un homme à mystère," &c.

[5] Grimoard, iii. p. 57.

[6] In 1720.

Lansdowne,[1] though Harcourt was now "intractable." Harcourt, who had stuck like a limpet both to his South Sea stock[2] and pension, ". . . Poor, blind Harcourt stands ready at the pool for the good angel to move the waters;" but in vain. Marlborough, already wavering to his miserable end, was still to be seen in the House of Lords, where —pitiable irony!—he was reduced to tears;[3] and thus by his dotage fulfilled the French sorceress' early prophecy that, after supreme eminence, he would end by losing his head. In 1722 he receded into night, leaving his inexorable widow to fulminate her injuries in foolscap, and retaliate them on the waxen images of her kindred. Sunderland, however, was "easy and gay."[4] In the same year Sunderland's unexpected death[5] removed Walpole's last Ministerial obstacle.

But Bolingbroke could smilingly assure Alari that he had not yet reached the age which Tiberius had marked out as dedicating a man to himself, and sarcastically inform D'Argental that ". . . The very word Politics exercises over me the same effect as is exercised over dogs by the rattle of the leaden knobs on the whip wherewith they are chased from chambers.[6] "Amo," he says, re-quoting his "Reflections on Exile,"[7] "delicias doctamque quietem."[8] La Source steeped him in momentary leisure. His very wife he styles "Madame La Source.[9]

Yet his tranquillity was never indolence. He was indefatigable. He begins once more to direct the studies of others. "Do not," he entreats D'Argental, "omit the history of France, of the neighbouring nations, and of the Roman Church; nor, the international law, and that uni-

[1] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS. (Malet Papers), f. 116.

[2] His stock was taken back by the Company. *Vide* Stratford Papers, p. 299.

[3] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. pp. 611, 612, 615, 616, 618.

[4] Stratford Letters, p. 321.

[5] Stratford, observing that under no other Minister could the Church be in worse plight, adds that Sunderland "had some form of religion at his death." Stratford Letters, p. 322.

[6] Corr. No. xxvii. Grimoard, iii. p. 49.

[7] *Cf.* Works, vol. viii. p. 479,

[8] Corr. No. xxviii.

[9] Grimoard, iii. p. 57.

versal jurisprudence, which our fathers studied, and which the more intellectual moderns have forsaken for the beasts of La Motte and the swains of Fontenelle."[1] He projects that "Sketch" of the "History of Europe," of which a fragment still remains in the ill-assorted edition of his Works.[2] He probably even executed a portion of that important "History of the Reign of Anne to the Peace of Utrecht," of which not a trace survives, to which he recurred some fourteen years later,[3] which he often implies in his letters to Swift, which he probably suspended partly because of Swift's own undertaking, partly from native pride[4] and thefts or loss of documents. But philosophy and theology engrossed him even more, because among them he was more a new-comer, and in them too he hoped to find some real answer to the riddle of life. Alari was now Prior of Gournay, and is addressed as his "dear Prior." To him he confides the reach of his reading in 1722: ". . . I have discriminated the various classes of the probable, which are somewhat extensive, and I have recognised the immense province of the false. I have reduced the whole to a system, and I have relied on proofs drawn from fact alone, as to which I discover universal assent, and of which an ignoramus like myself is a judge as competent as the greatest 'Holiness.'" He announces his purpose—a purpose certainly pursued—of continuing to study Roman and English history as well as Greek and French, "according to an idea which has haunted me for a long while."[5] That "idea," as we are now aware from his Letters on History

[1] Grimoard, iii. p. 60. In a passage much later than this period Bolingbroke deprecates the ignorance among English lawyers of international jurisprudence. *Cf.* Works, vol. viii. p. 150.

[2] Stratford's prejudice led him to doubt even this undertaking. *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 386.

[3] *Cf.* Works, vol. viii. p. 110.

[4] *Cf.* Letter to Swift, August 2, 1731. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 422. ". . . Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late Queen's reign." This tallies with his repugnance to "apologies" already instanced in the letter to Alari cited *ante*, p. 154.

[5] Corr. No. xxxvii.

and on Philosophy, was to trace developments in continuity instead of events in isolation, to philosophise history and to historicise philosophy, while a human criticism, to which the learned world was then a stranger, was to be applied to both.[1]

In another letter to the same correspondent he adverts to the difficulty of fixing ancient chronology on knowledge that is even probable, and he adds that the smaller scope of his youthful studies had left on him the same impression.[2] It is noteworthy, in view of the singular consistency which we have often instanced, that the self-same classifications of the probable and the false occur in his "Essay on Retirement and Study," composed fourteen years afterwards;[3] and that the chronological argument reappears in his third "Letter on History." He may have now completed his short French treatise on "Innate Principles,"[4] and the short treatise also in French on "Compassion,"[5] which has disappeared. In all these meditations he was more and more led to be thrown upon himself, and to find in the unaffected conclusions of his own reason a clearer guide than in the complications of the Schools. ". . . Few men," he observes some years later, in that Letter to Mr. Pope which sums up most of his convictions—"few men have, I believe, consulted others, both the living and the dead, with less presumption and in a greater spirit of docility than I have done: and the more I have consulted, the less have I found of that inward conviction on which a mind, that is not absurdly implicit, can rest. I thought for a time that this must be my fault. I distrusted myself, not my teachers, men of the greatest name, ancient and modern. But I found at last that it was safer to trust myself and them, and to proceed by the light of my own understanding, than to wander after these

[1] *Cf.* especially Works, vol. viii. p. 53, and pp. 108, 133, and 135, and his Philosophy, *passim*.

[2] Grimoard, iii. p. 24.

[3] Works, vol. viii. p. 424.

[4] B.M. 699, H. 15.

[5] Mentioned in "Some Thoughts on Self-Love, occasioned by reading Mr. Hume's Works." Dublin, 1753.

*ignes fatui* of philosophy";[1] or, as he elsewhere expresses it: "We must neither dwell too long in the dark, nor wander about till we lose our way in the light. We are too apt to carry systems of philosophy beyond all our ideas, and systems of history beyond all our memorials. The philosopher begins with reason and ends with imagination. The historian inverts this order: he begins without memorials, and he sometimes ends with them. This silly custom is so prevalent among men of letters who apply themselves to the study of history, and has so much prejudice and so much authority on the side of it, that your lordship[2] must give me leave to speak a little more particularly and plainly . . . in favour of common sense against an absurdity which is almost sanctified."[3] And, if authority cannot be blindly followed, neither can one's own reason that flatters so speciously and cheats so easily be accepted without austere examination. No two maxims are oftener quoted by Bolingbroke than Seneca's "Natura, blanda adulatrix, et quasi lena sui," and Charron's "L'homme se pipe." The great aim, therefore, of every philosophic student as of every true artist must be the simplicity of Nature. "'If I was a philosopher,' says Montaigne, 'I would naturalise art, instead of artilising nature.' The expression is odd, but the sense is good."[4]

Besides the more ordinary classics we find him quoting at this period Manetho, Eratosthenes, Dicearchus, Diodorus, Aulus Gellius, Julius Africanus, Polybius, Eusebius, Tertullian, Ephorus, Callisthenes, Theopompus, as well as Marsham's "Chronicus Ægyptiacus," and the works of Basnage. His correspondence of these years with Alari teems with recondite allusions and penetrating thoughts. Nor did he neglect to adorn his home, as he tells Alari, for the research after truth. He embellished the grounds, and terraced the gardens;[5] he stocked the cellars

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 451.
[2] Lord Cornbury.
[3] Works, vol viii. p. 58.
[4] "A Letter to Mr. Pope." Works, vol. ix. p. 437.
[5] Grimoard.

with wine.[1] The Latin inscription for the marble over the spring, which he discussed with Alari and Swift, will be found in our Correspondence.[2] We subjoin an English translation. On the one side, it reads as follows :—

"Hardly after struggle escaping,
The impotent storms of a mad faction,
and
At the whim of the popular breeze,
Compelled to change his earth ;
Here, in wrongful exile,
Here, in sweet existence,
dwells
Henry of Bolingbroke,
In the year 1721."

and on the other—

"Should his fatherland resume its senses,
Thither to return ;
Should it remain demented, anywhere
Than among such citizens,
Better fated to live :
This villa, I furnish and adorn
Hence, as from a haven, the shifts of others
And Fortune's insolent sport,
Pleasant it is to mark.
Here neither craving death nor at it craven,
No ignominious ease,
A learned and certain quiet,
Delights innocent,
And the unshaken serenity of a blissful mind,
I taste with pleasure.
Here be the remnant passed for me and mine of life or banishment."

Yet under the new conjuncture of English affairs his eye was still on England, whither he had again despatched Brinsden, who was delayed to his suspense.[3] An amnesty had been proclaimed, but he was still excepted. Argental

[1] *Cf.* Swift to Sheridan, July 8, 1726. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 76, where he says Bolingbroke had offered it him—"a fine house and garden and park and wine-cellar."

[2] Corr. No. xxx. Letter to Swift, July 28, 1721. Works, vol. xvi. p. 399. They differ.

[3] On Aug. 7, 1721, he tells Madame de Ferriol that Harcourt cannot send back his "courier" for some days more.

had himself visited London with letters from him to his family and friends; but in vain.[1] In September 1721 he quotes a telling Latin sentence to Alari: "You pierce but wound not: your darts, like hail, strike with scattered strokes the roof which covers a mansion it cannot hurt. It rattles overhead, but melts." He was still young and ardent, and though it is evident that a life of study was his aim, it might be yet conjoined with action. He sighed in solitude. He panted to return. But, for the nonce, he was content. It was his midsummer of life. His letters to his sister are sprightly. She was learning Italian. In Italian, therefore, though as he says for the first time after many years, he writes to her, and in beautiful Italian. The "questa si dolce favella" dropped like honey from his pen. "Cambio dunque di stile," he concludes, "e ripiglio il nostro rozzo, e gotico Inglese."[2] He forwards her specimens of lily of the valley, both "dried" and "steeped in the best brandy which the country affords." He asks her for the Battersea recipes for "pickled melon," as the season for melons approaches. Of Alari he inquires when they shall once more discourse together of life, letters,[3] philosophy, and philology,[4] near that source where

> "Nunquam radiis Oriens, meduisve cadensve
> Phoebus adire potest";[5]

that Academe which he loved yet would so willingly exchange for British fogs. He goes to Paris. He goes to Sens on visits to the Abbess and her sister. He sends his portrait to Swift,[6] as he had sent his miniature to Henrietta. But he never remains long away. His wife is already ailing, and he too has those recurrent fits of "Tertian" and rheumatism which attended him through life,[7] and the idea,

[1] Grimoard, iii. pp. 47 and 136. The Act of Amnesty was in 1721, Argental's visit in the spring of 1720.

[2] Corr. No. xxxiv. [3] *Ibid.*, No. xxxiii. [4] *Ibid.*, No. xxxvi.

[5] Corr. Nos. xxxiv., xxxvi., xxxviii. [6] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 400.

[7] He shared these with his sister, as we learn from her correspondence with Shenstone. Scandal attributed them to fresh dissipations. There are passages to this effect in the *London Journal*, and in a rare and virulent verse satire, "Poems on Several Occasions," by a Gentleman, &c.: London, John Watts, 1752, where

if it cannot be called the hope, of remaining anchorite grows upon him. He fits up a gallery for his books.[1] He buys folios from The Hague.[2]

He and his wife drew many of the illustrious to their delightful shrine, besides intimates like the De Blissys, and aristocratic neighbours, whose chief was the Duc de Brancas.[3] Madame Du Deffand was an acquaintance;[4] Madame de Ferriol stayed there in 1721, and accompanied the Marquise to Paris;[5] the Berkeleys were there too in that year;[6] Rapin the historian came also; the Duke and Duchess of Berwick and the Duke of Bouillon were also visitors in the summer of 1722 on his wife's return. "... I passed," he writes to his sister on June 24,[7] "above two months in this place all alone, pained with the cold which the north-east wind brought us, or drenched with the rain which came from the south. The Marquise returned, and fair weather returned with her, since which I have been little alone ... one friend or other coming to visit her; for you must know that those who are thought most happy in the world are glad to steal sometimes out of it, and to taste, for moments, those pleasures which happier hermits enjoy all the year." This letter contains further a significant sentence: "The King, I hear, does not go this summer into Germany." Fresh intrigues were brewing at home. Swift, whom Bolingbroke had in vain invited, and whose depression he was repeatedly writing to cheer, had told him that nothing could avail him now but his prayers. "I thank you," was Bolingbroke's

he is called "Calvin," and which also mentions the curious story about Miss Gumley in 1713 (at p. 91), the caricature of which incident was extant some years ago, and is recorded in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, p. 401, and vol. x. p. 303, and alluded to in a doggerel broadside, "Lord upon Knight," &c. (1730), B.M. 1872, A. 169, where Walpole is called "Bob Politick." Some years earlier he had been under Dr. Chaillot in Paris (Grimoard, i. p. 145). But his mention to Swift in his letter of the summer of 1723 about "reformation," need only apply to the philosophic life.

[1] Corr. No. xxxvi. (April 18, 1722). [2] Grimoard, iii. p. 49.

[3] *Cf.* Grimoard, iii. p. 66, where there is also a mention of Law's desire to get to England.

[4] Grimoard, iii. p. 150. [5] Corr. No. xxvii.

[6] Grimoard, iii. p. 131. They were there also in 1722, *ibid.* 130.

[7] Corr. No. xxxviii.

answer, "for using your credit above so generously in my behalf."[1] Two visitors, however, stand out from the throng of the distinguished, and claim a separate mention.

Brook Taylor, whose death at the early age of forty-six robbed England perhaps of a second Newton, was in 1720 only thirty-five. He had probably made Bolingbroke's acquaintance at Paris in 1716, where he knew Caylus as well as Bossuet. He was already secretary of the Royal Society. He had applied the calculus to vibration. He had written on linear perspective and on oscillation. He had corresponded with the Comte de Montmort on Malebranche. He was at once a man of science, of philosophy, and of theology. To him is probably due the observations on the "obliquity of the elliptic" contained in Bolingbroke's Letter to M. de Pouilly. His friendship with Bolingbroke lasted till his death in 1731, two years after he had succeeded to the paternal estate at Bifrons, and not long after his second marriage.[2] At St. John's, Cambridge, he had early distinguished himself in law as well as in mathematics, and there were few subjects that failed to interest the *grande curiosité* of his acute intellect. Some of his talent descended to his grandson, Sir William Young. He lies buried at St. Anne's, Soho, but there is a tablet to him in the church at Bifrons.

But far the foremost visitor was, of course, Voltaire, who repaired thither in January 1722. His account in the letter to Tiriot of the 2nd of that month is well known: "this famous Englishman"; "the enchantment that surrounds me"; French spoken with incredible "justice and energy"; the host "with all the learning of his own country and all the politeness of ours"; who "can absorb everything and remember everything"; who "knows Egyptian history as well as he knows English," "Virgil as well as Milton, the poetry alike of France, Italy, and England"; the grounds "exceeding anything that I have seen in France." And then follows a key to these *louanges*

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 410.

[2] To this remarriage of his friend Bolingbroke jocosely alludes in a letter to his sister. Corr. No. xlv.

*outrées*.[1] Bolingbroke and Madame were "infinitely satisfied with my poem." The "Henriade" was of course in his pocket, the replenishment of which depended on the "Henriade," which a few years later was to coin money for the refugee in England under the ægis of the blue-stocking Caroline. He was now for dedicating it to Bolingbroke; but Bolingbroke, though he seems to have prompted some finishing touches,[2] discerned his character and kept him at a civil distance. Though Voltaire immeasurably admired him, twisted and filched his critical "philosophy" in the "Examen" which he published surreptitiously in Berlin as late as 1753,[3] and extolled him in his "History of Charles XII." as "one of the most brilliant geniuses and quite the most eloquent man of his age";[4] yet he was ready, as we shall see four years later, to spy on his table at Dawley, to inform Walpole against him, and to play his own game of safe and enriched return to France wholly regardless of the Mæcenas whom he still flattered. Of Voltaire's wit and penetration, of his industry and incisiveness, of his courage and resource, of his detestation of war, which amounted indeed to a religion, of his championship of the downtrodden and succour of the distressed, there can be no doubt. But he seems to us, throughout his career, almost destitute of the feeling of honour. He was not "a gentleman." His fulsome raptures of to-day soon curdled into his venomed rancours of the morrow, as was evidenced nearly forty years later by his diatribes on Frederick the Great. The ink that dyed his pen had not more gall than the heart which inspired it. While a guest in England, he hailed England as the greatest, the freest country in the world. To the last he wrote our language with ease and force, and the very sound of it ensured a welcome for the stranger at Ferney. Yet, "like the French in general, he showed the greatest complaisance out-

[1] Grimoard. Voltaire, in his dedication of "Brutus" to Bolingbroke (1730), says that he could instruct him in French as well as English. He mentions his opinion of Shakespeare; and of Bolingbroke's own style he observes, "Qui pense fortement, parle de même," adding that an Englishman expresses all that he will, a Frenchman, all that he can.

[2] *Cf.* Jesse, vol. viii. part ii. p. 320.

[3] *Cf. Voltairiana Inedita. Von W. Mangold*, Berlin, 1901, p. 90.

[4] Voltaire's Works (1784), vol. xxiii. p. 296.

wardly, and had the greatest contempt for us inwardly."[1] We can figure this lean, alert presence, with darting eyes and parchment face, with spindle shanks and quick, uneasy steps, strolling with the courtly pair through the avenues by the Loirette, metallically declaiming his own trim verse, denouncing the jesuitry of the preceding reign which had educated him, speculating perhaps upon the "*grand peut-être*"; and then, with that compact and vigorous head, stooping, as ever, to catch the very dregs of sound, and with those long, meandering, pinched, sardonic lips, half-parted as was his wont, drinking the music of his host's sonorous periods alive to the vibrations of symphonic memory. Milton he mentions in this very letter. Milton's organ-melody, Voltaire's own stacccato *timbre* could never appreciate; and it was with reference to his criticism of the anomalies in Milton's passage on Death and Sin in "Paradise Lost," that Young retaliated on Voltaire with his familiar epigram—

> "Thou'rt so ingenious, profligate, and thin,
> That thou thyself art Milton's death and sin."[2]

He might with advantage have also quoted from "Paradise Lost" those magnificent lines on Hypocrisy—

> "For neither man nor angel can discern
> Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
> Invisible, except to God alone,
> By His permissive will, through heaven and earth.
> And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
> At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
> Resigns her charge; while Goodness thinks no ill
> Where no ill seems."

For, after his falsities in 1727, he fawned on Bolingbroke in 1730, when he dedicated his "Brutus" to him.

There is still another personality that Bolingbroke first knew in 1722 at Paris, and that may possibly have been seen for a spare day at La Source, at the very date of Voltaire's visit. Alexander, then Viscount Polwarth, and afterwards Earl of Marchmont, was in that January pro-

[1] Dr. Young in Spence, p. 185. [2] *Ibid.*

ceeding to the most ridiculous and expensive of all Congresses, that of Cambray, which took two years standing before it formally sat, and consumed nearly two years more in debating which plenipotentiary should march in first to dinner. He was the son of that "Confessor for the Protestant faith," who had been imprisoned under Lauderdale's Scotch maladministration and exiled under the second James. He was the father of those more famous twins, *par nobile fratrum*—so alike that they resembled the heroes of the "Comedy of Errors"—who, in Bolingbroke's words, had "not only the principle but the flame of public virtue";[1] the elder of whom became Windham's and Bolingbroke's solace and support, as well as Pope's disciple and executor—that "valuable, or rather invaluable, young man"[2] whom the veteran statesman summoned to replace the dead Windham, and the veteran poet immortalised on his Twickenham grotto. Alexander Hume, like Stair's father, was typical of the sturdiness and shrewdness of his nation, to represent which, as an hereditary Scotch peer, became the ambition of his life, while the disappointment of that ambition by Walpole in 1734 formed the goad that urged his more fiery and brilliant sons. He had already been Ambassador at Copenhagen — a post only just vacated—and had there been associated with Carteret, now a Secretary of State, so that his influence might, and did, prove of the greatest service to the exile, who, however much "the world forgetting," did not aspire to linger "by the world forgot." They parted with mutual goodwill; nor did Polwarth, despite his Whig principles, his strong Puritanism, and his Hanoverian proclivities, ever cease his esteem for Bolingbroke. His son Hugh was now being educated at Utrecht, as he had been himself; and his education may well have furnished a theme of discourse. The effects of Bolingbroke's conversation on his own return will be shortly apparent.

The brilliant conclave which Bolingbroke rallied

[1] To Windham, New Year's Day, 1740, cited [from the Egremont Papers] in the Preface to the Marchmont Papers, p. xlviii. [2] *Ibid.*

round him resolved itself finally into the nucleus of the Entresol Club, of which Bolingbroke, through Alari, may be termed the founder. It was not actually instituted until 1723,[1] after Alari in the preceding year had been made Academician, but it will be convenient to notice it here. Bolingbroke, as we have seen in our first volume, had founded at his zenith of business and of pleasure the "Brothers" as an intellectual and political foil to the Kit-Kat. Such "Sodalitates" were a requisite of his many-sided nature; and the "Entresol" was a similar contrast with the grosser mirth of the "Société des Roués." The Abbé Longuerre, whose mantle descended on Alari, seems previously to have projected some such assembly. It derived its name from Alari's chambers in Paris, where the society met every week to discuss literature, philosophy, and politics. Alari was president, and each member devoted himself to the mastery of a particular branch of learning, which he illustrated by a composition. Alari's *Histoire Germanique* was one of its fruits. The future Cardinal, Fleury, became a staunch patron of these gatherings, and upheld them against the insinuations of political intriguers.[2] It was here, and through Alari again, that Bolingbroke gained Fleury's acquaintance and esteem.[3] Matignon was a prominent member, as well as D'Argenson, Ramsay, and the Comte de Coigny. It became a neutral meeting-ground for foreign diplomatists and even for State affairs. Here Horace Walpole pleaded the English cause against the Spanish; and here, in 1726, after the Duc de Bourbon had been relegated to Chantilly, he again entered into conferences in the rooms of the association. It contained a depôt of manuscripts, among which Bolingbroke must have longed to enroll Swift's "Gulliver," of which he had already heard.[4]

[1] Grimoard (vol. iii. p. 451) gives the date of 1724, but that he is mistaken is evident from his list of members, which includes the Marquis de Balleroi, "Ecuyer" of the Regent. The Regent ceased to be so when Louis XV. attained his majority in 1723, and in the December of that year he died.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 480–485.

[3] *Cf.* Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 204. Bol. to Alari, Sept. 22, 1723.

[4] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 415 (Jan. 1, 1722).

It would be interesting to trace what became of them. Probably no learned assemblage at any period, of equal eminence, ever exercised so direct an influence on European government and diplomacy. A complete and researchful biography of Alari is much to be desired, and would cast great light on the secrets of affairs during the early years of Louis XV., a period which, like its contemporary one under George I. and George II., is practically, with any sufficient depth and fulness, an unwritten chapter of history.

The next two years were to witness Bolingbroke's comparative activity and semi-participation in diplomacy. It will therefore be opportune to commemorate the tenor of his life and feelings during them at once. He is in constant correspondence with his family. His wife and he continue to be valetudinarians, and sometimes convalescents. He visits Aix and Spa, where the waters cause the tedium which diplomacies relieve.[1] He takes once more to sport, sometimes at La Feste,[2] sometimes at Fontainebleau, and sometimes in its neighbourhood. A boar's head despatched to his sister is the result. He imports horses from England,[3] and, as became his constant practice at Chantelou, we may assume that he also imported hounds, trees, plants, and seeds; of all these things he made a study, as he did of everything that he took in hand. He goes to Paris at D'Uxelles' advice, on his money affairs.[4] His concourse of visitors continues, and was varied in 1724 by the presence of the proud Duchess of Buckingham in Paris. His devotion to study also and energy of will persist unalterable. He experiences alternate fits of elation and depression. At one moment the voice of contemplation whispers, "Stay"; at another, the loud blast of action thrills him with its clarion and urges him forth. He repels indignantly, in a note to Alari, the rumours of his enemies.[5]

[1] Corr. No. xlv. Spa, Oct. 13, 1723. "La nôtre est d'une tristesse à faire pleurer." In the September he was at Aix.

[2] In 1725.

[3] Both through Rutter and his old acquaintance Bright in 1724.

[4] Corr. No. xl. A lawsuit was depending. *Cf.* letter to Swift in 1722.

[5] *Ibid.*, xlii.

His temperament cannot be better exhibited than by two letters to his sister, of April 9 and of December 23, 1723, which we have given in their original French among the letters of our Correspondence,[1] and which we here make bold to translate. He had been moralising on his declining powers, and Henrietta, whose sentimental friendships were long afterwards to mar her wedded life, and whose eager interests were to render her at "Barrels" the patroness of Shenstone at the "Leasowes," as her friend Lady Hertford was to be the patroness of Thomson at Richmond, had been reading the brother whom she worshipped a little lecture. "I thank you," he replies, "with all my heart, my dear Henriette, for your letter. It has cheered me much at an hour when I had need of some consolation; for the wretched tertian fever, which has persecuted me for the last two years, began to torment me now. I promise you to descend the mountain as gently as possible, but still one must ever descend towards that sombre valley whence to remount is never more. Your sermons (*prédications*) are highly edifying, and they need no excuses from you. Besides, much as I am on the verge of the slope, and on its downward side, I have not yet quite lost all the sentiments which animate us while we gambol (*folâtrons*) on the top; and, by the same token, I may assure you that a little missionary in bib and tucker (*en jupe et cotillon*) would persuade me better in a quarter of an hour than the longest sermon of the sleep-compelling Manton.[2] Caylus will be much flattered that you find his portrait of me like. He continues to deserve even a higher character than what I have described. The Marquise embraces you tenderly, and asks how you like the head-dress she sent you by Chevalier Tipping, who left Paris sometime ago. They are fashion-

[1] No. xxxix.

[2] For Manton, the "the Puritan parson' of his boyhood as he styles him in "A Letter to Mr. Pope," *cf.* our first volume, pages 125–145; and Bolingbroke's letter to Swift, July 28, 1721; ". . . who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a High Churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more" (Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 499). Manton's portrait is lacking, but Patrick's hangs in the vestry of Battersea Church.

able here. Adieu, dear child. When we shall meet I know not, but absent or present I know that I shall love you all my life."

And again, after his return from the waters, he writes to her from Paris in December,[1] where his cure has resolved itself in gout. ". . . I love writing to you, my dear Henriette. . . . So long as my gout is no more violent than now it is a much less evil than the fever. . . . I have arrived at the age when one finds oneself only too happy in compounding with the maladies which one cannot wholly remove. I do not know, on my honour, dear child, when my journey to England will be made; I cannot go till my way is cleared, and yet it is of the highest importance for me to be there. I hope this winter will decide my lot; for indeed a longer suspense becomes intolerable, and I have not deserved these efforts to protract it. It is true that my part is taken on exile, as on all the other affairs of life. But it is also true that I have neglected nothing that a man of business ought to do to procure the end of this exile. *Since the door has been opened for me, even before I knocked at it*, I shall proceed as I have done, and I shall do so in such a manner as shall deprive failure of any shame. It is to be hoped that success will further my hopes. Make my compliments to our brothers, and receive those of the Marquise. Adieu, my dear girl, I embrace and love you with all my soul."

The allusion in the first of these letters to his despair, and in the second to his doubts as to when he could achieve his "journey to England," demand a word of explanation. As we shall shortly note, his partial pardon had passed the Great Seal in May 1723; and it is clear, therefore, that he was unaware in the preceding month of the grace which the King himself designed for him. In the summer he had made his visit to England, where his wife had preceded him, with a view of procuring a full repeal of his attainder by Parliament; so that the "journey to England" points to

[1] Corr. No. xlvii.

some future journey after his loss of property and dignity might have been completely repaired.

In 1722, when Lady Bolingbroke first visited England, her interest with the Duchess of Kendal, and Harcourt's with the King, nearly procured his restitution.[1] But before we touch on the visits of Lady Bolingbroke to England on her husband's errands and her own, one of which is to be here commemorated for the first time, it will be necessary to turn our gaze once more on events and characters, both domestic and foreign, which paved the way in several directions for that incomplete pardon which was procured in 1723, and half perfected in 1725.

The deaths, in rapid succession, of Stanhope, Sunderland, and Marlborough, who only survived his old friend Shrewsbury by four years, and was only survived by his arch-enemy, Oxford, by two,[2] had thrown the real power into the hands of Walpole, Townshend, and Carteret, of whom the last only was congenial to the King, for he could at least converse with him in his own language, and had no scruple in deferring to his Hanoverian interests. Carteret had signed the Quadruple Alliance; Carteret too had settled Northern affairs at Nystadt, Stockholm, and Carlberg, and passed for the sole competent master of European intrigue. Walpole and his brother-in-law were in 1723 exerting their utmost efforts to baffle Carteret. In 1724 began, with his Secretaryship, that long reign of successful incompetence and trifling solemnity which has rendered the name of Newcastle a by-word. Bolingbroke more than twenty years afterwards designates him an arch-distributor of employments.[3] Indeed, patronage to him became a religion, and when the great Pitt temporarily deprived him of it more than forty years afterwards, the veteran whimpered like a child. Newcastle[4] thought that by divine right of ignorance he

[1] *Cf.* Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 334; and see *post*, p. 188.

[2] Shrewsbury died in 1718; Oxford, in 1724.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, f. 7.

[4] For his close collaboration with Townshend and Walpole as against Carteret and Lady Darlington, *cf.* Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 301, and *cf. ibid.*, p. 282.

could rival the displaced Carteret's *finesse*, and many subsequent events are explained by this motive of that silly figurehead. "My brother," writes Henry Pelham, in 1717, to George Berkeley,[1] "is very much yours, and begs you will be so kind as to bespeak two periwigs for him, a degree or two lighter than mine, and somewhat bigger in the head." His whole life was passed, so to speak, in the assumption of imposing periwigs to cover an empty circumference, in borrowing importance to conceal insignificance. He paraded all the airs but few of the graces. He was always bustling, yet seldom busy; like Harrington,[2] in a perpetual "hurry to do nothing." His very manners had to masquerade in flimsy French, and his habit of addressing the two monarchs, whom he plagued and pleased, gained him the *sobriquet* of "Est-il permis." We have perused masses of his letters on foreign affairs. They fill reams of gilt-edged paper, and are at once dilatory and hurried. They are always mysteriously divulging secrets that everybody knew,[3] and treating a delayed ribbon, or a problematic promotion as affairs of State. They ramble like the dullard who tells the story and forgets the point. It might be said of him, as Horace Walpole said of Harry Vane,[4] that "whenever he was drunk he told all that he knew, and when he was sober more than he knew;"[5] or, as Charles the Second said of Prince George of Denmark, "I have tried him sober, and I have tried him drunk. There is nothing in him either way." He was all flutter, fuss, and fumble. He was fickle as a lover—even of a princess; as a friend—even of Lord Harrington; as a partisan—even of the King. He was ungrateful. As Earl of Clare, in 1715, he incurred Steele's

[1] Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 20.

[2] Orford's "George II.," p. 170.

[3] *Cf.* especially B.M. Add. MS., 27734, f. 34.

[4] It was of Harry Vane that Bolingbroke wrote to Essex in 1733, "Your nomination of him to the Crown of Poland I approve much. But I can tell you he has more competitors than you are aware of. I am set up for it in the *Daily Courier*, because Walpole is set up for it in the *Craftsman*." B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 135.

[5] H. Walpole's "George II.," vol. i. p. 101.

dedicatory reproaches. After Steele's death he paraded his subscription to his monument. He was at once avaricious and ostentatious. What he did not hoard was lavished on his illnesses and displays. He flirted with Princess Emily till his rival, the Duke of Grafton, cried with laughter; he cringed before her august father till the suspicious George snubbed him for his pains. His "mad" Duchess—Marlborough's granddaughter—and his salaried physicians[1] were the talk of the town. None so long versed in affairs could have been more ludicrously like a nincompoop in private or more hazardously verging on a charlatan in public; and yet this was the man who, after 1742, brought or bought everybody in, and then whimsically or jealously turned every one out. Walpole once exclaimed that "his name was Perfidy"; and Walpole's son said of Hardwicke that, in being true to Newcastle, he was "only not false to the falsest of mankind." These verdicts are, we think, exaggerated. His grandeur, his treacheries, his passion for place without power, were all the vagaries of a burlesque courtier imposing on himself and others the mock-character of an indispensable statesman.

One more politician, who will afterwards be characterised, must now be mentioned: Pulteney, the peacock of patriotism, whose vixen wife, the future "Bath's ennobled doxy," was already confused in the popular mind with her namesake Gumley,[2] who had been "Harry Gambols'[3] doxy." He had been left out in the cold by Walpole in 1721. The sop of a peerage had been proffered him and spurned; and, although he acted next year as chairman of the committee on Atterbury's plot, in reward for which he was soon made "Cofferer," he was already meditating that series of attacks on Walpole which was so shortly to throw him into collaboration with Bolingbroke.

That degeneration was beginning to bear fruit. That it

[1] *Cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 115, where the annotator has missed the allusion.

[2] Her rich father, a glass manufacturer, with a mansion at Isleworth, where the Schulemburg also abode, was the butt of Walpole's tirades against stock-jobbing.

[3] This was one of Bolingbroke's youthful nicknames.

was real, nobody who has perused even the fine poem on "Liberty" by Thomson, the sole poetical genius, except Pope, of the time, can doubt. Walpole had resumed the reins of power. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two Courts of the King and the Prince, Lord Sunderland had observed, in a *tête-a-tête* with Walpole: ". . . We have settled matters for the present, but we must think whom we will have next." Walpole's characteristic answer had been: "Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken."[1] It was insinuated that he had abetted the South Sea *furore* to enhance his skill, like a doctor who attributes his patient's death to the gravity of his distemper but his recovery to the perfection of his art. Abroad there was peace; and yet a standing army was demanded. Trevor, who had refused the advances which Walpole now made to "the calm sense"[2] of Carleton, to Bathurst, and to many of the Tories, uttered an impassioned speech against the measure.[3] The bill against infidelity was openly opposed by all but five bishops,[4] for bishoprics now went for latitudinarian indifference or Hanoverian subservience. The Archbishops of Canterbury and of York[5] were poor examples even of these. The one was pious but unpractical:[6] the other had begun as a buccaneer. Hoadley of Hereford sought to undermine the establishment which enriched him, and afterwards became a controversial pamphleteer for Walpole. Indifferentism pervaded society. In 1722 Lord Waldegrave, the nephew both of Marlborough and of Berwick, abjured the Roman for the Anglican communion from motives purely political; and, on being tasked by Berwick "to confess the truth," wittily answered, "I changed my religion to avoid *Confession*."

"To what a dismal condition are we reduced," writes Edward Harley, "when bishops defend blasphemy . . . and betray religion, judges screen corruptions in the law, and

[1] "Horace Walpole." [2] Pope's Epilogue to Satires, l. 18.
[3] *Cf.* Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 626.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 621. [5] Wake and Blackburn.
[6] He sought a union of the Anglican and Gallican Churches.

the Ministry villainies in the State. . . . To show that our credit is as much taken care of as our religion the seven millions is given up."[1] An exaggeration, but the exaggeration of a fact; for the same patrons who promoted Hoadley refused to prefer Clarke, whose honest heterodoxy disdained the bait of the Mastership of the Mint. To the King Walpole was a necessary, to the people an unnecessary evil. Harvests were bad; trade was worse:—

> "Ye Whigs and ye Tories in country and city
> Attend and give ear to my excellent ditty,
> Both High Church and Low Church, I'm sure it will fit ye.
> For they'll think of such ministers, if they've the curse,
> Who have ruined the people and drained every purse,
> Come Pope or come Devil, there ne'er can come worse."[2]

Gambling was more than ever the rage, and even the universal admiration. In Chesterfield's words, "basset and blasphemy" went hand in hand:[3]—

> "Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
> Peeress and Butler share alike the box,
> And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
> And mighty Dukes pack cards for half-a-crown."

Even Windham was alleged to have been "pickled in South Sea."[4] The fraud of companies continued, ". . . in a land of hectors, thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors." Luxury and poverty stalked side by side. Places were shamelessly bartered. Perjury and forgery, culminating in the Charity Scandals of 1730, were rampant. The arts were discouraged by "Sir Blue String"; "Bob the poet's foe," as Swift reviled him, though one of his hireling bards, was driven to sing—

> "The streams of Royal Bounty turned by *thee*
> Refresh the dry domain of Poesy."

"Wit-woulds, sciolists, and poetasters" hastened to pamphleteer in his service, and on them was lavished no less

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 621.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 626.
[3] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 117.
[4] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 615.

than £50,000. The opera had risen, as the drama declined. It was engendering factions as heated as politics had done eight years before. "Folks," writes Gay, who had just been made State Lottery Commissioner in 1723, "that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. . . . In all polite conversation Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived."[1] Madame Violante, tumblers and raree-shows, even Lapp comedians, tickled the coarse palate of the town.[2] Oracles were publicly consulted,[3] but they were dumb, even as Walpole's foreign statesmanship, after he first set up as European retailer in 1725. And, mimicking France, vice herself had ceased to ape modesty. The strangest revelries abashed the countryside. At Ripon, in 1723, "Mrs. Aislabie gave a plate to be run for by women, and nine of that sex mounted their steeds, rid astride, were dressed in drawers, waistcoats, and jockey caps, their shapes transparent, and a vast concourse of people to see them."[4] Shade of Queen Anne!

The constitution had been impaired; the Act of Settlement, in two important particulars, relaxed. The taxes were burdensome. The people and the clergy were discontented, so discontented that they closed their eyes to the important advantages which Walpole, who had in April 1721 become first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, secured for them by the remission of many duties on colonial imports and the encouragement of the introduction of naval stores from our own dominions instead of from Russia[5]—a measure far in advance of his age, and truly foreseeing and statesmanlike; as for the Jacobites, they pinned their hopes on Spain, and regretted nothing so much as the death of Sunderland.[6] Nor was the disquiet

[1] Swift's Letters, vol. xvi. p. 436.

[2] *Cf. Craftsman*, No. xxiii.

[3] Duncan Campbell's was famous. *Cf. Craftsman*, No. cxxv.

[4] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 635.

[5] *Cf.* Coxe's "Walpole," vol. i. p. 284, and Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 631, where Lewis styles it "the taking off some small duties."

[6] *Cf.* Hardwicke State Papers, p. 637.

confined to England. The Glenshiel affair troubled Scotland in 1719. "Drapier" agitated Ireland in 1723.

It was in the midst of these murmurs that the Atterbury conspiracy was discovered through information transmitted by the Regent from France. It is beyond our province to examine the real grounds for the charge in which the Jacobite Plunket, the parson Kelly, the tool Layer, the dog Harlequin all played their parts; as well perhaps as Oxford, to whom Atterbury, who had despised him nine years before, addressed an affectionate letter from the Tower.[1] Suffice it to say, that the irascible prelate, whom the Harleyites still nicknamed "Ruffian" in punning allusion to "Roffen," had been disappointed of translation to the see of Winchester; that he had had a personal quarrel with Walpole respecting the passing of accounts in connection with the repairs of Westminster Abbey;[2] that four years afterwards he accused Walpole of an intention to bring in the Pretender[3] after the death of the King, of having in a few years amassed a fortune at the expense of the nation, and of having (as he had) invaded the constitution of the country; of being ready (as he was) to barter Gibraltar so as to humour France, and finally of daring the King's disgust for him by stifling the demand for inquiries on behalf of the growing minority,[4] that the evidence rested largely on handwriting, and that Walpole was only too glad to spirit the meddlesome and imperious prelate off to Montpellier without any penalty but banishment. That Spain, under Ripperda, was intriguing, that the foreign Jacobites were hopeful is certain; but their success was impossible. Atterbury himself always protested his innocence, and neither joined the Roman communion nor betook himself to Boling-

[1] Hist. Man. Comm. (Portland), vol. v. p. 634, and *cf.* the covert allusions as to Scotland on p. 623.

[2] See the correspondence between them. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 223–226.

[3] The King himself seems to have for a space entertained some such whim. Dr. Johnson said that this was the only good thing he had ever heard about him.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 229–233.

broke, as his enemies predicted. Bolingbroke was in truth hostile to Atterbury—that weaker edition of his prototype, Bishop Compton. Immediately after Queen Anne's death, as we now know from the remarkable confession of the Jacobite Lord Camock[1] to Stanhope in 1722, Bolingbroke had frustrated Atterbury's violent attempt to proclaim James III. in the same headstrong manner, and for the same priestly purposes as he was now charged with planning a forcible seizure of the Bank. A full month subsequently he had written to him hinting that his high-Toryism was a vanished wreck, and that different measures must be taken on the King's accession.[2] And now, after fifteen years had elapsed, he had to explain to the Government that his route by Brussels to Aix was from bad roads and from no desire to visit the new refugee; and that "there is not a man under the sun whom I have less reason to trust or more to complain of than the late Bishop of Rochester. . . . The hopes of returning home, or the fear of continuing abroad, have never had the least influence on my conduct, with respect to the part I have openly and avowedly taken these seven years, and in which I should continue, were it as much for my private interest to be attached to the Pretender as it is to be attached to the King."[3] The Atterbury complot is relevant to our present purpose for two reasons. Its result was, first of all, to merge the Jacobites in the recalcitrant band of old Tories and discontented Whigs, now endeavouring to confederate as a "patriot" opposition. Henceforward Shippen was as little favourable to the Pretender's recall as Carteret or Chesterfield. Henceforward the name of "Jacobite" denotes chiefly the band opposed to Walpole. And in the second place, it

[1] B.M. Add. MS. (Hardwicke), 35837, f. 509–511. It contains the most graphic account of the conference in Harcourt's house on Anne's death. Atterbury was for rushing to proclaim James, and vehemently upbraided Bolingbroke for opposing this course. *Cf.* the confirmatory account, on Peterborough's authority, Spence, p. 107.

[2] Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 651.

[3] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 327. Bolingbroke's Letter to a Member of the Ministry, January 1724. *Cf.* Spence, p. 55.

eventually removed the Jacobite aspersions as a serious obstacle to Bolingbroke's leadership of these uniting Adullamites, although a chorus of them greeted him on his pardon in 1723, and blocked the repeal of his attainder. The vain and protean Wharton himself had abjured the Pretender, if only for three years,[1] and had turned Tory. His reconciliation with "the court" was rumoured.[2] He was supporting the *True Briton*, to which the young 'prentice Richardson contributed, and which contains in weak exposition what Bolingbroke was to render immortal. Windham demanded Bolingbroke for leader. Popular speculation was rife as to the exile. Harcourt was once more busy in his interest. The Oxford group, not long before Oxford died, was apprehending his return even before his attainder should be reversed; nor did it scruple, after that intended reversal had dwindled into a pardon, to whisper that Walpole had bribed Bolingbroke.[3] The dissatisfaction both of the people and of the politicians united in their summons. There was a cohort to lead and a cause to champion; and there was also an audience of public opinion to applaud and encourage.

The welding together of discordant factions into a compact, central, and "national" party as an antidote to the "new Whig" doctrines, had, as we (and he) have often urged, been from early days one of Bolingbroke's ideals. To those who still doubt it we commend the following excerpt —itself repeated in the *True Briton*,[4] from a pamphlet[5] published as early as 1700 by Davenant, a deprecator of the "new Whig" developments of Godolphin and Marlborough, a close ally of Swift, a predecessor and friend of Bolingbroke

[1] In 1726 he was with Ripperda and Liria at Madrid "drinking a perpetual union of the Saints of the day," on the Pretender's birthday, May 1. He now posed as a Whig, and said the Jacobites wanted one to put things "in a brisk train." He vowed vengeance on Walpole for buying his family pictures. Hardwicke State Papers, p. 367.

[2] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 310, The performance on this occasion of the opera "Horidante," where a rightful heir figures, was applauded.

[3] Stratford Letters, pp. 361–365.

[4] The *True Briton*, No. 11, July 8, 1723.

[5] "Essay on Trade" (2nd ed., 1700), pp. 156–160.

and his attitude. It reads like a prophecy. ". . . 'Tis hoped these names of distinction are now quite abolished and forgotten. . . . We must implore the Whigs not to forget their old principles and ancient maxims. . . . The Tories by taking arms to defend their civil rights, and by joining to depose that Prince by whom these rights were violated, have in the most public manner . . . renounced their doctrine of *jus divinum*, passive obedience, and non-resistance. But if the Whigs should hereafter take their stations . . . our constitution must be entirely lost. For they may undermine it without suspicion. Who will be jealous of those who have been preaching up liberty and accusing arbitrary Ministers for thirty years? Who will suspect such professed patriots? They may change the form of our government and have the people of their side, who can have no jealousy of them. . . . If old Whigs should hunt after places as much as ever the Tories did, and if, like them, upon preferment they should become quite new men, in voting, thinking, and speaking . . .; if old Whigs, as the Tories did, should ever take bribes and pensions to betray their trust; if they should do anything to break into the Habeas Corpus Act, which is the chief guardian of our liberties; if they should oppose any good act for the frequent sitting of parliaments, which want in the constitution produced all our former miseries; if they should openly oppose any reasonable provision for trials in treason, the want of which has lost many a noble life. . . .; if . . . they should send their emissaries about to influence or corrupt elections. . . .; if old Whigs should persuade any future prince to closet members, as was done in the preceding reign. . . .; if . . . they should have a band of pensioners ready to give up any right, to grant any sum, and to excuse, nay, even to vote their Paymaster thanks for any maladministration; . . . if they should consume us in their ministerial, and sell us in their legislative capacity; if they should desire to have things governed rather by tricks and little arts than according to the direction of the laws or the bent

of the people; if they who, upon the virtuous principle of keeping England a free country, in former times opposed all Excises, should be brought to create so many new offices and officers as may influence elections round the kingdom; if they, who heretofore thought the best way to preserve their civil rights was to keep the Purse, and to have always something to give, should be for settling such an immense Revenue on the Crown as may make Parliaments unnecessary . . .; if the very men who have 'asserted and claimed it to be their true, ancient, and indubitable right . . . that the raising or keeping a standing army within the Kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against Law';[1] if they who once believed this Eagle in the Air frighted all motions towards liberty. . . .; if the same men should throw off a Whig principle so fundamental. . . .; if in this manner the old Whigs . . . should quite change their minds, and go thus retrograde from all their former speeches, actions, and councils, . . . then would the constitution of this country be utterly subverted."

The comment of the *True Briton* at this early date of 1723 runs as follows: "Could all honest Men firmly unite together, and with Courage and Resolution support the True Interest of their Country, laying aside all Party Distinctions, it would be seen that, even in *This Age*, Virtue would triumph, and Justice be duly pursued. But when Persons are intimidated from following their former Tenets, for "fear of being vilified and aspers'd by the men whose Actions they disown, it must be esteem'd by all Impartial Judges that they prefer the *Name* to the *Principles* of their Party." That this forecast represents Walpole's long policy is as incontestable as it is certain that Walpole represented its views as mere figments of the disaffected.[2]

That he sought to split up such opposition as he could neither salve nor seduce into discredited discord, that

[1] Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, pp. 192, 197.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 266. Walpole to Townshend, August 30, 1723.

he invoked the bugbear of the Pretender, which election emergencies caused him to furbish so often that it became his own monomania to scare the King and rally the people, is beyond question. Equally indisputable is it that Bolingbroke's pronouncements in these regards proclaim, though with far greater force, fire, and illustration, these very warnings and criticisms. Such a coalition," he wrote not many years afterwards, "hath been long wanted in this kingdom. . . . On this it will depend whether they shall prevail who constantly insist against the continuance of a standing army in time of peace. . . . On this . . . whether they shall prevail who endeavour to conceal the frauds . . . and to screen the fraudulent at the risk of ruining credit and destroying trade . . . or they who do their utmost to bring the former to light and the latter to punishment at a time when glaring fraud or very strong symptoms of fraud appear in so many parts of public management, from some of the greatest Companies down to the Turnpike at Hyde Park Corner. On this it will depend whether they shall prevail who desire that Great Britain should maintain such a dignity and prudent reserve in the broils of Europe as become her situation, suit her interest, and alone can enable her to cast the balance, or they who are eager on every occasion to prostitute her dignity, to pawn her purse, and to sacrifice her commerce. . . ."[1] The struggle was fast defining itself into one between Walpole's deterioration of New Whiggism, and the ancient theory of the constitution; between the independence of Parliament, and its bought obsequiousness to a sole Minister; between the voice of the people heard, and the wrath of their indignation smothered. For a leader like Bolingbroke there was now a popular opening, a popular cause, and a popular occasion.

But the King also required his aid—the aid of one who had stood aloof for some seven years from the pandemonium of politics, and whose vision was the clearer for that aloofness.

[1] Works, vol. x. pp. 13, 15. The whole passage should be consulted, and *cf.* Stratford's remarks (Oct. 1722). Stratford Letters, p. 331.

He was universally admitted a genius in foreign affairs, and was consulted on these topics by the acting authorities during the whole of two reigns. Even the selfish interests of Hanover languished. English interests had been grossly bungled. France still stood between England and Spain, sapping the control of the one and conniving at the encroachments of the other. England had accepted the office of sole mediatrix at Cambray; but when three years afterwards the rupture of France with Spain on the rejection of the Infanta gave England a golden opportunity of resuming the lead, she was to elude the responsibility and play the French game once more. Thrice had offers for the restitution of Gibraltar been made; once, as we have seen, conditionally by Stanhope; a second time, by way of compensation for the destruction of the Spanish Fleet in 1718; a third, unconditionally in 1721 by a letter from George himself for the purpose of securing the commercial benefits of the really French Treaty of Madrid.[1] Peter, the northern terror, was not yet dead. All around were perplexed counsels and illusive peace. There was, as yet, no ministerial stability. The sovereign was faced by a phalanx of intrigue. At Marlborough's decease, Walpole had even been closeted with Argyle. At Sunderland's, his young son had been offered the Garter, but his grandmother, Marlborough's termagant Duchess, had bidden the youth "despise such baubles," and "she would give him something better." As early as the December of 1721, it had been hinted that Walpole would be "gigged," and that Pulteney would co-operate with Carleton to replace, or that Carteret would supplant, him. As late even as the January of 1726, it was rumoured that Warpole, sick of office, would resign and give way to Northumberland and Carteret.[2] Carteret himself, competing with Walpole in his bids for Tory support, was soon to forfeit the King's regard by transferring his allegiance from one of the King's mistresses

[1] Townshend concurred in this policy. *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 35837, f. 480.

[2] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, pp. 312, 329, 415. Stratford was tutor to Carteret's son.

to the other, who never forgave him (while both had to be bribed by Walpole), and by failing in that petty "La Vrillière" intrigue which we shall soon watch Bolingbroke counteracting. Newcastle was merely a catspaw, and a tame catspaw. Horace Walpole had not yet contrived, as he immediately did, his dexterous promotion to Paris, which first gave him the reputation of foreign partner in his brother's business. Nor had yet been fully initiated that perpetual fluctuation of fussy engagements and feeble mediations, not only regarding Powers from whom England might reap reciprocal advantage, but, diminutive Powers also, from whom she could not—a policy which rashly provoked force and then timidly shrank from confronting it.[1] In 1723 Louis XV. attained his majority. Dubois and Philip of Orleans died. At Dubois' death the Comte de Nocé, England's enemy, returned. The Duke of Bourbon held the reins of the Foreign Office, and with that violent vacillator Bolingbroke, and he alone among Englishmen, was well acquainted. With the King at Hanover in the autumn of 1723 were Townshend thwarting Bothmar and Carteret thwarting Townshend.[2] The Schulemburg, now Duchess of Kendal, Lady Bolingbroke's personal friend, might well assure her royal puppet that Bolingbroke would prove invaluable, and deprecate Carteret's influence over her rival, the Platen. He was wanted alike to remove the chaos abroad and to organise a resistance at home.

One barrier alone was a real impediment. The detestation of him by Bothmar, which had practically, if secretly, caused his impeachment, might wear off, or be removed through the Schulemburg, and eventually flicker out in a new reign. Walpole's aversion might be similarly overcome through time and interest. The conflicting animosities of partisans would evaporate as soon as the eloquence resounded of one who, under all their political

[1] For the whole subject above summarised *cf.* Bolingbroke's "Answer to the *London Journal* of Dec. 21, 1728." Works, vol. vi. p. 78, and *cf.* Stratford's jeremiad. Stratford Letters, p. 455.

[2] *Cf.* their letters transcribed, Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 266, 269.

transmigrations, had uniformly withstood the "New Whigs." But his ruinous espousal of the Pretender's cause would never be wiped out from ministerial remembrance. Only ignominy enveloped it, for the Pretender had ceased to be a hero and had become a nuisance. The calumnies of the Jacobites, now trebly clamorous against their detector, were no final bar to success, but the handle of Bolingbroke's brief fall could be grasped at will and turned with ease by every differing foe.

Bolingbroke had prevailed on the Regent and on Dubois to exert their combined influence with the King of England, to whom the latter had gratefully owed his Cardinal's hat. Polwarth's offices had already been enlisted. Lady Bolingbroke (for such she must now be called) had already corresponded with the Duchess of Kendal, with whom she already enjoyed some slight acquaintance. Her own affairs and her husband's seem to have brought her on a short visit to London as early as the summer of 1722; for Walpole, writing to Townshend at the beginning of October 1723 respecting the state of affairs caused by the death of Dubois, which he lamented, the machinations of Carteret in Paris, and the continued good intentions of the Regent according to Peterborough's information, mentions "the design of Bolingbroke's wife coming over *last year*" as "a deep plot";[1] and it will be noticed that there is a gap in Bolingbroke's correspondence with his sister during 1722 up to June 24, when he mentions his wife's return;[2] just as in the following year, when we know that both he and she were in London, there is a similar gap between the dates of April 9 and October 13. Moreover, there is collateral likelihood for this visit during the summer of 1722 in a puzzling passage from Atterbury's Letters,[3] which has hitherto escaped attention. Writing to

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 274–279. The whole letter should be consulted as to the springs of the motives for despatching Horace to Paris.

[2] Corr. No, xxxviii.

[3] "Epistolary Correspondence," &c. (1782), vol. i. p. 102. Curll, however, garbled a letter from Pope and Bolingbroke to Swift in the year 1723 by inserting a passage about Dawley, which Pope, writing in 1736, says "must have been" so inserted, "since my lord had not that place at that time." *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 111. Can this letter have undergone some like treatment?

Pope on May 25, 1722, Atterbury says: "Lord Bolingbroke has pressed me terribly to see him at Dawley, and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham."

That Bolingbroke himself should have landed in England before his pardon in the following year is almost impossible. That the date of this letter should be a misprint for 1723 is even more incredible, both from its contents and from the fact that, in May 1723, Atterbury was in the Tower. That Bolingbroke should in 1722 have been sanguine as to his imminent return, and should have entrusted a letter for his wife to bring over (for the post would have been an unsafe bearer to one so suspected as Atterbury), is highly probable. The sentence would then bear a bantering construction. He had old accounts to square with the incensed Atterbury, and Atterbury must look out for squalls. He would soon be near their friend Pope. Dawley, the seat of his acquaintance, the Earl of Tankerville,[1] and within hail of the Uxbridge clique, to which we have referred, is already named, though nearly four years were to elapse before he inhabited it. At any rate, the passage is peculiar, and demands attention. The only other alternative would be that the Bolingbroke missive was a fiction by Atterbury to impress Pope, but this explanation scarcely commends itself.

The Bolingbrokes were now anxious to befriend the luckless *belle Circasienne*,[2] Mademoiselle d'Aisse, who had fallen a victim to her passion for the profligate Chevalier d'Ayidie; and, in pursuance of this design as a by-play, Lady Bolingbroke, in the spring of 1723, again repaired to London, where she had already, probably during the previous visit, entrusted a large sum of money to the keeping of the German and Walpoleite banker, Sir Matthew Decker, whose three prim and pretty children still

[1] He was at this time Lord Ossulston.

[2] For her story, *cf.* Grimoard, i. p. 153, and ii. p. 443. The child was brought up by the Abbess of Sen, and was known as "Miss Black," niece of Lord Bolingbroke.

confront us prosperously amid fruit and flowers in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. There she maintained her relations with the Duchess of Kendal,[1] who was now combating the Platen, at length Countess of Darlington, charming society, and even the Princess of Wales,[2] as well as exerting her utmost influence with both her husband's private friends and political enemies. Walpole, who, as we have seen, had made offers both to Nottingham's and Bolingbroke's coterie, from his desire to quell the dictatorships of Bothmar and of Bernsdorff in 1721, affected some show of civility; Townshend, by July with the King at Gohre, was friendly. Bolingbroke might be useful to them both against Schaub in Paris. The King, who was familiar with the St. John household,[3] had already intimated a desire more than once to shrive the penitent.[4] Harcourt, from his neutral ground of secure affluence and secured pension,[5] was always busy in his old comrade's favour. Polwarth (Marchmont the elder) had passed, as we have seen, through Paris to Cambray in March 1722. He was Carteret's emissary to Bolingbroke, and the record of their conversation remains[6]: "My Lord Bolingbroke having come to see me . . . I took an opportunity and told him what your lordship (Carteret) ordered me. . . . He expressed uneasiness that it had been so very long delayed, and said that some reasons might

[1] Of the bribe to the Duchess, probably already made, Grimoard says: "Elle se vendit cher." Grimoard, i. p. 467.

[2] *Cf.* Grimoard, i. p. 150.

[3] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's "Letters to Shenstone" (Dodsley, 1775), p. 27; where Bolingbroke's sister says that her "mama" used annually to prepare brandied peaches, of which he was fond enough to take two every night for him; but that, in a short fruit year, she was only able to give him half the quantity, on which he taking preferred *two* every other night to *one* every night, as Lady St. John recommended.

[4] As early as December 1718, Bolingbroke had written to Madame de Ferriol: "Il ne m'est pas permis de douter de celle de sa majesté" (Corr. No. xiii.). He had also in 1717 assisted Bolingbroke in the disposition of his *biens mobiliers*. *Cf.* Corr. No. xii., and B.M. Add. MS., 36243, ff. 1, 2.

[5] This is alluded to in the sixth number of the *Craftsman*, where Harcourt is described as a lawyer who had benefited by "Dr. Robert King's Golden Specific." For his attitude to Atterbury, *cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 362; and for his later services to Bolingbroke, *ibid.*, p. 395.

[6] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 185.

always occur for putting it off; *that he had neglected considerable advances* made to him from Spain and others; that he could bring himself . . . even to go and live in the remotest mountain of Switzerland; but that lasting uncertainty was heavy. . . . I am well informed that he has acted a fair part since he came off from the bad party he had taken, *and has refused to hearken to very considerable offers made him since that time.*" In April Bolingbroke was still unaware of any tangible results from these various efforts.[1] In May his pardon was signed, and passed the Great Seal under Parker's[2] Chancellorship, which, he had already predicted, would be more auspicious for him than that of Cowper's.[3]

It was a startling disappointment. It only enabled him to set foot on his native soil, and recourse must yet be had to Parliament for the legal repeal of his attainder. We have perused the document,[4] and some of its traditional verbiage is entertaining: ". . . Know ye therefore that we of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion have pardoned, remitted, and releas'd, and by these presents for us, our heirs, &c., do pardon, remit, &c., the said Henry St. John, or by whatsoever other name or surname, or addition of name, sirname, title or honour he is or hath been known, reputed, called or named, of and from the high treason before mentioned. and of and from all pains, penalties, and forfeitures (*other than and except the forfeiture of the real and personal estate of the said Henry St. John vested in us. . . .*") The pardon is undated, nor is there any indorsed date, but it absolves Bolingbroke from all "treasons" at any time before "the twenty-fifth day of May"; and this must presumably be its day, although Grimoard asserts that it was signed on the seventh and sealed on the same day of the following month.[5] Various biographers assign varying dates in June for Bolingbroke's return.[6] There is, however,

[1] Corr. No. xxxix. [2] He was Chancellor in commission with Jekyl.
[3] *Cf.* Bolingbroke's letter, June 1719. Grimoard, iii. p. 19.
[4] B.M. Add. MS., 36243, f. 103.
[5] Grimoard, i. p. 161.
[6] Cooke says at the end (vol. ii. p. 59); Mr. Churton Collins (p. 144) at the beginning; Grimoard (i. p, 161) the middle.

strong reason for believing that he did not rejoin his wife in England until July.[1] The stale anecdote of his encounter with Atterbury at Calais, and the bishop's irony of, "I perceive, my lord, we are exchanged," becomes therefore an exploded coincidence. As will be seen from our note, Bolingbroke was certainly in France at the close of June. Atterbury, whom his worshipper the Duchess of Buckingham had presented with suits of purple velvet and purses of gold,[2] did not sail until the 18th of that month; while the warrants for his deportation specify Ostend as the route which he was to take for Brussels.[3] Soon after Bolingbroke's pardon was signed, and directly he arrived in Paris, Voltaire came to bid him farewell. "J'aurai," he writes, "la douleur de lui dire adieu peut-être pour toujours."[4] Voltaire had not yet studied our constitution. It took two years before Parliament enabled Bolingbroke to return in plenty as well as in peace; and Voltaire himself was only one year later to quit the land which had given Bolingbroke asylum for the land which returned the compliment, and once more brought him into converse with the proprietor of Dawley. As Bolingbroke came home, a truculent and ambitious young man was being ordained deacon. Warburton, his future rival in the partition of Pope, could scarcely have dreamed that the illustrious exile would prove the chief butt of his controversial mania any more than that he was one day to compose the preface to "Clarissa."[5]

Lady Bolingbroke had already, as we have seen, essayed

[1] *Cf.* Bolingbroke's letter to Townshend (then at Pyrmont), June 28, 1723. Corr. No. xliii. That this must have been written from France is proved by the expression: "On this side of the water" (always used by him in this sense); while his letter to Alari of June 25 (Corr. No. xli.), correcting the Jacobite calumnies in France, is therein referred to, and thus corroborates our inference. The *True Briton* of *August* 19 (O.S.) [vol. i. pp. 199] says: "The Pretender's late secretary is just arrived in England." This should be coupled with Walpole's letter to Townshend of July 23 (O.S.), and of Townshend to Bolingbroke, July 9–20, Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 264 and 311, and see *post*, p. 195.

[2] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 362.

[3] Atterbury's Letters, vol. iv. p. 40.

[4] *Cf.* the letter quoted by Jesse, vol. viii., part ii. p. 322.

[5] Clayden's "The Early Life of Samuel Rogers" (Common-Place Book), p. 307.

a gratuity of as much as some eleven thousand pounds to the Duchess of Kendal, at the same time as Townshend found it convenient to lavish largesse out of the public revenue on the ladies at Herrenhausen to counteract the game of Carteret. The King burned to make war on Russia, on the verge of invading Sweden; Walpole was reluctant to furnish funds, and the King equally reluctant to sink his jealousies and make friends with Prussia—a policy desired by Townshend and frequently afterwards advocated by Bolingbroke. Carteret was racing Townshend in his bids for the King's confidence at Hanover. Alberoni was scheming to return to Spain, and Nocé—Dubois' enemy—to France. It was a time of universal unrest and cabal. Bolingbroke consulted with Lansdowne, Gower, and Bathurst. It seemed a moment when Walpole might be induced to try some measures with a Tory coalition, if Carteret, with whom they had been seeking conclusions during the previous year, could be overthrown. Only two years before, Walpole had himself made overtures for such a coalition, but his position had then not been so assured. He was now bent on establishing his brother as watch-dog in Paris. With a keen eye for these shifting combinations, and buoyed by renewed hope and vigour, Bolingbroke turned his eyes from the game in England to the game in France.

The struggle between the Schulemburg, Duchess of Kendal, and the Platen, Countess of Darlington, between Walpole's Anglo-French and Carteret's Anglo-Hanoverian policies, now centred on an intrigue, perhaps the most laughable of any which have served as a stalking-horse for contending pretensions. The whole strength of a divided Ministry was to be directed to making or marring a paltry match. Carteret, having deserted his old friend the Duchess of Kendal, who he thought had betrayed him, was now eager to please her rival, who meditated a brilliant French alliance for her daughter.[1] The Marquis de la Vrillière had

[1] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 41. Lord Chesterfield's communication in 1744.

been docked of his Secretaryship of State in the February of this year. The older *noblesse* regarded him with contempt, and his mortification had been heightened by the promotion of his son—Henri Philippeaux, Comte de St. Florentin, then a youth of eighteen, and a cipher. It was now proposed, for the furtherance of Carteret's plans, to unite him in marriage to a daughter of the Platen, and at the same time to confer a dukedom on his offended father, a mean specimen of metamorphosis even in the *menagerai* of the Duke of Bourbon and of his Circe, Madame de Prie. Sir Luke Schaub—"a low, whiffling fellow," Bolingbroke calls him[1] —the Swiss representative of Britain at the Court of Versailles, affected to be considered a lover of the young Count's mother, and schemed for her husband's conciliation. He was flattered by Carteret, and engaged as his tool in this mighty project, which came to a head after Dubois' death in the autumn, when the Duchess of Kendal had wormed the secret out from its volatile promoter. Philip of Orleans —now at the fag end of his laborious licence—might at any moment expire, and be replaced in foreign affairs by the Duc de Bourbon, whose mistress, the mercenary De Prie, was an accomplice. Philip was admitted into the plan. The marriage was a bagatelle, but the dukedom was preposterous. He could scarcely believe George in earnest. He laughingly despatched Count Broglio to St. James's. Pestered by Schaub on the one hand and by Horace Walpole on the other, he regarded this farce as "the women's" diversion. George wrote him a letter which added to his mystification. He bade Nocé bring Walpole to a secret chamber at Versailles, where he told him he would do nothing without more definite information. He shrugged his shoulders, and offered anything to please the ladies.[2] Dubois, however, recognised in the scheme an endeavour to disturb Anglo-French relations, and set himself seriously against it. The Comte de St. Florentin, in the immediate

[1] He also terms him "a coxcomb : dangerous." Corr. No. xlviii.

[2] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 6 ; and Bolingbroke's communication on Crawfurd's information.

sequel, wedded the lady whom he had never seen, but did not secure the precious dukedom until fifty-seven years afterwards. We shall mark the progress of the plot, as it thickens, a few months later.

Meanwhile, Bolingbroke's return was once more on the carpet. At the very beginning of June it was reported in London that his pardon would bring him back, and that his complete restoration would follow.[1] Walpole's interest at Court jumped with it, however distasteful to Walpole. Townshend wrote from Hanover in answer to Bolingbroke's application that both the King and the Duchess were most favourably inclined, although it might be inadvisable to displease the French Court.[2] Bolingbroke answered with gratitude for "obligations" laid on him "in the handsomest and most generous manner," and an assurance that he "would do" his "best on this side of the water to lessen the force of any objections against what the King has done or intends to do. . . ."; and, for this purpose, he addressed a remarkable "Apologia" to Alari, which challenges his accusers to produce one particle of real proof. He inclosed missives for the King and the Duchess, while he already refers to Horace Walpole, who appears even thus early to have been passing through Paris under the pretext of taking it *en route* for Herrenhausen. In the month following the King had quitted Hanover to drink the waters at Pyrmont, and Townshend, who accompanied him, was again addressed by Bolingbroke. Townshend's Pyrmont answer echoed his Hanover communication, but (there was always a "but") hinted this time that great parliamentary caution would be requisite.[3] At the close of July, Bolingbroke was in London, possibly making Dawley, the seat of his friend, his headquarters. Walpole had returned

[1] Stratford Papers, p. 361.

[2] That this was its purport appears from a comparison of Bolingbroke's letters to Alari and Townshend of June 25 and June 28 respectively. *Cf.* Corr. Nos. xli., xliii.

[3] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 311. Walpole's letter is dated "July 23–August 3, 1723," and it mentions the interview as in "last week." Bolingbroke must have therefore hastened to see Walpole on his return to England.

from Houghton shortly before, to superintend, in the dull season, the very critical state of the Hanoverian cabals. Bolingbroke now determined on a rash step. Courtesy demanded a formal acknowledgment of the favour received. Bolingbroke's grand politeness prompted a personal call, but this need not have been more than one of ceremony. He resolved to confer with Walpole, in obedience probably to the counsels of his friends. It was his misfortune, both by circumstance and by temperament, to be constantly in positions where lost opportunities had to be regained in a single bound, and where precipitation involved the giving away of himself and the showing of his hand. In great matters, with sole direction and ample scope, his judgment was as unclouded as his penetration was quick; but his coolness evaporated in junctures delayed by suspense, complicated by delay, and liable to personal friction. Walpole was unaware that the Tories had treated with Carteret during the preceding year under Bolingbroke's sanction. Bolingbroke, on the other hand, was well aware that in 1721 Walpole had been ready to coalesce with the very group who preferred Carteret's influence over the King.

Under these circumstances his wiser course was plain. He should have told Walpole nothing, while he was himself endeavouring to sound him. He should have awaited Walpole's pledges before he disclosed Carteret's perfidy. The reverse occurred.

The meeting was a dramatic moment. We can imagine the graceful and scornful presence waiting on the threshold of Arlington Street, remembering his seven years of proscription, and ushered by some Norfolk Diggory into the sanctum of the man who had thirsted for his blood, and who could never forget his own past durance in the Tower. The two were born contrasts. Walpole, with his ill-shaven, bull-dog face, his tough, phlegmatic exterior, his inscrutable smile, his coarse directness, his blunt selfishness, and his good-humoured hatred. Bolingbroke, all nerves and mettle, with music in his voice, calm in his attitude, but

tremor in his soul. Frank and impetuous, he betrayed himself at the outset. He showed Walpole the letters received both from Townshend and Carteret. The latter were by no means encouraging. They gave him a "bare, dry compliment." In a word, the scolding and hard-favoured Duchess was triumphing over the stupid but sentimental Countess, and was protecting both Walpole and Bolingbroke in forced association. Walpole, for his part, politely declined to undertake that Parliament would complete Bolingbroke's restoration. Bolingbroke then exposed Carteret's plottings, not only with Windham, Gower, and Bathurst, but also with Lord Anglesea. The price of the coalition had been fixed as the concerted overthrow of Walpole. Not a muscle, we may be sure, of Walpole's countenance relaxed, even when Bolingbroke added that in the preceding year the King's support had been promised. His Tory friends, he continued, had been duped by Carteret, "and were anxious to rid themselves of the disagreeable situation they were in. . . ." Under these circumstances they were prepared to "enter into measures" with Walpole and Townshend. Walpole had now discovered more than he suspected. Impassive, but unrelenting, he assumed the "heavy father"; lectured Bolingbroke—who must have bitten his lips—on his imprudence in "expecting his salvation from a Whig Parliament," reported him "satisfied," as the Walpoles generally did when they had wounded him, and sat down complacently to write a full account to his brother-in-law, who might now feel confident of both Carteret's and Bolingbroke's discomfiture.[1] It is amusing to find the Jacobites treating Walpole as, after this, entirely in Bolingbroke's interest, and assailing them conjointly.[2]

[1] *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole" (August 3), p. 264.

[2] *Cf.* The *True Briton*, vol. i. p. 199, No. 23, Aug. 19, 1723. ". . . And if, in such a case, he [Bolingbroke] should be allowed a small pension for the encouragement of integrity, what true Briton would think much of the expense? Or suppose his falseness should entitle him to a reward, &c. . . . That gentleman has nothing but an attainder by Parliament to get off, in order to be in *statu quo; and I suppose there is one who can prove it to be the blackest of crimes for any gentleman to vote against it.*" So, too, the adherents of Oxford (Sept. 14). *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 365.

Bolingbroke was not disheartened, though he must have bowed himself out bitterly. Under all Walpole's curt civilities he realised his resolution of never conciliating the Tories, and of awaiting imminent chances and the King's successor. After the wearing excitements of the past few months, he and his wife departed for Aix-la-Chapelle, where we find them in September. Bolingbroke was still in constant communication with Harcourt. His blunderbuss brother, "Jack," was going to Hanover, and he entrusted him with letters for Townshend and the Duchess, whose bribe was beginning to work. In one of September 17,[1] he speaks of Harcourt as "in concert with your lordship and Mr. Walpole," while as regards the management of his adversaries in Parliament, he suggests that precautions may soften their wrath. He had evidently got wind of Carteret's fresh counter-manœuvre to protract the King's stay at Hanover, for he deprecates it as delaying a session so critical for his interests. By October he was at Spa;[2] by November he took up his post in Paris to profit by the La Vrillière incident as an opportunity for serving the King and ending his suspense.

On December 2, 1723, Philip of Orleans died as he had lived. A fatiguing day, a crowded audience, a voluptuous evening, a sudden change. The Duchess of Phalaris returned to find the Duke "extended on the floor, his head resting on the corner of the chair" in the Duchess of Rohan's apartments.[3] So ended fifty years of candles burned at both ends.

His death transformed the surface of affairs. The Duke of Bourbon became nominal Minister, but Fleury of Fréjus directed the young King—Fleury, the Walpole of France, who opened a great career at the age of seventy and closed it at that of ninety. Bolingbroke knew the Duke of Bourbon well. The fresh Foreign Minister feared the dead Duke's son, who was nearer in blood to the crown. The Duke of Maine was his close ally; and the Duke of Maine, whose nephew

[1] Corr. No. xliv. [2] *Ibid.*, No. xlv.
[3] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," i. p. 79, from various MS.

was the young Duke of Orleans, sought the restoration of Philip of Anjou. There was a Spanish faction in the Cabinet. If England wished to maintain her relations with France it must be thwarted. Fleury himself at this time belonged to it, and, as a bigoted Jesuit, even favoured the Pretender in Rome. Delay and delicacy were requisite, and Bolingbroke pressed these views on the Ministry.[1] The situation differed from its appearance, and his authority was undoubted. He begged the Ministers to act on his advice, and to take his measures "for promoting harmony between France and England." He was ready himself to cement "a close correspondence between the two Courts," but indicated with his "usual frankness" the necessity, if he "was to render general service," of applying it to "particular instances," and "the impossibility of applying it while he remained in his present uncertainty."[2]

His "usual frankness" had already served him ill in the "particular instance" of the La Vrillière concatenation. Horace Walpole had conferred with Bolingbroke several times since Orleans' death, had been (we quote his own words[3]) very open and friendly with him, had received "several lights" from him, but had, he admits, never heard him offer to take a part in the transaction through which Horace hoped to advance the firm of Walpole Brothers, and to oust the accredited British representative. He resolved to pick Bolingbroke's brains and retain the credit. For this purpose he arranged a meeting during the second week of December in the presence of their mutual friend Crawfurd, Secretary of the Embassy. He had sent a messenger to his brother at the same time as Bolingbroke had despatched Brinsden to Harcourt. Robert gave Horace the advice to squeeze and drop Bolingbroke. Harcourt encouraged Bolingbroke to serve the Ministry with the Duke of Bourbon. As luck would have it, the two answers arrived at the same time, and Bolingbroke entered the room together with the bearer of the missive to Horace. The cunning Horace

[1] Corr. Nos. xlvi., xlviii. [2] *Ibid.*, No. xlvi.
[3] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," i. p. 109.

divined that Bolingbroke would guess its meaning to coincide with Harcourt's, and he therefore lied to him in that sense directly he came in. Bolingbroke openly read Harcourt's letter to himself, offered to be useful, but professed indifference, "as if this had been an application to him." The next evening they dined together, when the matter was again discussed. Bolingbroke had smoothed the way with the Duke. The Duke, like his predecessor, had professed himself puzzled and worried, but would waive much to oblige the King. Bolingbroke added that "he had made this step at the desire of our friends in England," but that, in his present situation, he considered it "improper to engage himself too far"; and further, that his present uneasiness and unsettlement prejudiced both his endeavours and his energies. Horace here played the shabbiest part. He assured Bolingbroke that he agreed with him, and that ". . . it would be unreasonable to expect that he should exert himself here for the service of England without knowing what he might depend upon from thence." Both his co-operation and that of Law, who in this affair played a considerable part behind the scenes, were indispensable; as Bolingbroke himself wrote, he had no enemies in France since he had been occupied mainly with his studies and his garden. But Horace, without a qualm, would suck his oranges and then cast them away.

The result of this discourse was a fresh interview with the Duke of Bourbon, whose mind was ascertainable by Bolingbroke alone, and access to whom by an unaccredited agent like Horace, only feeling his way, would at this juncture have been almost impossible. Bolingbroke therefore sounded the Duke, who "confessed himself under the greatest difficulty imaginable," the young King "being violently set against the thing, and the nobility clamorous."[1] He absolutely refused to confer with Horace, lest a new letter from George should involve him in promises before he had the power to execute them, but he allowed

[1] Corr. No. xlviii. (3).

Bolingbroke to be intermediary and to report Horace's answer, if it could be shown that Schaub and Carteret had grossly imposed upon him. With some elation Bolingbroke returned to Horace and delivered his message. Bolingbroke pointed out what a golden opportunity offered. "Had," in his own words, "Mr. Walpole took the negotiation from Schaub he would have undeceived the King, by showing that this business, which had been represented to him as easy, was of the utmost difficulty. If at last the King insisted upon it and it succeeded, Mr. Walpole would have had the merit. If it spun into length and failed with the King's consent, Mr. Walpole laid the Duke of Bourbon under the utmost obligation. In no case did he run any risk."[1]

But the suspicious jealousy of the Walpoles was counter to yielding even an inch of control to the man they secretly dreaded and overtly encouraged. Horace, with many civil protestations, hypocritically pretended to Bolingbroke that the opportunity was too "nice." He was not fully convinced that Schaub had deceived George. The Duke, he conjectured, might still favour the scheme which his mistress had fostered before the Duke of Orleans' death, and which he might yet have renewed. He must, under these circumstances, leave the matter to Bolingbroke's "management," which had been so adroitly applied in the preceding months. He therefore declined to avail himself of this channel of communication. True to his engagements, Bolingbroke "represented it so to the Duke of Bourbon as not to let him perceive that Mr. Walpole did decline helping him on this occasion."[2] But, directly Bolingbroke's back was turned, Horace himself obtained through a Court official "a private and secret audience of M. le Duc," using Bolingbroke's mediation as the means, and holding out his empowerment to give "a true state of his Majesty's part and concern" as a bait. He assured the Duke "that this affair did not arise originally from his Majesty's application and request," and while he admitted

[1] Corr. No. xlviii. (3). [2] *Ibid.*

that he was exceeding his orders as a private emissary, completely stultified Bolingbroke's tentatives. When the Duke inquired whether "somebody else" had not given him the ply, Horace smugly confessed the interview with Bolingbroke, for whom he had the effrontery to declare he and all his family had "a personal regard and esteem," while he extracted a promise both from the Duke and Mr. Crawfurd never to divulge the conference to Bolingbroke. That this promise was kept is proved by Bolingbroke's letters, which show him wholly in the dark as to this trick of the man whose amiable motive is betrayed by the sentence in the letter which the chuckling Horace immediately penned to his brother Robin that " . . . His lordship has so familiar an acquaintance with the companions of M. le Duc, and is so personally esteemed by his Highness, that he may be able to come to the knowledge of things of great moment."[1]

All this took place at the end of December 1723. Horace, despite his snatched advantage, found himself still so uncomfortable that more than once he was desirous of returning with "bag and baggage."[2] The Marquis married the Platen's daughter. Horace's ungainly management effected little except to oust Bolingbroke and prejudice his claims, while it was not until October that Horace ejected Schaub and became envoy first and ambassador afterwards. The year 1724 saw the insulting repudiation of the affianced Infanta—expected by all informed onlookers, except, perhaps, the Walpoles — the creeping ascendency of Fleury, the Spanish King's abdication in favour of the sickly son, whose death compelled him to resume his reign, the wedding of the young Louis with the daughter of the Polish King, and the temporary rupture of friendly relations between the Courts of France and of Spain. The affair of the Dukedom relapsed into its native insignificance under the pressure of weightier affairs.

[1] The foregoing account is derived from Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. pp. 106, 125, and from many passages in our "Correspondence."

[2] Stratford Letters, p. 413.

We have pursued this negotiation at some length, because it characterises both Bolingbroke and the Walpoles, while it explains Bolingbroke's subsequent attitude towards that exemplary brotherhood. As late as 1744 he thus delivered himself to Lord Hardwicke, for whose perusal he had sent some original documents bearing on his restoration: ". . . What I pressed for then, and do not even desire now, your lordship may think perhaps not ill supported. At least you will see how mean and treacherous a part the Minister in power acted under the mask of good will."[1] Even assuming (which we do not) that it was a game of bluff, the prying Horace, prompted by his cleverer brother, had chicaned if he had not cheated, and had overreached by being underhanded. But Bolingbroke in this affair had been open as the day, and trustful beyond his wisdom. Had he fought shy of the ferreting Walpoles and used his French influence with the Duke as a lever, the Walpoles would have been forced to apply to him in the long run. That Robert Walpole's mastery over Parliament, a requisite for his just restoration to property and honour, precipitated him once more into a confidence which this precious pair utilised and abused, was his misfortune. His permanent desire was to continue a good understanding between England and France, which the bungling management of Horace soon gravely imperilled. His acquaintance with the Duke, with Fleury, and with Torcy, who for a brief space had recurred to influence, his complete knowledge of the situation and of the characters, gave him a lead invaluable, if envy, hatred, malice, and fear had not robbed him of it. Even now, under the alias of "Stiff Dick," he resumed his diplomatic correspondence with Harcourt.[2] He had been emboldened by offers both from Hanover and from London—assurances which, as far as concerned the former, must assuredly have borne fruit. He had a perfect right to work for his legal restitution. The King had favoured and even addressed him as early as 1716.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 35857, f. 318.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 321 (January 12, 1724).

"Since," he wrote to his sister on 23rd December,[1] "they have opened the door, even before I knocked at it, I shall continue my efforts, and shall act so that failure cannot be disgraceful." For a short span he had again tasted the excitements of public affairs; and he now relapsed into dejection and illness. He retired for some weeks to Ablon,[2] Madame de Ferriol's "guinguette" near Paris, where his wife rejoined him. He flitted back to Paris for the wedding of his stepdaughter, under the Duke's auspices, to M. de Volar, and by the spring once more to La Source.[3] He was—unwell and again convalescent—still uncertain where or how the remainder of the scenes, which he sometimes fancied were closing, should be passed. "It was ridiculous," he wrote, "to pass them in a state of fruitless expectation. In short, neither my mind nor my purse can bear to remain any longer in this condition." He could not bear to go on dwelling as it were "in an inn."[4] "Let me," he entreated, "be either restored, or told that it cannot be attempted, in which case I doubt not but you will find the facility of doing what is necessary to secure the estate I have, and that which would belong to me if my father should drop. . . ."[5] It was high time that suspense should end one way or the other.[6] He left no stone unturned. So far "autumnal promises had ended in vernal excuses."[7] He besought Horace Walpole to exert his interest. He suggested again that a Tory engraftment should be made on a Whig stock. He pressed for the reversal of his attainder. Horace responded with cold-blooded caution. Everything depended on Parliament. He and his brother had never deceived Bolingbroke. His brother had "a regard" for him, and would do anything to oblige Harcourt. Undaunted, but disillusioned, Bolingbroke sank his demands. Half a loaf was better than no bread. If Walpole would

[1] Corr. No. xlvii.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. xlix.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. l.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*, No. xlviii.
[6] *Ibid.*, No. xlix.
[7] This phrase—as so many others repeated by him—he again employs to Swift from "London, July 24, 1725." Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 21.

secure him his property he would be satisfied, though he could not rest contented.[1]

The Duchess of Kendal, however, still remained his friend, and in the May of 1724 Lady Bolingbroke for the third time visited England. Her immediate object was to recover the large amount of her money which John Drummond had confided to Decker's keeping, and which Decker had detained on the plea of the Marquise's coverture, and the consequent necessity for the reversal of her husband's attainder to make his receipt valid.[2] But she was also fraught with letters to the Ministers, recommendations from the Duke of Bourbon and Comte de Morville, and renewed applications to the Duchess of Kendal for the main issue at stake. Bolingbroke addressed Windham in an affectionate letter,[3] and entreated his good offices for the Marquise. As the "Marquise" she must go if her money was to be paid.

With the Battersea household she was popular and intimate. Bolingbroke's stepmother was an invalid like herself. His impulsive, impressionable, and sensitive half-sister was aglow with admiration for Harry, and of sympathy with his wife. Her intimacy with Lady Bolingbroke was to endure in constant social and literary association.[4] Her old governess, Mlle. Haillé, whom Bolingbroke describes as ". . . the best creature in the world, full of mildness, modesty, and good sense," and as having "honour enough to make a very valuable man," had also crossed the water. "The Marquise," writes Bolingbroke in June to Henrietta, "is charmed with you

[1] See the letters of 1724 from the Orford and Walpole Papers, excerpted in Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. pp. 357, 358.

[2] Drummond had placed her £50,000 in long 4 per cent. annuities. Decker gave a note to Drummond with orders to pay on demand; £1000 on her draft and interest on the whole had been paid until Christmas 1723. *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 359.

[3] Corr. No. l. ". . . She is Madame de Villette, and has nothing to do with my affairs, but comes about her own, for surely any dissimulation is allowable to get out of the hands of robbers and assassins."

[4] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone (Dodsley, 1775), p. 23. In 1746, Henrietta, then Mrs. Knight, became Lady Luxborough.

all, and has taken such a liking to England that I begin to doubt whether she will come back to us or no."[1] Her visit was a grand success. Bathurst warmly seconded her efforts.[2] The Court and the Government interested themselves on her behalf. Townshend and Newcastle were alike favourable.[3] But she was not quite so popular at the rival Court of the Prince of Wales as on the first occasion.[4] By November, however, the money was released. "The Marquise writes me word," says Bolingbroke, now in Paris, to his sister on the 22nd of that month, "that she is very well, and the conclusion of all her disputes with that scoundrel Decker will contribute to her health by setting her mind at ease. You are very good, my dear girl, in helping her to order her house, and a little *commode*, according to the account you give." Some Spanish grandee—probably Monteléon—was smitten with his wife. "All my comfort is," he observes gaily, "that the declared lovers are seldom the dangerous persons, and, besides, the Spanish ceremonial proceeds by slow degrees . . ."[5] But her health began once more to suffer, and by the end of the year she was again at Marcilly, whither Mademoiselle Haillé also returned.

Meanwhile Bolingbroke was himself suffering from one of those nervous fevers which tormented him and his sister[6] alike throughout their lives. The doctors had prescribed a relaxation of routine, and in November he had taken a short turn to Paris. ". . . When the Court comes back from Fontainebleau," he told his sister in the letter last quoted, "which will be in about ten days, the town will fill, diversions will increase, and scandal will be stirring. . . . I was the other day at the opera, where I had not been for some years. I received as many compliments as if I had arrived from a voyage to the East Indies." His philo-

[1] Corr. No. li.

[2] *Cf.* Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Papers), p. 392.

[3] Corr. No. lii., and *cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," pp. 328, 329. Townshend approves and recommends the innocent fraud suggested by Bolingbroke to Windham.

[4] Grimoard, i. p. 158.

[5] Corr. No. liii.

[6] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, *passim*.

sophical excesses had tried his health as severely as his dissipations in the heyday of his fame. "If mankind divert me," he writes at this time to Swift[1] "(and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen), it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough-bass benumbs my faculties," he continues, quoting, although not naming, one of the *Tatlers* of some fifteen years before, "I seek the fiddle or the flute." But the cure did not succeed. Anxiety oppressed him, and anxiety for his wife as well as for himself. She had temporarily lost the senses of smell and taste.[2] They retired to Marcilly once more in order to avoid long journeys, and afford Bolingbroke the opportunity of hunting. He was awaiting the English horses he had commissioned. His disorder had "worn" him down, and exhausted all his "spirits."[3] His English friends were alarmed. He was fretting himself over the still doubtful fulfilment of his hopes. "I wish, with all my heart," he sighs to Windham,[4] "that the Act which is to pass in my favour may be soon brought on, and I suppose that it will be so, but I know too well the necessity of timing things in Parliament, to be surpris'd or concern'd at some delay." Windham had reported the utterly disorganised condition of his associates, who required a brain like Bolingbroke's to general their ranks. ". . . The state you describe," he proceeds, "of people who expect they know not what, who are ready to be angry they know not why, and eager to act, though they have neither plan nor concert, is a state which I have been several times a witness of. In a Government like ours, not only the stronger passions, but every little humour has force enough to ruffle the face of publick affairs. All which an honest and sensible man can do is to steer on with calmness, and to guide himself with the reason of things, whilst the herd of mankind are deliver'd over to their passions." He seems to have been cheered by a

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 475.
[2] Corr. No. liv.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. lv. (2).
[4] *Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1725.

visit from Henrietta, but it had been of brief duration.[1] His wife's daughter-in-law, Madame de Mursay, had also been to stay with him. He needed distraction, for the news of Harcourt's illness must have added to his despondency.[2] In April he was among the highlands at the little village of La Feste[3] for the sport and air. But he longed to be hunting at Marcilly or Fontainebleau. His "project" was "to spend five or six weeks there this autumn with my hounds."[4] But fate was marching less tardily than he feared. By that autumn he was to be installed at Dawley. Even the prospect of property without dignity half dismayed him. He was, he says shortly after his return, "like a sailor in the tropics made to change his route by contrary winds."[5]

Only a fortnight[6] after this letter his friend Lord Finch[7] presented his petition for a "Bill to restore him to his family inheritance" in the House of Commons. Walpole seconded the motion.

It was with no goodwill that he did so. In 1723 he had openly exclaimed in Parliament, "May his attainder never be reversed, and may his crimes never be forgotten."[8] But Walpole depended upon the Duchess of Kendal for royal support, and the Schulemburg was bent on securing for Bolingbroke the property which might

[1] *Cf.* the implication from Corr. No. lvi.

[2] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 395.

[3] April 6, 1725. In this letter he deplores the death of Lord Carleton, who had been President of the Council in 1719, and was one of the Uxbridge set. He says "he was a very valuable man, and I had a particular regard for him."

[4] Corr. No. lvii.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] Coxe, following Chandler's debates and the Journals, gives April 20 as the date ("R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 360); Grimoard gives May 12 (vol. i. p. 154), but he is inaccurate in the numbers of the division, and confuses the petition with the Bill.

[7] Son of our old acquaintance "Dismal," Earl of Nottingham, who was now out of favour. His sister, Lady Charlotte, had been doomed, two years earlier, to become the second wife of the proud Duke of Somerset, who, it will be remembered, rebuked her when she tapped him on the shoulder by reminding her that his first Duchess, though a Percy, would never have ventured on such a liberty.

[8] Jesse, vol. viii. pt. ii. p. 323.

still yield her gratuities. Walpole was threatened with dismission if he refused consent,[1] and could only further his stubborn purpose to exclude a dangerous competitor from the chances of power by limiting the Bill to the mere restoration of Bolingbroke's fortune. We can adduce documentary evidence tending to show that immediately after the Bill was passed Walpole persuaded Bolingbroke to abandon the further efforts that his Court influence empowered. Sir Philip Yorke (afterwards Lord Hardwicke) was, as we shall note, his zealous advocate and life-long friend. Writing to him privately on June 4, 1725, Walpole says: "By *my Lord Bolingbroke's consent*, I desire you will proceed no further in the matter you mentioned to me."[2] Coupling this with Bolingbroke's repeated acknowledgments to Hardwicke for the friendly part he played during this year, and the chain of circumstances which we have already detailed, we must apply this expression to Bolingbroke's unabandoned efforts for complete restitution. The malicious and hypocritical part played by Walpole in the whole transaction justly provoked Bolingbroke's inextinguishable resentment. It was personal dread and aversion alone that under the "mask of good nature" precluded Bolingbroke's "bad leaven from souring that sweet, untainted mass"[3] which Walpole found so hard and expensive to manipulate. He admitted, in his speech, that the King's clemency had been marked and his wish for amnesty unlimited, but he insisted that nothing could be done constitutionally without an Act of Parliament. Bolingbroke, he assured the House, had sufficiently atoned for his past, and merited the "enjoyment of his family inheritance."[4] Methuen, always violent, exceeded himself in this debate, and inveighed against a character which he painted

[1] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 125, where he corrects his former assertions in his "R. Walpole," ch. xxv., in Walpole's favour by "authentic documents."

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 35585, under date named.

[3] To Swift, London, July 24, 1725. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 21.

[4] Grimoard, i. p. 154; Coxe's "R. Walpole," i. p. 361.

in colours as black as Lord Coningsby,[1] his fellow in politics and temperament, had done in 1715. But Coningsby himself had five years previously tasted the seclusion of the Tower, and Methuen was by no means eager to offend the King. He took care to speak only of "the national favour." Serjeant Miller followed and advertised himself as an exaggeration of the Golden Rule. He loved his King better than himself, and his country as himself, and therefore he would do unto Bolingbroke as he wished they wished to do unto their adversaries. This motion was won by a majority of 118,[2] and the Bill, pregnant with obloquy, was ordered to be brought in.

On the second reading Lord William Paulet, Bolingbroke's kinsman, moved for the addition of a clause enabling him to sit in Parliament and hold office. It was warmly seconded by Bolingbroke's group, but vehemently withstood by Walpole, and it was negatived by a majority of seventy. One remarkable voice, however, was raised in its favour. Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, secured Bolingbroke's undying gratitude by his advocacy on this occasion.[3] In the House of Lords, the Bill as presented actually passed without a division; but Lechmere, Onslow, Coventry, Bristol, and Clinton, as might have been expected, signed a protest. Early in May, and almost

[1] Lord Coningsby not three years earlier had been doing penance as the elderly suitor for the hand of the widowed Duchess of Marlborough. The Duke of Somerset was his colleague, and both were rejected.

[2] "230–113," Grimoard says.

[3] *Cf.* B.M. MS., 35585, f. 173, and 35587, f. 74. "These passages and this fact are here recorded for the first time. The first is a congratulatory letter to him on his elevation to the Chief-Justiceship in 1733. "In the midst of that retreat and quiet, to which you have it more than any one in your power to send me and which have been long the innocent and sole objects of my ambition, &c. . . . I do it with all the gratitude of a client and with all the affection, if you permit me to use the terms, of a friend." He had advocated B. in his property-suit.

The second is addressed to Hardwicke from Argeville on October 30, 1742: ". . . You shewed me goodwill and friendship though I was a stranger to whom you owed nothing personally, whilst many who owed me much affected to shew me their ill-will and their enmity because there was a mean merit acquired by doing so; and even as far back as when the favour of the late King could not protect me against the malice of his Minister, nor secure me the full effect of his promises. These are obligations, my lord, and such as I shall remember always."

immediately after the affair had been settled, Bolingbroke, accompanied by his wife and by Pierre Alari, arrived in London. Almost his first step on arrival was to re-address the King and to urge him with all respect to complete his promises—often renewed—of protection.[1]

The English sojourn of Alari is interesting, and we could wish that some competent French author would compose a sufficient account, not only of this episode, but of his long and active career. He was here some four months.[2] He repaired to Cambridge and made the acquaintance of Newton, now in his eighty-second year. The dinner he thought bad, and Sir Isaac, stingy. The great mathematician, whose statue in his youthful grace adorns the chapel of Trinity, took him on his return to the Royal Society. Alari notes that during the discourses Newton slumbered. Alari was a purring, peering Abbé. He seems to have been officiously prone to regulate Bolingbroke's life. He regarded him as his pupil and had been spoiled by his familiar deference. He went a round of political banquets. Horace Walpole he had met in Paris, while Fleury was his friend. He was therefore acceptable to the Walpoleites, whose hearts he professed to soften. Bolingbroke's coterie was of course hospitable to him. He dined with the Whigs, and he supped with the Tories. He was a prodigy of wit, of learning, and of information. If he had imparted erudition to Bolingbroke, he had caught from him something of his ease,

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 317. "There is likewise a draught of that which I writ to the late King soon after he had brought me into this country. What I pressed for then and do not even desire now, your lordship may think perhaps not ill supported." This letter from Bolingbroke to the King, of 1725, is mentioned by us also for the first time. As will have been gathered, the King had promised and bestowed protection to Bolingbroke on at least four occasions (besides other assurances of his favour) *i.e.* in 1716, in 1717, in 1723, in 1725.

[2] Grimoard (vol. i. p. 156) says "two." But he also says (p. 157) that Lady Bolingbroke returned with Alari to France to settle affairs before she rejoined her husband, which we know was in October from Bolingbroke's letter to his half-sister of October 2 (Corr. lviii.). As she must have remained for as short a season as possible in Paris, we conjecture that she left England with Alari at the end of August, for, as will be evident from Corr. No. lvii., he wrote to Alari during that month.

and from his wife something of her tact. The last, however, he did not exhibit to Bolingbroke. After infinite effort and with only partial achievement Bolingbroke was now, as he told Swift, "like Sir Walter Raleigh, two-thirds restored."[1] Though, as Arbuthnot found him, immensely "improved," though resolved to depend less and less on the world, and to pursue his course of self-discipline and self-culture, he had assumed no vows of cloistral seclusion. The Abbé desired him to remain a listener to his lectures. He exacted from him some pledge of obedience. But Bolingbroke laughingly told him that he could not wholly withdraw from affairs. It was no siren voice of pleasure that allured him. Windham and Bathurst called him, and public duty sounded its note. The rust of retirement seemed contemptible when the national remonstrance was soon to be voiced by the poems of Thomson, and even the verses of Akenside. A debt was due even to Harcourt who had worked for him. Private irritation also drew him to the fray. The Walpoles, who had baffled him in his full reinstatement, must be dethroned. Alari could, from the first, have lain under no misconception, for he had laboured throughout at regaining his seat as a peer of the realm. Alari grew annoyed, and Bolingbroke estranged. The elderly Ulysses had lost his boyish Telemachus. "Adieu, donc, monsieur," the Abbé is reported to have exclaimed as they parted, "car vous pouvez vous perdre."[2] Nevertheless, immediately after his departure he wrote to him inquiring for books.[3] As late as May 1726, Bolingbroke was in correspondence with his mentor.[4] But henceforward no trace of their friendship remains. Possibly some may yet be discovered.

Bolingbroke now fixed on Dawley, a big estate owned by Tankerville but partly rented by Essex,[5] as a habitation,

[1] To Swift, London, July 24, 1725. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 21.

[2] *Cf.* Grimoard, vol. i. pp. 154–156.

[3] Corr. No. lvii.

[4] Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 288.

[5] The Essex Papers have many allusions to Bolingbroke's maintenance of the place. *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 64. Essex, as we mentioned in chapter i., was also the lessee of Bolingbroke's house in Golden Square.

and renounced La Source, which he did not sell till more than a year afterwards.[1] The mansion was large but its surroundings were purely, and even remuneratively, agricultural, as his sister has described them.[2] He hoped to make the same "hermitage" of the Middlesex "farm" as of the Orleanois château. One of his first visitors was Berkeley, then Dean of Derry;[3] Swift was soon to follow; Pope was a neighbour. His wife was back by October, and it may interest the reader to learn that the journey in tempestuous weather to London viâ Greenwich took five days. Her husband met her at Sheerness.[4] Their health was again unsatisfactory, and they proceeded to recruit at Bath. The tranquil current both of life and river at La Source had ebbed into the wistful past. Old friends flocked around him and new ones were in their train. Intellect gravitated towards him. He would not lack great pilgrims at his shrine. And if the peace of disquisition amid cool retreats had passed away, so also had the gnawing pain of inward restiveness. His friends could hardly believe him the same man as the hot-brained genius of ten years before.[5] But one step more was needful to fulfil his heart's desire. Should Walpole's usurpation fail, he might yet adorn the Senate

[1] Bolingbroke offered it to Swift if he would care to winter there in 1726. *Cf.* Letter to Sheridan, July 8, 1726. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 76.

[2] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, p. 173. Writing to Shenstone in 1748, she says: "My brother's calling it a farm was only meant as it was really one, for he then kept £700 per annum in hand. . . . The house was much too fine and large to be called a farm. But its environs were not ornamented, nor its prospects good." In another letter she mentions Dawley, "which my brother chose to call a farm" (p. 22). She was a sincere judge: she contrasts Shenstone's *ferme ornée* with her own *ferme negligée* at Barells (p. 38). Her "Letters" are by no means the insipidities which Horace Walpole's slovenly prejudice termed them. They are always artless, constantly original, and fearlessly unconventional. But they eschew city scandal, and this was not *à la mode*.

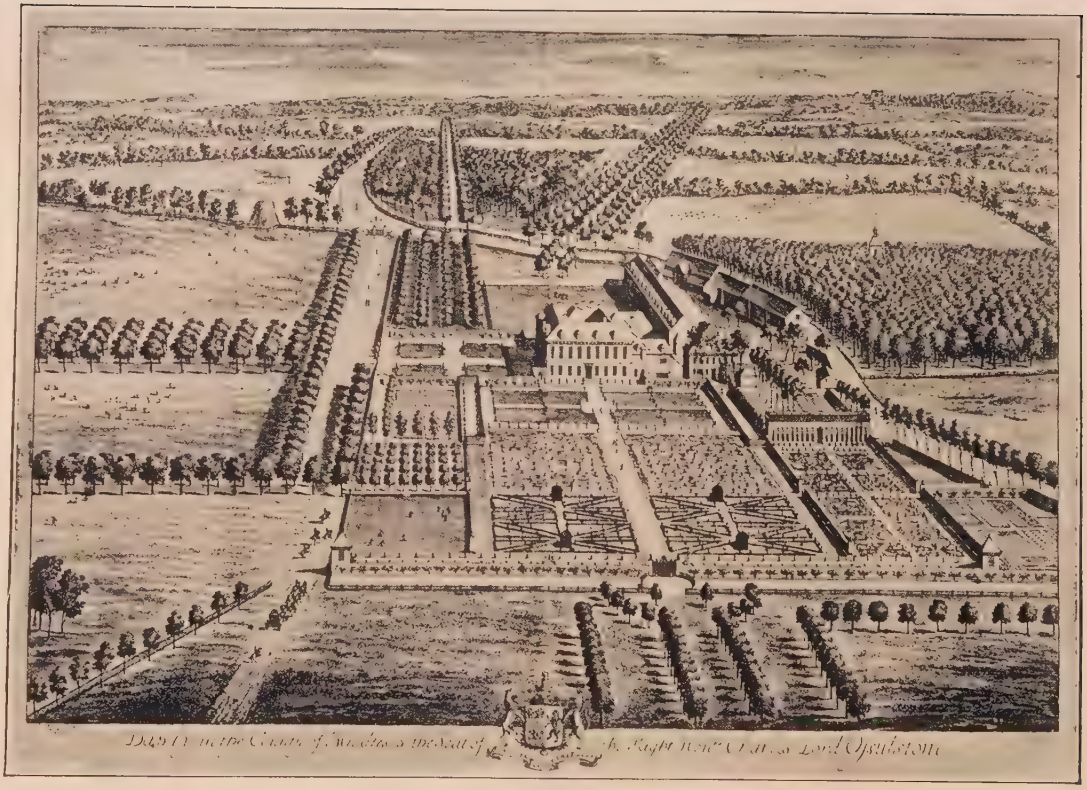
[3] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 22. Letter from Bolingbroke to Swift of July 24, 1725.

[4] Corr. No. lviii.

[5] ". . . Indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher as to set his heart upon some of them [*i.e.* his rights] as little as upon the poet you gave him." Pope to Swift, January 12, 1723; Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 428. Arbuthnot says: "Lord Bolingbroke is much improved in knowledge, manner, and everything else." *Ibid.*, p. 100.

which he was born to lead. Schooled by experience and chastened by adversity, instructed too by deep commerce with books and with men, he would bring an enriched capacity to his work, and a quickened vision to his aim. As yet Parliament ignored the function of an opposition. Ministers in power had been faced by shifting cliques in dissociated unions. It remained for him, outside the pale, to organise perhaps the most formidable phalanx that ever caused the downfall of a supreme Minister, and to point the theory, as he proved the practice of what an opposition means, for coming generations. His return proved a sensation. Thomson afterwards celebrated it in his "Liberty," where Bolingbroke is distinguished as "Regulus."

> "*Then dumb through rows of weeping, wondering friends,*
> *A new, illustrious exile pressed along.*
> *Nor less impatient, did he pierce the crowds*
> *Opposing his return, than, if escaped*
> *From long litigious suits, he glad forsook*
> *The noisy town awhile, and city cloud,*
> *To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.*"



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# CHAPTER IV

## RECALL

### THE "CRAFTSMAN"—1725–1727

NEAR the yet village-like Cranford, in a lengthening lane that links the Uxbridge Road with bricklaying Hayes, stands all that is left of Dawley; a fragment of the once large, square house, a piece of the long red wall; here and there, the ruin of some outbuilding. It has mouldered into commonplace oblivion. The low, flat, damp Middlesex fields lie all around, already invaded by the devouring town. There is nothing to mark the spot whither Pope was constantly driving in Bolingbroke's coach from adjacent Twickenham, which Voltaire frequented, which Swift, Lansdowne, Windham, Bathurst,[1] Arbuthnot, Peterborough, Gay, Pulteney knew so well. Here and there a mansion in its park attests the survival of places once tenanted by Lords Berkeley and Orrery, and neighboured, within fifteen miles, by the seats of Lords Windsor and Rochester, of Argyle and Dick Hill, of the dead Shrewsbury and Carleton.[2] It was once a rallying-place of the old in the new world,[3] an oasis of Anne in a desert of the Georges. Its glory has departed. It will soon become a shabby suburb.

[1] In this very year of 1725, Bathurst was staying at Richkings, near the adjoining Colnbrook. Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 178.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. (R. W. to Stanhope, Sept. 10, 1716), p. 78.

[3] ". . . I have often imagined to myself that, if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, . . . we should meet like the righteous in the millennium quite in peace," &c. Pope to Swift, Oct. 15, 1725. Works, vol. xvii. p. 44. Swift varies the simile to the more prosaic one of a Chelsea hospital for "maimed soldiers." *Ibid.*, p. 56, and *cf. ibid.*, p. 42, where Pope says of Bolingbroke, ". . . Here is one who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point . . .;" and *cf. ibid.*, p. 34, for another and similar passage.

But to the mind's eye another scene arises. An open porch with coaches rumbling up the drive; a hospitable hall, frescoed in *grisaille*[1] with implements of the chase and field; a long, panelled dining-room, whose table is topped by simple but ample fare. The guests are few but famous. Yon handsome, portly presence is Windham. That plump, shrewd, laughing face is Bathurst's; that mummied Quixote is Peterborough, his rival at Marble Hill; and next to him sits Johnnie Gay—Gay, comedian-faced and frolicsome; Gay, the jaunty scribe, who improvises Henrietta Howard's bravuras to fan and rally her ancient spark's bravadoes, but who, we may be sure, will not betray the friend of his protectress now. That puffed and puffing form is Pulteney's. The Court

> ". . . will smoke some deep designs
> When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines."

That twinkling glance is Arbuthnot's. That swarthy dare-devil is Will Chetwynd, Essex's future companion at Turin. That placid precisian is Lord Essex, who was so devoted to Lady Bolingbroke that he called her "mother," and whose Cassiobury was to be so often at the disposal of Boling-broke, and of his party's Egeria, Kitty, Duchess of Queens-berry, as young in her mind and figure as old in her costume and habits. The pallid, haggard countenance, whose upturned eyes glimmer like pools in some fan-tastic cavern, the delicate hands, the swaddled figure, half-deformed, is Pope's.[2] That spare, lean, wriggling, critic-shape is Arouet le Jeune. The cloth is cleared; the claret broached; the mahogany glows, and with the mahogany, the converse. The host, behind the silver candlesticks, invokes a toast—"To Liberty and Friendship"—to friends and freedom *absent*. Who drinks with more effusion than Voltaire? To Liberty, whose home is now his shelter, to

[1] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 22. These reliefs in "stone colours" were extremely fashionable. Lady Luxborough and Shenstone had busts done in them.

[2] After the brutal attack on him in 1728 (in consequence of the "Dunciad"), Stratford speaks of his "corpuscle." Portland, vol. vii. p. 465.

Friendship, patron of his "Henriade"; to grace incarnate in his patron's wife. And then another toast is called with scornful smile — "*Par nobile fratrum.*" To the Heavenly Twins; to Robin, guardian of the people; to Horace, pilot of the Empire. Voltaire drinks too. Lady Sundon caresses him as well as Lady Bolingbroke.[1] To-morrow sees him in the Minister's closet with whispered tales of patriot plans o'erheard retailed, rewarded in secret, as Swift and Bolingbroke are well assured.[2]

Mirth begins to warm, Wit to scathe, and History to live again. Athens and Rome prefigure France and England. A fig for faction! Let the silly world spin round. England will be herself one day. And, for "Bob Politic" —"What is that Jonathan has just been singing?"

> "So keen thy hunters and thy scent so strong,
> Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long."[3]

The host rules without dominating the circle. "*Paulo minus ab Angelis,*" simpers Pope. Gay toasts "Gulliver," and Windham asks if their philosopher Berkeley needs any

[1] At the very time when Voltaire was acting informer, he wrote in English to Swift: "My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the 'Henriade.' She is desirous to do that honour to my book, and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it." Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 197. Voltaire was then living at the "White Peruke," in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

[2] *Cf.* especially (and this is new confirmation) Stratford's Letters, p. 449 (July 1727): ". . . One in his condition has always spies on him, who are not only to watch him, but lead him too, if they can, into discourses that may be to his prejudice"—and on the whole subject Bolingbroke's letter to Madame de Ferriol, Corr. No. lx.; Bolingbroke to Swift, May 18, 1727 (Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 141), and some other specific evidences of Voltaire's treachery admirably summarised by Mr. Churton Collins in Essays, pp. 249–253. It has hitherto escaped notice that Swift refers to Voltaire as a spy in his "Letter to the Writer of the *Occasional Paper*" (1727): "At the same time I am well assured that the only reason of ascribing these papers to a particular person is built upon the information of a certain pragmatical spy of quality, well known to act in that capacity by those into whose company he insinuates himself, a sort of persons who, although without much love, esteem, or dread of people in present power, yet have too much common prudence to speak their thoughts with freedom before such an intruder, who therefore imposes grossly upon his masters, *if he makes them pay* for anything but his own conjectures." Swift's Works, vol. x. p. 332.

[3] These lines were not actually published till 1731.

"High Heels" for his Bermudas. "Vexing the still Bermoothes," quotes Arbuthnot. Essex protests himself indifferent to all but opera-politics since plays are obsolete, and he is "Farinellite" to the core. Lansdowne's last "poem," hardly so keen or sparkling as his champagne,[1] is read and ridiculed. Pope furtively passes round Swift's unpublished manuscript, "Advice to Servants," and boisterous fun acclaims the politics of the butler and the maid. Pulteney guffaws. Voltaire alone responds with silent smiles. Then Pulteney, bottle-mounted on his highest hobby, denounces public waste, while Arbuthnot slyly praises his private parsimony. But the ladies are delayed too long. A toast, a toast once more! Black Will gives "Marie Claire," and Windham "Mary," whereat Pope winces; for do not the sweet Hervey and the bitter Wortley-Montagu both adorn the name? Nor is Bolingbroke to be outdone. He raises his glass to "Henrietta[2] and Anastasia[3] both"—the queens of song and beauty—the one too deaf to be charmed by the magic voice of the other. Bathurst nudges Peterborough with "*Ne sit ancillæ*," and Gay cries, "*Fabula de te.*" The wizened and wrathful gallant vanishes. One by one the chaises roll away. Bolingbroke and Windham are left alone, parleying till early dawn of the campaign to come: Spain's rage, the ply of France; England a shuttlecock between the two; the country bribed and insulted; the nation voiceless but suffering; the Minister precarious but paramount. How long, how long ere the alchemist, who turns his stones to gold, shall drop his purse, and himself drop with it, till the earth resounds with Liberty, each face regains its former cheerfulness, and "the heart of the King shall be glad within him"?[4]

Or it is a misty November morning. Old John Bright,

[1] Mrs. Pendarves writes to Swift in 1733: "My Lord Lansdowne . . . laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champagne, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit." Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 200.

[2] Howard. [3] Robinson.

[4] "The First Vision of Camilick." Works, vol. vi. p. 72.

the huntsman of Bucklebury, and Rutter, Bolingbroke's horseman in France and Chesterfield's future equerry in Holland[1]—guardians vigilant as King George's Turks[2]—are waiting mounted. Fragile Lady Bolingbroke stands on the steps and teases Secretary Brinsden's dapper awkwardness: "Ma foi, ces Anglais énivrés, cette maladie d'un climat!" Bolingbroke has been reading to, consoling her, and now, forsooth! he must ride off to the Uxbridge meet. It was not long ago, Pope's weakly life was nearly quenched behind a horse,[3] and now, her lord will risk his neck upon one. "Halali!" sighs Lady Bolingbroke.

Or it is thundery July weather. Bolingbroke has "caught hold of the earth."[4] He plays the farmer in his hayfields; he is learned in crops, manure, and weather. He looks up anxiously at the darkening clouds. The bard of Twickenham has followed him all afternoon philosophising, satirising. The big hot drops begin. Pope furtively steals off to the study, where after his manner[5]—*mens curva in corpore curvo*—he alternately worships and banters Bolingbroke to Swift.[6]

Or, once more, Swift himself, during his two visits, evades the little poet, who stints his bottle, and startles the polite household at odd times by overbearing whims; while his tortured heart hides Stella's dying image.[7] Or Mr. Alderman Barber, the last rich Jacobite, clatters up in his pretentious equipage, and perforce amuses it.[8]

Bolingbroke proudly named Dawley his "farm," him-

[1] *Cf.* Chesterfield's Works, vol. i. p. 47.

[2] The familiar Mahomet and Mustapha, whose portraits are frescoed by Kent in Kensington Palace.

[3] *Cf. ibid.*, p. 42. The particular hunting accident which Swift relates to Pope was in the autumn of 1725, and therefore *before* Pope's carriage accident; but we have supposed a fresh one later.

[4] Bolingbroke to Swift. *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 96, September 16, 1725, and p. 99, where Arbuthnot describes the danger of the accident.

[5] In March 1733 Swift teases Pope on this foible, writing to the Duchess of Queensberry. Works, vol. xviii. p. 159.

[6] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 224.

[7] ". . . The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world has left its body." Swift to Dr. Sheridan, Works, vol. xvii. p. 84.

[8] For Barber's ostentation, *cf.* Corr. No. lxxxiv.

self the "goodman," and his wife the "goodwoman" of Dawley. Over its threshold he inscribed "Beatus satis ruris honoribus"; within its gates he could always count on rustic retirement. "Imitate," he had written eight years before,[1] "Thucydides in Thracia or Xenophon in his little farm at Scillus. Far from the hurry of the world, and almost an unconcerned spectator of what passes in it, having paid in a public life what you owed to the present age, pay in a private life what you owe to posterity. . . . Rural amusements and philosophical meditations will make your hours glide smoothly on, and if the indulgence of Heaven has given you a friend like Laelius, nothing is wanting to make you completely happy." Within its avenues, and by the Twickenham grotto, Pope, Arbuthnot,[2] and Swift discussed with "the Lord of Dawley" that "philosophy" which recalled their stray walks and random converse.

One parting "historic fancy" may be indulged. Its scene is Marble Hill. A bright chamber, which a princess has just graced, is alive with the flutter of fans, of scandal, of flams, of spadilio, of flambeaux. Pert, yet prudish, Henrietta Howard presides over the card-table, where "Molly" Hervey is the soul of frolic. The bloodless, sardonic, effeminate figure toying with the diamond skull pinned into his lace scarf is her husband, Pope's "curd of asses' milk." There, too, is the radiant Duchess of Argyle, familiar as Mary Bellenden, all coos and dimples, with her tall, lissom sister Madge beside her.[3] Philip Stanhope and Lord Scarborough are there too, something between young wits and *blasés* beaux. Lansdowne, good-breeding in a gala-dress, bewrays no sign of being bored, but is gently jealous of his giddy wife. George Berkeley plays lansquenet in the corner, while the stream of fops

[1] "Reflections upon Exile." Works, vol. viii. pp. 478, 479.

[2] ". . . When we saunter alone, or as we have often done with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden." *Cf.* "A Letter to Mr. Pope." Works, vol. viii. p. 446.

[3] "Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
And smiling Mary soft and fair as down."—*Gay*.

and fribbles, amid which Bolingbroke's wife and sister archly detain Bathurst and Peterborough from their flame, ripples boisterously. In another corner lolls the sickly Pope, "coquetting a maid of honour." Bolingbroke stands by Henrietta, absorbed yet *nonchalant*, "looking on to see how the gamesters play;[1] while opposite, and looming over yon *passée* beauty's shoulder, stands one who "rails at all," and has just dared Sarah, the inveterately malignant duchess, to tell him if she will "make the first advances" to him *now*. His girding lips show teeth yet white and set, but the piercing blue of his eye seems ominously clouded. He has just quitted Carteret in Dublin, and growls that he himself is acting Lord Lieutenant of England.[2] It is Swift by Lady Betty Germaine's elbow. Dissolving views and dreams of dreams! Yet these, and things like these, were once but sober facts, not coloured figments. Let us, too, return to prose.

"The Marquise and your humble servant," Bolingbroke had told his sister shortly before his return, "have been of late very crazy persons. I hope that both our bodies are growing into better plight, and surely it will be time . . . to sit down somewhere or other with easy minds."[3] This they were now able to do.

The Bolingbrokes now began to figure once more, although Bolingbroke, always lavish, could never quite extricate himself from embarrassments out of which he had rescued his friend Essex.[4] Some of the old set reapproached them; among them the "fat Levite," the meddlesome Stratford,[5] who was soundly snubbed for sidling up to one whom

[1] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 52.

[2] Without specifying further references, there are chapter and verse for almost all the foregoing details and allusions in the correspondence, published and unpublished, of the times.

[3] Corr. No. lvi.

[4] Peter Walters was the land-jobber. *Cf.* Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 42. When Essex married the Duke of Bedford's sister in January 1726, Bolingbroke first divulged the marriage by drinking the healths of bride and bridegroom.

[5] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), pp. 411. ". . . I have my quietus. I was so much a servant to another person that I could not be a friend to him. Ill offices had been done him with his wife when he was abroad. If I

he had injured in misfortune. They were acquainted, too, with that luckless Lady Vane, whose indiscreet revelations to Smollett in "The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality" were deplored and censured by Bolingbroke's sister twenty years afterwards in her correspondence with Shenstone. They repaired to Bath and benefited by its waters. They moved once more together in English society, for which purpose he rented a house for a short period in Pall Mall;[1] and Bolingbroke henceforward styles his wife by her due designation.[2] The reveries of La Source were behind, the hopes of Dawley before him.

"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," he exclaims in one of his last letters to Alari.[3] "Please pay my court to your illustrious prelate; it is not the court of a courtier, it is the court of a philosopher who honours true desert."

This personal mention of Fleury—the Walpole of France—recalls us to the march of foreign affairs, without some knowledge of which it will be impossible to appreciate Bolingbroke's attitude in the *Craftsman*, which was shortly to spread its wildfire throughout England. Fleury had at first a hard nut to crack in the Duke of Bourbon, who wanted to restore Torcy to power. Bolingbroke was himself an advocate for this able Minister, so long associated with and so congenial to him, whom further he had converted after lengthy argument to his own views of the French succession.[4] We shall find that Fleury's espousal of English interests was bent on two main ends, purely French: the first, to thwart the Spanish faction in Paris and the French faction at Madrid; the second, to secure

did not do them, yet I ought to have been indifferent where he was concerned . . . he cannot live on foot of friendship with abandoners in distress." Stratford continues that Bolingbroke adds that he wants no "breach" with him, and will be "civil" if they meet.

[1] This address is mentioned by Swift's correspondents in 1726. In 1732 he seems to have had a house near Walpole, in Arlington Street, if, indeed, he be not writing from Pulteney's. *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 49: and in his late Battersea days he used Chetwynd's house, in Dover Street.

[2] Corr. No. lxi. (1).

[3] *Ibid.* (2).

[4] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 148. Add. MS., 35587, f. 314.

for France the lead in all the many mediations that followed the revival of Elizabeth Farnese's ambitions, the recurrence of Charles the Sixth's pretensions, and the determination of France to profit by them both in her eventual design of securing Lorraine.[1] Under these influences the initial foreign policy of the Walpoles became one of botches and patches, of scant foresight after folly, of boggles retrieved by blunders, of arbitrations trembling on the brink of war, of wars waged under the mask of peace, of compromises where a blow would have been decisive, and of blows where a compromise would have served. It was a blend of caution and violence at once feeble and ineffective; a rage for negotiating "out of peace and tranquillity into war and confusion,"[2] and from that chaos again into a limbo of fictitious peace once more. *Quieta non movere* was Walpole's wise motto, but not to move the disquiet caused by his mistakes proved the course constantly pursued by him.

England's true interest as a commercial and colonial empire seated in a maritime island was never to embroil herself on the Continent save where her advantage was directly or indirectly concerned, to tie herself by no rigid policy of raising one Power or depressing another, but to be elastic in treating the balance, as she might find it best for her own welfare or for that of all Europe, and, above all, "never to exert its whole strength but when its whole is at stake." "To do otherwise," observes Bolingbroke in a singularly fine passage,[3] "would be to lose sight of our own particular interest in the pursuit of a common interest. It would be nothing better than setting up for the Don Quixotes of the world and engaging to fight the battles of all mankind." And at the very close of his life occurs a similar passage, doubly interesting from its application of the central idea

[1] When the Cambray Congress met, after two years' interval, in 1724, the Emperor called himself "Count of Artois and Landgrave of Alsace," which the French refused to recognise. *Cf.* Williams, "The Foreign Policy of England under Walpole." *Eng. Hist. Review* (1900) p. 485. France never lost sight of her frontier—"that wall of brass which reaches from the Alps to the ocean." Bol. Works, vol. ix. p. 384.

[2] Bol. Works, vol. viii. p. 25.

[3] Works, vol. viii. p. 39.

with which he inspired Pope, and for the public spirit with which he himself was inspired. We have already quoted it.[1]

Fleury was in complete control of the young King,[2] the Duke of Bourbon was fluctuating between emulation and frustration of the Duke of Maine's Spanish plots; while Horace Walpole—that pompous and podgy Epicurean—was wallowing in pleasure, self-important in business, and dense in that self-importance,[3] when Europe was startled in the January of 1724 by the news of King Philip's abdication. Tessé was instantly despatched by the Duke as his emissary to Madrid where he boasted that the young King Louis would be "bon Francais," while the old Jesuit Archbishop of Fréjus was lifting up his hands in holy horror to Horace and explaining that the Utrecht Treaty was the "corner-stone for the peace and tranquillity of Europe," nor would any attempt be suffered to undo its renunciations.[4] The great issue was now avowedly to support the provisions both for the succession in France and for the neutrality of Italy in a treaty which had formed the basis of its framer's impeachment.[5] The fact is, that the King of Spain's abdication was a direct result of the removal of the Regent who had prevented it and "governed the Court of Spain."[6] England had been danced as a marionette on his wires. She was henceforward to do so on

[1] "On the State of the Nation." Works, vol. viii. p. 419.

[2] "The Duke of Bourbon is indefatigable in his application to gain the young King's confidence, but he finds Fréjus has the first and strongest hold there, insomuch that when his Highness seeks proper opportunities to talk to his Majesty alone, as soon as he begins to be serious, the child diverts the course of business by idle actions and ordinary chit-chat, until Fréjus, whom he never fails to call for, can have notice or time to enter the room. . . ." Walpole to Townshend, Jan. 13, 1724. Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 181.

[3] " . . . And yet when I am at Versailles, he (Schaub) is so kind and assiduous an attendant upon me, ready, if I please, to introduce me to Madame de Prie, &c. . . . This simple appearance of us two begins to make the company smile upon one another whenever we are together." Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 133.

[4] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 158.

[5] That this was so from 1721 is confirmed by Mr. Basil Williams in his "England under Walpole." *Eng. Hist. Review* (1900), p. 265.

[6] Lady Bolingbroke's Communication. Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 13.

Fleury's. It was urged that Britain had disobliged Spain by the Quadruple Alliance, "to tie the Emperor more firmly to us." But, as Bolingbroke well remarked in 1727, "we have since that time disobliged the Emperor," by affecting "a closer correspondence and greater union of counsels with France than ever was known between the two nations. . . . In short, to finish up the picture, Great Britain" was "reduced in this distress to lean solely upon France, and the faith of that Court" became "our chief security."[1] Nor, as we shall see, did that necessity arise because English interests demanded it. Had we at once forestalled France by ourselves mediating between Charles and Philip, as we were invited to do, had we delayed gratifying the former by the possession of Sicily until the latter was propitiated by his son's instalment in Parma, the *rapprochement* between the two enemies in 1725, the fatal consequences of the first Vienna Treaty, our own shameful offers of Gibraltar and the ignominious half-war of 1727 would have been prevented, and France would have lost the prestige that bested while it humoured us.

Philip's religious retreat was of short duration, but it served to expose the pro-Spanish intentions of the French princes of the blood. The young Spanish King died, Elizabeth led Philip triumphantly back to the Escurial; but before this an event, if not graver, at least more bustling, occurred. The Infanta, Louis XV.'s affianced bride, was contumeliously repudiated. Attended by Spain's offer of sole mediation, in her dispute, to England, it was the rejection of that offer that gave it political significance, and proved the accessory cause of throwing Spain into the arms of Austria. Had England accepted the mediation, Spain would never have risked the breach with France. The rejection of the mediation, and England's failure to prepare for the Infanta's departure from France, led to graver results than the rejection of the Infanta.

Her betrothal, which the Spaniards had long foreseen, had been due to one of those double-marriage

[1] Bol. Works, vol. viii. p. 15.

projects which were futilely constant at the period. The Regent's daughter was also to have wedded Philip's son. As in the event just described, the Duke of Orleans' death caused a reversal of policy. The Duke of Bourbon now designed his own sister—Mademoiselle de Sens—for the Infant of Spain. But Fleury aimed at an alliance with Princess Anne of England and baffled the Duke. Fleury's ignorance of England was soon enlightened; and not long afterwards the King was wedded to the Polish princess, who, with Madame de Prie and the four muleteers Duverney,[1] who had become millionaires, unsuccessfully plotted against Fleury, and reluctantly caused the downfall of the Duc de Bourbon in 1726. But the Duke was a man of fits and of starts. In a transport of rage he returned the Infanta to her home, while his sister was indignantly sent back to hers. The event had long been expected and actually discounted. It was improbable that the jealousies of the French princes would allow Philip such a hold on the succession. The divisions of the house of Bourbon, as Bolingbroke had admirably foreseen, formed the best safeguard for the Utrecht renunciations. Philip had foreknown that France meant little by her friendship. Charles, too, was aware that England meant less by hers. He was equally incensed with George as King of an England friendly with France, and as Elector of a principality in occupation of Verden without having defrayed the stipulated fees. These circumstances, accentuated by England's refusal of the sole mediation, and not the pretexts accepted and published by the Walpoles,[2] were the true provocations

[1] Better known as "Paris."

[2] They set up the peril of the Pretender. They asserted that Spain was our inveterate foe, and ought never to be humoured, although at other times they protested the necessity of humouring her for her commerce. They were now always harping on the peril of a prince who should unite the crowns of the Empire and of Spain, which was true; but they failed to discern that this very plea impugned Walpole's previous foresight, for he had been Austria's vehement champion in ostensible fear that the crowns of France and of Spain might be similarly united. Moreover, he had favoured the policy which led to the Spanish annexations in Italy. "... *We acted like men who thought that the exorbitant power of one family could not be reduced, unless a power*

for the Treaty of Vienna in 1725, which marked an epoch, by its forced union of hereditary foes, and proved once more that "adversity makes strange bedfellows."

Let us examine dates. The Cambray Congress—"that party of Quadrille"—was sitting under the mediation of France and England expressly to adjudicate on the manner of enforcing the provisions of the Quadruple Alliance for putting Charles in possession of Sicily and Don Carlos in that of Parma. The resolution of sending back the Infanta was suspected at Madrid as early as a year before it happened. Directly it occurred, which was in March 1725, the sole mediation was offered by France to England. Surely the Walpoles should have been prepared for a state of things known to every European Cabinet but their own. It was one of those crises of which Bolingbroke about this time remarked to Alari that ". . . it ought not to surprise Ministers: every event surprises the people."[1] Had preparatory cautions been taken, Spain, with whom we were in actual alliance, would never have been so foolhardy even in anger as to have made so bad a bargain as she did at Vienna merely to spite a Power whom she would then have dreaded. The condition demanded for England's sole mediation was a dissociation from France. Had it been accepted, even after the rupture, Spain's interest would then have been the support of England, which would have gained her point with Austria; while England, in exchange, would have been rewarded by Spain's support against the Emperor's Ostend project of 1722.[2] Spain would not have withdrawn from the Congress. The secret anti-English engagements of 1725 would never have been

*as exorbitant was raised in another; and who never looked back to preceding centuries to consider the usurpations, the tyranny, and the bigotry that the House of Austria had exercised in the fulness of her power, and would exercise again if she was ever restored to the same.*" Bol. Works, vol. ix. ("State of the Nation"), p. 346.

[1] Corr. No. lxi. (1).

[2] Spain was equally eager to suppress the Ostend Company, and was only restrained by England and France—another instance of Walpole's obtuseness. *Cf.* Williams, p. 487.

concluded, and a reconciliation without union between Charles and Philip under English auspices would have been substituted for a joint reconciliation against her. Ripperda would have been stopped in his cabal to procure a double marriage between Spain and Austria, and France would have been thwarted in her exploitation of their quarrels to Britain's disadvantage. But instead of England being forearmed, as ought to have happened, Spain was forewarned. She perceived that, on a breach with France during the Cambray Congress, she, to cite one of Bolingbroke's political tracts, "must remain in the most abandoned condition imaginable: broken with one mediator, not sure of the other; the Emperor in possession of Sicily, and the reciprocal condition in favour of Don Carlos not secured to them." Accordingly, she began to treat at Vienna *before* the Infanta was rejected, so as to forestall the worst, while they delayed the treaty's conclusion, till what they apprehended had occurred; and, though the Court of Vienna actually signed the treaty before the formal notice of England's refusal to mediate had reached it, it was as well informed privately of that refusal as the Spanish Court had been of the Infanta's impending rejection. Spain's incentive henceforward became revenge on England; Austria's, conspiracy with Spain. Horace Walpole, at first favourable to England's acceptance of the mediation,[1] was eventually "bubbled" by Fleury,[2] and England was left to rue the consequences[3] of "being, upon

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 32742, f. 515 (cited by Mr. Williams).

[2] Fleury assured Montgon, despatched to detach France from England in 1726, that he was always "sincerely attached to the Pretender," and "as a bishop" ardently desirous for the re-establishment of a Catholic prince on the throne of England. He was an intimate friend of Mary of Modena. *Cf.* Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 262. Walpole himself doubted his sincerity when the Hanover Treaty was concluded. *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. p. 437; and Horace himself implicated the Cardinal in anti-English cabals. *Cf. ibid.*, p. 127. Even Hoadley, in the ministerial pamphlet written by him some two years later, admitted that though France was our sole ally, we were "dissatisfied" with and "afraid" of her. *Cf.* Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 115.

[3] As to England's reasons for rejecting the mediation, *cf.* the able defence in Mr. Williams' "The Foreign Policy of England under Walpole," *Eng. Hist. Rev.* (1900), p. 491. The refusal was chiefly due to Newcastle; but *cf.* Bol. Works,

all occasions, indefatigably busy about the interests of other people, and leaving to other people the conduct of our own."[1] She had offended all but France, who, like the Russia of to-day, desired a catspaw to attain her desires without arms, until she should be in a condition to contest a distant empire by force.[2] The union of Spain and Austria (even by prospect of marriage) was imminent; and with it that peril which Bolingbroke in his day of power had been as eager to avert as the union of Spain and of France. Before Philip was precipitated into the arms of the Emperor he essayed a tentative. He sent Monteléon on a secret mission to England to gain permission for Don Carlos to enter on his agreed inheritance of Parma during the lifetime of the reigning Duke. It failed. Immediately afterwards Charles also essayed a different tentative. He offered his own mediation in the commercial differences between France and England—an insolence rightly rebuffed.

Thus arose the Treaty of Vienna and the counter-Treaty of Hanover. The former, signed for Spain by Ripperda on April 30,[3] 1725, was a triple document. By the first—which alone was published—Philip guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, and received in return a confirmation of the favours stipulated by the Quadruple Alliance. By the second (kept secret) the Emperor agreed to use his good will for the restoration of Gibraltar and Minorca, but left himself absolutely free to decline supporting it by arms. The third surrendered the trade of Spain with the Low Countries, and confirmed the Ostend Company's privileges. Out of pique, Spain became a partner who yielded far greater advantage than he received. The Harlequinade of

vol. viii. pp. 108 *et seq.*, 175 *et seq.* Both these long passages should be carefully consulted. These facts are not sufficiently recognised by Mr. Williams, who says, "In March, 1725, preparations were made to send her back," *Eng. Hist. Rev.* p. 490

[1] Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 113.

[2] Till 1731, when England offended France by her guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, there were no complaints of French encroachments in America. *Cf.* Mr. Williams' "The Foreign Policy of Walpole," *Eng. Hist. Rev.* (1900), p. 276.

[3] Coxe says May 1 in his "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 178.

the Congress was hissed off the scenes by these unpleasant realities, and Lord Polwarth quitted Cambray on May 27, 1725. Spain had dissolved the European Concert. Russia, who after the Persian campaign had composed her differences with Sweden, and now demanded Bremen and Verden as well as Schleswig, acceded to the secret agreement with Austria. England, in ostensible alliance with France, was left to poise the declining balance of the Empire. To propitiate France—whom she would not have deeply exasperated, by accepting the sole mediation at the time when it was offered, and whom she immediately found a broken reed,[1] she risked a family compact against her, and the violation of that very Utrecht Treaty whose maintenance was the cement of the Anglo-French understanding.

For several purposes a word must be added as to the clause in the secret treaty concerning Gibraltar.

Horace Walpole, writing to his brother in 1727 from Fontainebleau,[2] had the impudence to affirm that Lady Bolingbroke, who was then in correspondence with some of Fleury's *entourage*, and especially with Madame des Fortes, wife of Peletier des Fortes, controller of finances[3] (whose name still lingers in the great financial street of Paris), was offering, on Bolingbroke's part, to oust Walpole at the cost of securing from Pulteney and Wilmington the restitution of Gibraltar. The charge is not a little remarkable if we recollect that Stanhope in 1718, the King in 1721, and Townshend afterwards, had actually proffered the restitution, while Horace Walpole himself urged its advisability so late as 1748. Bolingbroke, on the other hand, was

[1] "When once Spain had purchased the Emperor's alliance . . . as soon as we had sagely declined having to do with or for her, unless in concert with France, with whom she would have nothing to do at that time, France employed all possible means to be reconciled to her. They succeeded; and Spain saw she had nothing to apprehend. What she had to hope I determine not from this party to the Hanover Treaty." Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 114 (1728); and *cf. ibid.*, p. 181. As a fact, France refused to co-operate with England in repelling the siege of Gibraltar, and even desired its capture. Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 260.

[2] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 126.

[3] He was uncle of Broglio, the French Ambassador in London.

never weary of pressing the paramount importance of Gibraltar, Port Mahon, Minorca, and dismantled Dunkirk —the four trophies of his own treaty; and at this very time, in more than one trenchant passage, he proved that our disregard of Gibraltar was one of the roots of the Vienna Treaty. For, whereas the Ministerialists sought to make it appear that Stanhope's conditional promise of surrender at the moment preceding the Quadruple Alliance, a promise vacated by Spain's temporary refusal to accede to that alliance, was the foundation of the Spanish claim, Bolingbroke conclusively establishes the existence of a secret article to that effect in the Madrid Treaty of 1721, whose manifestation was George's acknowledged letter, and which left the point open for the Cambray Congress to discuss. Directly England refused the sole mediation, Spain perceived that George's advisers had changed their minds and made her terms accordingly.[1]

It was further alleged afterwards that the Vienna Treaty comprised a secret clause as to the Pretender. It is one thing to assert that Spain was ready, as she always was when provoked with England, to back his cause (and usually with some connivance by France); another, to charge the Emperor, as Walpole did, on the meagrest evidence, with abetting Spain, smarting as she then was under provocation. His "suppositions and conjectures" were, as Daniel Pulteney wittily phrased it in the *Craftsman*,[2] "like Scrub's plot in the "Stratagem," who concludes, *thirdly and lastly*, it *must be* a Plot, *because I don't know what to make of it.*" On this head we shall only remark that Walpole himself told Townshend that the Hanover Treaty was only justifiable on those very grounds which appealed to the national resolve for a Protestant succession; that he himself never published any such hint till the King's Speech of 1727, when two years of adversity had soured the people; that no clause of any part of the Vienna Treaty discloses any such engagement; and that had such engagements been discovered, the Ministry should

[1] *Cf.* Works, vol. vi. pp. 89–96, 189–195, and 203. [2] No. 14.

have at once demanded the cassation of that Treaty from the Emperor.[1] The surmise of the engagements was due to the disclosures of Ripperda, disgraced and a refugee first in Stanhope's house at Madrid, and afterwards, saved and accompanied by his housemaid, in England. A third matter which Bolingbroke severely criticised was the undue panic on the part of merchants at the Ostend clause of the Treaty, by which the Emperor hoped, it was said, to ruin our East and West Indian trade as well as the Dutch commerce. Had the Emperor seriously countenanced Spain's continuous raids on English commerce, the Protestant succession, and Gibraltar, he would not (and actions are the surest tests of policy) have calmly abandoned his new and uncongenial ally in 1727, when she looked to him for support in her siege of Gibraltar, especially as he had just been mortally affronted by the dismissal of his Minister from England. His real aims in the Spanish alliance were the recognition of his *idée fixe*, the Pragmatic Sanction, and the treasure he hoped to obtain from the Spanish galleons which Hozier "blocked" at Porto Bello, but was not permitted by Walpole to "seize," so great was that Minister's horror of the very word. The fuss was exaggerated, and Britain lost more through the injury caused to her Jamaican trade by the Spanish depredations, by Spain's attraction of allies and Britain's own isolation at that juncture, than she gained by the Hanover Treaty.[2]

This defensive compact was signed at Hanover on September 3, 1725. Its purport was innocent; its design was admirable. Its signatories—England, France, and Prussia—guaranteed each other's dominions, and the Treaties of Westphalia and Oliva, which last meant George's acquisition of Bremen and Verden. The league was eventually joined

[1] *Cf.* Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. pp. 437, 450. Bol. Works, vol. vi. pp. 141, 163-166. Bolingbroke says that the "Enquirer" (a Ministerial writer in 1728), whittled down the Article of a Treaty into "Apprehensions that there might be engagements"; and *cf.* the postscript to *Craftsman* No. 128 by Bolingbroke under the name of "W. Raleigh," where the whole matter is succinctly put, and Bolingbroke's Appendix to *Craftsman*, vol. iv.

[2] Bol. Works, vol. vi. pp. 115–117.

by Holland, Sweden, and some of the minor Electors. In a word, it was a confederation of his Most Christian Majesty with the three Protestant Powers (one of them aspiring, another prosperous, the first dominant) to checkmate Russia, and prove a counterblast to the Treaty of Vienna. Both Walpole and the King were against it, until the latter saw its bearing on his German territories, and was assured that Hanover would be safe, because England must bear the brunt of a naval war. It was wholly and hastily the work of Townshend, who thereby laid the foundations of his brother-in-law's resentment and enlistment of the Duchess of Kendal against him. Further, as regarded the views of Bolingbroke, it coincided with them by discerning the growing importance of Prussia—a fact which he had recognised in the Utrecht negotiations, and which he was to press on Lord Hardwicke so late as 1746. But it contained clauses involving supplies and subsidies, of which England from past experience would probably defray the entire charge; it was an incoherent league which carried the seeds of dissolution within it. Though it favoured Britain, it favoured Hanover more. France was never in earnest about it, nor at ease in it. The Dutch took their usual year of waiting to see how the cat might jump before they joined. Prussia was soon detached by Austria in retaliation for the detachment, through Wager's Baltic expedition and British gold, of Sweden from herself. The Emperor—whom George respected as the head of the Teutonic princelets, whose wife, too, was in constant correspondence with him—succeeded in seducing the other small German potentates who had joined; and it ended by no more retarding the rage of Spain or the wrath of Austria than the smirking Congress of Cambray. ". . . The chief Powers of Europe," wrote Bolingbroke four years subsequently in the *Craftsman*, "being thus engaged on one side or the other, it was generally expected that a war would soon break out, though both parties pretended to stand only on their defence. . . . We have been actually involved in all the miseries of a war. . . . I am sure we have been far

from enjoying the blessings of peace. . . . Though it was declared on both sides that the treaties which they had made were *defensive* only, yet they discovered the utmost rancour against each other, and even proceeded to such language as is seldom used between nations that are actually at war."[1] As will appear in the sequel, Austria, exasperated at being twitted with her alleged secret engagements, remonstrated till her Minister was dismissed from England. A squadron was despatched to intercept the Spanish treasure-galleons at Porto Bello, but Admiral Hosier received secret instructions to the contrary. Every interest was irritated, and every trade languished. Spain seized the effects of the South Sea Company at Vera Cruz; and the Congress of Soissons in 1728 only led to the patched peace of Seville, which proved a truce rather than a treaty. "This, therefore," concludes Bolingbroke in 1729, "is our case." In the year 1724 we were at peace with all Powers abroad. The very next year the Treaty of Hanover was signed, "and at present we are so far from being at peace with all Powers abroad, that we are embroiled with most of them."[2] The year 1725 was crucial for England. She refused the sole mediation, and incensed every one but France, who by turns used and abused her. Walpole grew bewildered by the infinity of treaties, and forgot that of London in that of Seville, till he grew "the cur-dog of Britain and spaniel of Spain."[3]

Such, if we add Ripperda's romantic and the Duke of Bourbon's prosaic disgrace, the agitation in Ireland and the troubles in Scotland, were the main events, with their eventual pertinence, of the years 1725 and 1726 —years condensed in their influence and most material to the far-seeing man who knew nearly all the principal actors of the drama. These two years enabled

[1] He was confirmed by common opinion at home. "Our condition," writes Stratford in July 1728, "is perhaps such, as it never was since we were a nation, not liking to have peace but upon terms dishonourable and detrimental, nor any peace that will be durable upon any terms whatever." Stratford Letters, p. 455.

[2] The *Craftsman*, No. 160.

[3] Swift's "Character." Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 32.

Bolingbroke to play what may be termed a public part in private. They afforded him an outlet, brief but wide. His action during them constitutes a career in itself, and never since he had grasped the reins of office was he able to wield such power and to display such mastery. The spite of his enemies, whether Oxfordites (though Oxford himself had died in 1724), New Whigs, or Jacobites, would not discern his drift, and accused him of ratting from the Tories to the Whigs[1]—a strange charge against one who in office had never deserted, and out of it, had never ceased to "educate" his party.

During this period his energy is abnormal. The fusillade of his criticism, the organisation of his recruits, the force of his words and of his pen, were accompanied by deep study, by social converse, by suggestions to and collaboration with Pope, by foreign correspondence, by perpetual ill-health, and by as perpetual a lawsuit with Packer, whose son had inherited the reversion of Bucklebury, and who resented Bolingbroke's direction to cut down the timber on the estate.[2] Throughout these engagements of his time he was raising the ladder which, by rapid rungs, nearly exalted him to the Premiership; and yet throughout them also, the current of his written converse with his sister, repeatedly diverted and spied upon in the post, flows on as tranquilly as if he was free from thought or care—now rejoicing at her wedding;[3] now sympathising with her compelled attendance on her fretful father-in-law in France; now advising and investigating the properties she wished to purchase as though they were affairs of State, leisurely, gravely, and placidly transacted.

Among the many recalcitrant Whigs none were more furious at this time with Walpole than William Pulteney and his brilliant cousin, Daniel, or more disgusted than Philip Stanhope, a year later to be Earl of Chesterfield.

[1] Swift's "Character." Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 411.

[2] 1100 trees, and all "the hedges round." *Cf.* Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), pp. 409, 411. The "Lists" in the Hardwicke MS. prove that Lady B. profited by B.'s confidence.

[3] In 1726.

These personalities are very material to our future narrative, and require a word of prefatory characterisation.

The first had, four years previously, been left out in the cold on Sunderland's death, and had spurned the sop of a peerage—

> "One of the toys
> Bob gave his boys."

He had been chairman of the Atterbury Committee, and afterwards cofferer of the household. This was a poor requital for his previous "grand alliance" with Stanhope and Walpole, and his steadfastness in sharing Townshend's and Walpole's resignation in 1717. In the April of 1725 he pugnaciously combated Walpole's proposal for discharging the vague and heavy debts of the civil list, a struggle which he repeatedly renewed. Before May he was out altogether, although the King would have been glad to see him in.[1] His ambition had always been to control the Treasury. He was a Whig of the ancient school, and he vowed revenge against the Minister who was fast jostling all capable rivals out of his junto. Few statesmen have been more praised with less study than William Pulteney. He has been called a wit and a leader. In real truth he was nothing of the kind. He was a second-hand man in every respect; and though he was always prominent, he was never great. He possessed parts dull and plodding, an air pompous and ponderous, a knack of infallible platitudes, a temper which in debate he in vain strove to control.[2] So far from his having written much of the *Craftsman*, we shall see that he wrote very little of it at all that struck home. After he was deprived of his Privy Councillorship in 1731, he published a brilliant letter of argument and invective addressed to and against Walpole. He was not its author; it was composed by Swift, as may be easily discerned by its style, apart from the fact that it is included in Swift's published works.[3] Pope even in his compliment can only

[1] Portland MS. (Stratford Letters), vol. vii. p. 418.
[2] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 457 (1728).
[3] Vol. x. p. 350.

assign him "Roman spirit," while he gives the meed to Chesterfield of "Attic wit." His witticism many years later about the Pelham Ministry resembling a snake whose tail moved its head,[1] his catching the guinea tossed him in the House of Commons by Walpole on their bet as to the accuracy of the latter's Latin quotation,[2] with the retort that it was the first Government money he had ever received,—if they ever occurred, were exceptions to his general rule of methodical stolidity, which made him popularly contrasted, as a plum-pudding, with Carteret as an omelette. His one talent, outside a kind of set joviality, was a knack for figures. His wife's niggardliness and his own were as notorious as Swift's, and furnished Hanbury Williams with many a lampoon. With all his wealth he waited long before he indulged in a country seat, as hospitable patrons of the day loved to do.[3] He understood the nation's account-book, and he boasted some smattering of affairs commercial. In his after-conduct, he will be found at once faithless and timid. His faithlessness to the "Patriots" led him to trim with Walpole before he tottered to his fall. His faithlessness to Walpole lost him his great chance of controlling the Pelhams. His timidity made even him confess that he had "lost his head" when he eventually accepted the peerage, twice disdained twenty years before, and faltered into what he himself had christened "the House of Invalids." There is some rancour in Chesterfield's description of him, but Chesterfield had reason to know him well. "I could point out a person," he writes in 1743 *after* these later developments,[4] ". . . enjoying a considerable post got by betraying his own party without having abilities to be of use to any other;

[1] The same metaphor is used by a versifier in 1742 of Wilmington:

". . . So that the Treasury's like a snake,
Whose tail impels the head."

[2] "Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ."

[3] *Cf.* Pope to Swift, May 17, 1739. Swift's Works, vol. xix. at p. 290. In 1733, however, he was at Longleat.

[4] Works, vol. i. p. 113.

one who had that plodding, mechanical turn which, with an opinion of his steadiness, was of service to the Opposition, but can be of none to a Ministry; one whose talents were so low that nothing but servile application could preserve him from universal contempt, and who, if he had persevered all his life in the interests of his country, might have had a chance of being remembered hereafter as a useful man." His appearance was heavy, his mien proud, and his walk emblematically shuffling. Akenside dubbed him "Curio." Pope sang of him: "Inflamed by Pulteney, and by Pulteney dropped." After he had been degraded by elevation in 1742, a clever satirist thus described him in verses which also twitted Carteret:—

"He will but promise, if you praise
And laugh if you abuse him."

"Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new made E—— of B—— comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride;
His step, his gait, proclaim the man,
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day.
And roars for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supped at night,
Each party thought to have won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him."

This was the man who "foamed a patriot to subside a peer"; yet to whom, even in his portly decay, Pitt's sister offered herself as "a gentlewoman in distress";[1] of whom

[1] In 1758: ". . . He can want nothing but a companion that would like his company, and in my situation I should not desire to make the bargain without that circumstance." Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 252.

Pope again wrote after he had ill-used Bolingbroke, "Not greater arrogance in him we find."[1] Despite his many stirring efforts, his career after his earldom spelt failure. He was one of the laughing-stocks of the "long-lived" administration. Despite his correspondence with the King through Lady Yarmouth, he remained an "aged raven," till he echoed the *Craftsman* in his fulminations of 1760, and ended by courting popularity among the blue-stockings of Tunbridge Wells, and plotting—to make Mrs. Elizabeth Carter publish her poems.

The influence which drew him into the vortex of the *Craftsman* was that of his brilliant cousin, Daniel, who, but for his premature decease in 1731, must have had a great career, and who materially contributed to the extraordinary effect of the memorable publication which we are shortly about to review. Six years Bolingbroke's junior, he had been Envoy to Denmark under Queen Anne, Member for Tregony in 1721, and for his cousin's pocket-borough of Heydon in 1722, which he relinquished in 1726 when his opposition induced Walpole to give him the inferior preferment of the Clerkship of the Irish Council. Volatile, gifted, and sudden in all his movements, he would have arrived earlier but for the collapse and death of Sunderland; for he had married the sister of Sunderland's second wife. He had the literary instinct, and was allied in spirit, which his cousin was not, to the sparkling group of collaborators, whom he helped to form. A saying of his about Walpole's affected zeal against the Pretender was preserved by Bolingbroke,[2] who also composed his epitaph. Two lines of it were preserved by Bolingbroke's half-sister, and employed as a model for one of her own.[3] It was through the Berkeleys, Chetwynds, and probably also through Townshend, that Bolingbroke became associated with the Pulteneys.

[1] The lines occur in the "Looking Glass," written to satirise "the charming Gumley lost in Pulteney's wife." Her father was a glass manufacturer at Isleworth.

[2] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 248.

[3] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 108. The lines are:—

"*The loss of so much Private Virtue*
*Is a public calamity.*"

Philip Stanhope we have met and shall meet again. He must be mentioned now, for it is highly probable that, under the rose, he, like Lord Landsdowne,[1] contributed to the *Craftsman*, which comprises papers not unlike those that he afterwards avowed in "Common Sense." He had run counter to Walpole from the first, and had resented the captaincy-general of Pensioners flung him in 1723, when he had lost his election. In this very summer of 1725, he was whetting his spleen in enforced seclusion at Bretby, where his father lay mortally ill. His brother William's acceptance of the revived ribbon of the Bath—over which Swift made so bitterly merry—had doubly incensed him.

The "Deportment" aspect of Chesterfield is familiar, and has passed into conventional type through Dickens' Mr. Chester. It has been overdone, and it was by no means his prevalent quality. Chesterfield was a born conciliator, and by temperament singularly devoid of prejudice. He had never been young. That, in the Harlequinade of intrigue and diplomacy, he could twirl and attitudinise with the best goes without saying. But it was only on the road, so to speak, and by the way. Once in power, he invariably conducted himself with dignity, with wisdom, and with address. The whole of life was for him a game, but a game to be played well and in form. Twice, and at long intervals, he represented his country at The Hague[2]—a post proverbially trying both to temper and talent—with signal patience and capacity. He cheerfully undertook the distasteful Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland after he had manœuvred the administration of 1744. Ireland has never had so good a Governor. His last semi-official act was to reconcile Newcastle to Pitt in 1757. He was eminently throughout a man behind the scenes, and it was from that standpoint that he came to

[1] We think that No. 55, which contains Pope's only pun, "party-coloured," and is signed "B. G.," is by Lansdowne.

[2] During his first mission he "played at Blindman's-Buff till three in the morning" for recreation. Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 302. Fancy Chesterfield romping!

admire and to esteem Bolingbroke. Cautious to a fault, and timid by temperament, his *sangfroid* was eminent even in an age when *sangfroid* was the fashion. During his reign in Ireland—a reign exceptional for tolerant equity alike to Papists and to Protestants—a messenger arrived, while he was still in bed, to inform him that "the Jacobites would rise." "I suppose so," replied the veteran *persifleur*, consulting his watch, "for, you see, it is near nine o'clock." Though he played a political part to a public audience, he sincerely desired the welfare of his country. His speeches on the Licensing of Plays and the Gin Act remain as masterpieces. His eloquence was not flowing, but it was terse and trenchant. His only passion was that of gambling;[1] it was the indirect cause of his rupture with the Court; and it is related that once at Bath, a young man, whom he had warned off the set of harpies that crowded the tables, returned only to find his admonisher in the thick of the hazard which he had just denounced. Nor was he ever obsequious. He had the rare distinction of wrenching a legacy from the Duchess of Marlborough, whose generosities were usually dictated by her resentments. But he delegated the compilation of her husband's Memoirs to "Leonidas"-Glover, who surrendered it to Mallet, who died before the fragment had been completed. His wit was more by preparation and reputation than by instinct. He was as great an elaborator of anecdotes as the younger Walpole himself, but he lent them a natural grace and an ease of posture by his manner of turning them. In his writings, on the other hand, he belongs to the carpet-bedding school of literature, though he boasted "Rule Britannia" Thomson among his admirers,[2] but then Thomson also flattered Lyttelton and Wilmington. His ideals were earthly, but they

[1] Writing to Lady Suffolk from Bath, November 14, 1737, he says: ". . . Were it not for the comfort of returning health, I believe I should hang myself; I am so weary of sauntering about without knowing what to do, or of playing at low play which I hate, for the sake of avoiding a deep play which I love." He regards his remaining five weeks as a "sort of eternity," and "London as a remote land of promise." Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 163.

[2] "The Seasons"—"Winter."

were not earthy ; and, compared with Walpole's, they were celestial. He united a standard of duty to a standard of intellect, and a delicacy of tact to a firmness of sense. His gallantries[1] were common to his class. His public spirit rose above it. Though Bolingbroke, in one of his last letters to Lord Marchmont,[2] laughs at "that saint Chesterfield" hurrying to hear Whitfield at Lady Huntingdon's, Bolingbroke himself did the same,[3] and for the same reason. All serious interests fascinated them both to the last. He was not so scholarly, nor so ready, nor so erratic as Carteret, or even as Bathurst ; nor had he a tithe of the wit, erudition, or the judgment, or the spontaneous force, still less of the genius of Bolingbroke. But what he possessed he possessed in mellowness ; nor did he mar in the heat of action what his reflection had carefully matured. He had qualified early in the school of experience, and he became a master of her arts.

Invigorated by his cure at Bath in 1725, Bolingbroke now began to revolve a scheme of coalition between Windham's outside Tories and the adherents of these two men within the House, and the scheme of an organ to voice their utterances outside. There was a lull in the European storm. "Le Seigneur de Dawley," writes Lady Bolingbroke to Swift, "Mr. Pope, et moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire." They were expecting Swift's return in 1727.[4] For the moment it was as Swift wrote, "a time of no events."[5] The Dean himself, whose "Gulliver" formed the sensation of the season, was naturally the first to whom he would turn for literary co-operation. But Swift was "sitting like a toad in the corner of his great house with a

[1] With Mademoiselle du Bouchet, the mother of the son whom he devotedly trained in 1728 ; and, not counting Lady Fanny Shirley, long afterwards with Walpole's eldest son's wife, whose giddiness was notorious in Florence, and whose sympathy with the heroes of 1745 is notorious. Stair was also one of her lovers. *Cf.* H. Walpole's Letters, vol. i. p. 149.

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 377.

[3] *Cf.* Letter to Lord Hardwicke, B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 318.

[4] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 128.

[5] Letters, vol. xvii. p. 54.

perfect hatred of all public actions and persons."[1] The remnants of the old "Scriblerus" Club were still active. Arbuthnot, lately recovered from "the jaws of death," was now in full swing and spirit. Gay—so soon to be flouted by the Court—was inditing fables for the little Prince William. Pope was elaborating the "Dunciad," which he at first named "Dulness," and still brooded over Atterbury's disgrace. "Duke" Disney survived loud over his bottle. And there were others, too, of Oxford's old set who would not be averse to join; especially that formal and careful little Welshman, Erasmus Lewis, now "the best of husbands."[2] There was also a patroness for such an undertaking to hand in Henrietta Howard, and all her "tribe of wanters."[3]

With small natural equipment well husbanded she played a large part. Cold by disposition, she affected a warmth of gallantry; wholly unoriginal and half educated, she coveted a salon of wits, and wished Marble House to outshine Richmond Lodge. Her deafness[4] was not so obdurate as Swift's; though unfeigned, it proved a convenient malady. While the town rang with the brutal fits of her husband, she sat smiling under insult and serene under provocation. She was never really happy till her royal lover had broken with her, her royal hater deprived her of mistress-ship of the robes; till she had been widowed, not long after her husband's earldom, and safely married to the amiable George Berkeley. At Audley End there are two small but striking portraits of him and the quondam Countess of Suffolk. She stands, with figure still slim, with countenance still comely, a pattern of uncon-

[1] Letters, vol. xvii. p. 53. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 48.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 162. "There are, madam, thousands in the world who if they saw your dog use me kindly, would the next day in a letter tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good. . . . Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way." This is one of countless instances exhibiting Dr. Johnson's poor judgment of Swift when he says, "The rogue never uses figures."

[4] Madame du Deffand, in writing to Horace Walpole, always styles her "Vôtre Sourde."

cerned elegance and thrifty neatness, prudence and prudery in every lineament. She reminds one of those artificial lakes in the Georgian gardens of the period, which so often chequer the stiff backgrounds of those portraits. Their blank serenity reflects the blanker serenity of the sky. A prim swan sails on their coy and unruffled surface, while a coquettish pavilion, overhung by some weeping ash, adjoins.

In one of her letters she owns that she has more feeling than tenderness; and in another, that conquest is the last thing a woman cares to resign.[1] In the end she became a tender wife, and almost contented with defeat.[2] It is only fair to remember her position, beset with interested flatterers and insincere homage, in a circle where art was the formal apology for nature and ill-nature the substitute for good art.

> "'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes,
> Those stars of the world are too good for the skies,"

sighed her aged adorer, Peterborough.

> "Of all her Dears, she never slandered one,
> But cares not if a thousand are undone,"

sang, or rather hissed, her once humble servant, Pope, to whom the first line of the distich could certainly never have applied.[3] Bathurst was one of her devotees, and with Bathurst Bolingbroke was staying in July 1726, on his way to Windham at Orchard Windham.[4] Already in the February of that year, Windham had pleased the King, and even Walpole, by patriotically supporting supplies,

[1] Letters, vol. vi. p. 123. (To Gay.)

[2] Henry Pelham gives a happy account of this union. B.M. Add. MS., 27734, f. 1.

[3] Lady Luxborough, writing five years after Pope's death, remarks: "Pope would have died many years ago, had he been obliged to refrain from satire, the sole delight of his little, peevish temper." Letters, p. 158.

[4] Compare B.'s Letter to "The three Yahoos of Twickenham," "From the Banks of the Severn," Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 83, with p. 104, and with Corr. No. lxiv.

and opposing Shippen.[1] The double plan of operations, both literary and parliamentary, was being matured. Vague hints had been thrown out by Bolingbroke to Swift in the previous summer.[2] Till then he had been at Twickenham with Pope, after his rebuff in his spring interview with Walpole. Stella's illness recalled Swift to Dublin till the following year. Bolingbroke again mooted the subject to him; so did Pulteney.[3] Their enemies declared they were playing a "desperate game." It was alleged that Bolingbroke's importunities to perfect his restoration had been once more repulsed, that he "had taken to drinking," was financially bankrupt, was being ruined by his lawsuit, and so forth. The truth of these slanders may be tested by the one that follows, namely, that "he has but one comfort in view, that his French lady is said to be in an ill state of health."[4] Gay was going his round of Tory dinners at Cranford. Parliament was to meet with the new year, and by November the whole set were gathered at Dawley, which Bolingbroke called his "sepulchre," and whither he invited them to his "funeral."[5] They were already choosing as their motto "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."[6] The future Queen Caroline herself was heartlessly encouraging the author of "Gulliver" and accepting the Irish plaids of the "Drapier."[7] "Ah, où est Grillon?" sighed Bolingbroke.

The project had to be carefully veiled, for Walpole was

[1] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, pp. 419–20. Windham was for "the 4000 men."

[2] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 23.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 95.

[4] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), pp. 430–431, and *cf.* p. 446 (1727). ". . . If our friend B. has lost his lady, I am sure he will be heartily out of humour; never wife will be lamented more. I think her great fortune is to go to Greenwich Hospital." These ignorant taunts are the sort that have adhered. The reader will know from these pages how unswervingly tender Bolingbroke's devotion to his second wife remained.

[5] Swift's Letters, vol. xvii. pp. 102–108.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 111.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 117. For Queen Caroline's pretended sympathy with the set, *cf.* the "Letter from the Prince of Lilliput," Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 144 (1727), where the trusty Nardac Koorbnilob (Bolingbroke) is mentioned. He seems therefore to have been in touch with the Court of the Prince of Wales.

vigilant. As obsequious Young had versified, when Walpole attended his royal master in the storm from Helvoetsluys on his return from Hanover during that very year, in a line whose idea Bolingbroke afterwards parodied as the *Occasional Writer*[1]—"Our Palinurus slept not at the helm." The "Inscription" to Walpole in which Bolingbroke parodies it should be carefully read. It was one of his first outbursts,[2] and it remains one of his ironical masterpieces. Its studied courtesy stings by contrast. It contains that wonderful invective in which he recommends himself as a hireling advocate for the Government, and part of which we cannot resist transcribing :—

"... It is evident that a Minister, in every circumstance of life, stands in as much need of us public writers as we of him; in his prosperity he can no more subsist without daily praise than we without daily bread, and the farther he extends his views, the more necessary are we to his support. Let him speak as contemptuously of us as he pleases, for that is frequently the manner of those who employ us most and pay us best; yet will it fare with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its root work into the dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished."

The design was at first bruited as merely a literary venture. It took embryonic shape in a small paper called the *Country Gentleman*, which appeared on Friday, July 15, 1726, and in which Bolingbroke, under the style of "Will Johnson," forecasts the characters of Caleb Danvers, the typical squire and bencher of Gray's Inn; of Robin, the cunning and careless coachman who had laid the blame of his misadventures on his two horses Surly (W. Stanhope) and Ranter (Newcastle), and who had recently produced another beast "not fit for a dray-cart (Horace Walpole), with whom he "resolved to leave the beaten road, and go a new way over the people's grounds." The finale is predicted, "when the 'craftsman' of these machina-

[1] Works, vol. vi. p. 6. [2] It is dated from "My garret," January 1726–27.

tions shall be overthrown." "Unfortunately, he happened to be attacked by the People, whose fences he broke down. Robin whipped and swore; the horses stumbled and plunged. The country people with their clubs laid on both Robin and the horses. The tackle was broke. The horses ran away, and Robin broke his neck with the fall."

It took final form in the *Craftsman*, the first number of which saw the light on Monday, December 5, 1726, which was published on Mondays and Fridays for about a year, and then on Saturdays only, which created such a success that it was republished in annual volumes in 1731 (corrected in 1737, with a "Dedication to the People of England"), and which lasted till April 17, 1736, a longer life than had ever attended any previous weekly *brochure*. To it was from time to time appended a longer essay, chiefly on the muddles of foreign affairs, which bore the name of the "Occasional Paper," and was in every instance from the pen of Bolingbroke himself.

To secure secrecy for the scheme, they pitched on an editor of some talent and more obscurity.

Nicholas Amherst was at this time twenty-nine years of age. He was probably introduced to the collaborators by Chesterfield, to whose journal, *Common Sense*, he was a contributor. He had been Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, whence he was expelled in 1719 for libelling a Low-Church bishop, and for the authorship of the "Oxford Toasts."[1] In 1721 he had conducted an unsuccessful paper called *Terræ Filius*. He owned some nimbleness of wit and pen, and his "Cibber's Letter" in 1737 is still remembered. His poetical works were published in two volumes before his death in 1742.[2] In the end, and after all the risks he had run, Pulteney left him unrewarded, and perhaps envious of Walpole's mercenaries, Henley, Concanen, and Arnall (immortalised in Pope's "Dunciad"),

[1] *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 257. Stratford ejaculates "Poor fellow!"

[2] *Cf.* the advertisement to the "Remarks on the History of England," Preface, p. xvi.

the latter of whom within four years reaped a harvest of nearly eleven thousand pounds out of the pockets of the taxpayer.

The publisher was Richard Francklin of Russell Street, Covent Garden, who went partner with Amherst for the consideration of five guineas a week, and who, after Bolingbroke's death, vehemently disputed Mallet's right to republish his property.[1]

"... The truest reflection and at the same time the bitterest satire," Bolingbroke had observed to Swift in 1719,[2] "which can be made on the present age is this: that to think as you think will make a man pass for romantic." "Whoever suffers himself to be wholly led by another man can only be accounted as a dead man. He is actually in the hands of an undertaker," wrote Bolingbroke in the *Craftsman* of June 15, 1728.[3] The note of the *Craftsman* is daring originality. It ushered in a critical realism. It thought for itself, and it spoke what it thought.

The chronicles, echoing each other, have long hitherto assumed that papers signed "O." in the *Craftsman* are by Bolingbroke, those signed "C." or "C. D." by Pulteney, and those signed "A." by Amherst, while the grouping of these letters indicates a corresponding co-operation of authorship. They have not informed us who are represented by the initials "R." or "N." We shall prove that these conjectures are baseless, that under all these initials many authors lay alternately concealed, and that both Arbuthnot and Swift were constant contributors. "Believe me," wrote Pope, ten years afterwards, "great geniuses must and do esteem one another."[4]

Swift found it afterwards politic to deny his complicity with the *Craftsman*;[5] and so, some two hundred years earlier, had Erasmus found it politic to deny his connection with the "Epistolæ obscurorum virorum." The cases

[1] *Cf. Ibid.*, "A Short State of the Case," &c., p. 2.
[2] Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 344.
[3] *Craftsman*, vol. iii. p. 117.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. xix. p. 78.
[5] *Ibid.*, vol. xviii. p. 416.

are not dissimilar, for the *Craftsman* in a new Renaissance was a sort of political "Epistolæ," tilting against obscurantism in high places. A club and a literary organ were necessities for Bolingbroke. Just as the "Scriblerus" Club in England and the "Entresol" Club in France had replaced the old association of the "Brothers," so the *Craftsman* was to replace the *Examiner*.[1] Nor had his previous experience been lost upon him. Even when he was in office the *Examiner* had sometimes been sorely beset. Now that he was resolved on power, far greater caution was requisite. If the signatures had not been ambiguous, Walpole would never have written that coarse and obtuse piece of objurgation, re-echoing an expression of the *Craftsman*,[2] which still remains as a foil to Bolingbroke's fine and superior mettle. "Change your names and be as abusive and scurrilous as you please, I shall find you out. I am *Aristæus*, you are *Proteus*. You may change to a Flame, a Lion, a Bull, or a Bear, I shall know you, baffle you, conquer you, and contemn you . . . *and so, sir, I scorn your proffered services.*"[3]

Let us now, as concisely as possible, examine the problem of these signatures, and let us begin within Bolingbroke himself. No. 131 of the *Craftsman* (1728) is a letter signed "John Trot," and initialed "C." It is republished in Bolingbroke's Works;[4] but quite apart from this certainty, its style would have bewrayed it; nor can any better reason be given for the attribution of all articles signed "O." to him than the fact that the "Vision of Camilick" (No. 16) and the "Humphrey Oldcastle Letters" (beginning at No. 218), some of which were afterwards republished as the celebrated "Remarks on the History of England," are so signed. Of these we may point out that No. 267 contains

[1] Arbuthnot, writing in March 1729, calls the *collaborateurs* "Your little club." Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 273.

[2] No. 16.

[3] *Cf.* the quotations from the "Abstract of the Minister's Answer to the *Occasional Writer*," Bol. Works, vol. vi. p. 54.

[4] *Cf. Craftsman*, vol. iv. p. 57, and Bolingbroke's Works, vol. vi. p. 78. So is the Appendix to vol. v. of the *Craftsman*.

the germ.[1] But if we examine the other "O." articles, we find that No. 25 is most certainly by Arbuthnot, probably in conjunction with Swift, and in the complete manner of "John Bull." No. 65, again, about the South Sea Company, is signed "O." It is undoubtedly not by Bolingbroke; nor is No. 114[2] about monopolies, or No. 123, which is probably by Lewis. On the other hand, among the earlier ones, No. 35, signed "O.," is probably by him, and No. 52, against Court favourites, is most certainly so, for it is paralleled by a passage in his Philosophical Works.[3] So also are Nos. 54, 111, 133, and 149, and the "Oraison Funébre" on the death of his friend Berwick. Take again the letter "C." Nos. 8 (from "Jack Hinter"[4]), 100 (Sallust), 105 (Sejanus), 116 (taking the analogy of the "Tale of a Tub"), and 120 (Rampsenitus), are from internal evidence, we think, unquestionably by Bolingbroke. So, to take the letter "D.," seem to be Nos. 17, 34 (criticising Walpole's pamphlet of 1717), 73 (on Detraction),[5] 118 (on the Liberty of the Press), and 136 (on Walpole's decline and fall). In like manner, as regards "A.," Nos. 54 (Character of Lechmere), 107 and 176 (Dunkirk), are by Bolingbroke. The greater proportion of those signed "R." or "Raleigh" are by him too. But No. 61, on the "History of the Norfolk Steward," is probably by Arbuthnot, in conjunction with Swift, and may stand as an exception. No. 98, signed "C. D.," is apparently by Bolingbroke, like the vindication of Pulteney, No. 79, signed "D. C." That the majority of the "R.'s" are by him may be evidenced by the sample specimen of No. 81, which satirises Walpole under the ex-

[1] See *Craftsman*, vol. vii. p. 267; and *cf.* the "Patriot King."

[2] Though the paper following, signed "Jack Hinter" and "C." (on Kings, Ministers, and Currency), undoubtedly is.

[3] *Cf.* Works, vol. iii. p. 257: ". . . They may think or they may represent themselves to be his favourites; they may beat even his best subjects as rebels by virtue of laws which his Ministers make, and which he is supposed to authorise." Compare the whole passage with *Craftsman*, vol. ii. p. 48.

[4] One "Hinton" was a real person, and the source of Stratford's rumours as to Bolingbroke's embarrassments in 1726. Stratford Letters, p. 431.

[5] This essay quotes the "Urit enim fulgore suo suis qui prægravat artes," and which Bolingbroke had quoted to Alari in 1718. *Cf.* Corr. ix.

ample of the Russian Minister, Menzikoff; and contains the subjoined passages: "Mr. D'Anvers, I give you joy of your opponents. When a public writer is attacked, he should wish it might be by persons of distinction without penetration. Let them be very conspicuous and very dull. The assaults of such adversaries only show the polish of your arms, as they say the leopard, when roused to battle, calls forth all his spots, and his courage is his beauty." "... When I reflect on this gentleman and some of his coadjutors, it brings to my mind what I have somewhere read of the Egyptian crocodile, a very voracious monster, who lives upon rapine, and is attended by a little animal called the ichneumon, whose business it is after every meal to clean his master's teeth, and hath the carnage which remains there for his fee." We may add that No. 56, signed "N.," which applies Falstaff's speech to Walpole, bears every trace of Bolingbroke's authorship; and, as mentioned, the fine "Oraison Funébre" on the death of Berwick is by his friend.

With respect to Swift, we have a fact and a double probability on which to rest our contention. He certainly contributed to the "Occasional Writer," as may be seen by the spirited performance incorporated in his Works,[1] where he seeks to counteract the treachery of Voltaire in 1727. This very contribution is commented on and acknowledged by Bolingbroke in a letter to Swift of August 1727.[2] His two last visits to England in 1726 and 1727 brought him into close contact with his old associates, and it would be strange if, under all the circumstances, he and Arbuthnot, at any rate, had not collaborated as of old. Now it is just in these years that we find not only such papers as correspond to their previous combined effort, but some of such as display every quality of Swift himself. Under the first head may be ranked No. 25 (about "My Uncle's Plantations"), an allegory in the self-same style as "John Bull," and the History of the Norfolk Steward ("Mr. Lyn"), begun in No. 61,

[1] Vol. x. p. 329, "A Letter to the Writer of the *Occasional Paper*."
[2] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 164.

and finished in the Appendix to the same third volume (p. 106). Under the second, the skit on great men in No. 9 (signed "D."); the skit on Walpole's decorations, with a description of the Knottists and Anti-Knottists, signed "John English," and "C." in No. 36; No. 77 (unsigned), about the "Buttonians;"[1] the account of the Numsculls and the Noodles in No. 92 (signed "Tamquam," and "A. C.," and published in April 1728)); the paper with the fine image of Ithuriel's spear (No. 83), and the adapted Collect in the Appendix to the third volume, as well as No. 111 (on Sir Dr. Temple), with the signature of "O." Few who read the "Progress of Patriotism: a Tale," in the Appendix to volume v. (p. 326), can doubt that these verses, published as late as 1730, are Swift's. The last lines repeat some of Prior's; and whoever peruses the satire on men being instructed by corresponding animals (No. 110, signed "C."), can feel as little doubt that the description of the chameleon is by him also. The "Account of the Court and Empire of Japan,"[2] written in 1728, was probably designed for the *Craftsman*, and as probably deemed too dangerous for publication.

Arbuthnot's hand is also constantly manifest. No. 25, to which we have adverted as the joint work of him and Swift, is signed "Will Briton" and "O.," and is dated from "Hampstead," a spot which he repeatedly frequented for its air, and where eventually he died. No. 10, concerning the family of the "Shallows" (signed "N."), bears marked traces of his manner; so do Nos. 74 and 78 (signed respectively "A." and "C."), the first on "Harlequin and the Screen," the last on the South Sea Company, which, be it noted, certainly derive from the same source. And when Gay's opera lashed the Ministry to a popular tune, we discern him in No. 85 (signed "A.") comparing Walpole to

[1] What can be more Swiftian than the anti-bovine touch in this paper of the man who "is obliged to sell a bear in order to sell two horses"? In 1731 Gay rallies Swift on a supposed tiff with Pope about the *Craftsman*. Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 430.

[2] Works, vol. x. p. 33.

Lockit, and his brother to Polly Peachum, as well as in No. 140 (signed "N." and "Anti-Leviathan"), on an "Index Expurgatorius for the Drama," and in No. 166 (signed "N."), which pursues the "Shallows" once more. None versed in the "Scriblerus Papers" will fail to recognise what we have indicated, and the medical allusions in many of the earlier satires are also attributable to him. In No. 6, for instance (signed "A."), preluding the permanent refrain of "Dr. King's Golden Specific," which sketches Dr. King's character and recipes, and satirises Harcourt as one of the two eminent lawyers on whom they had suddenly worked miracles, his handiwork is evident. The advertisement on page 91 of the first volume seems to us also indisputably his: "Speedily will be published, a short and easy method of acquiring Dulness; or the art of being unintelligible, so as not to be found out by the dearest friend or nearest relation; with proper rules to damp imagination and prevent elocution. By a person who has, for these many years last past, professed Non-conception, and difficulty of utterance; the whole in a few words, the Author not being master of many. To be had only at the hand and Pen near Whitehall." This surely strikes the note and utters the tone of "Martinus Scriblerus."[1]

Nor can we doubt that Pope also contributed. As early as No. 7—the exceedingly clever innuendo of Horace Walpole's character by a pretended life of Horace, illustrated by quotations from his works and a verse-parody—we can discriminate his voice; and the theme was resumed later on. Papers Nos. 14 (on Solecisms), 101 (on Budgell's laudations of Walpole), and 102 (on Howard's congratulations to Townshend) distinctly recall his work in the "Scriblerus Papers." Gay's accent too is audible in No. 104 (the "Cod-fish Plot" parody), 174, signed "D."; while the series of papers beginning with Nos. 24 and 64 and resumed in Nos. 111 and 113, and in each instance signed "A.," we should ascribe to Chesterfield. They are samples

[1] *Cf.* also the advertisement on the "Retirement of Dr. Robert King" in vol. ii. p. 41.

of the "Opera-politics" which they brought into vogue. Faustina typifies Spain and Cuzzoni, England; and just before the Congress of Soissons, Cuzzoni, despite Senesino's moderating endeavours, is drolly left singing alone on the stage. We may mention that this form of double-entendre became prevalent even in private letters. Lord Limerick, addressing Lord Essex in June 1735, refers under this figure to Pulteney's trimming with Walpole, which had in the previous year caused Bolingbroke's withdrawal. He hints at " . . . a private treaty between him and the Allied Powers of Covent Garden," and adds: "But we all agree that the reason he gives was only a pretence, and we expect that next session he will secretly concur with our enemies."[1]

To William Pulteney must be assigned a number of articles, chiefly concerning finance, bribery, and standing armies, mostly signed "D." Among them may be noticed Nos. 11, 13 (signed "C."), 15 (signed "N."), 31, 33, 56, 88, 106, 151, and 156. To estimate his inferiority in more fanciful composition, we have only to read No. 97 on "The Giant." To his far abler cousin, Daniel, we attribute at least No. 14 (Scrub's Plot), signed "D. C."; the geographical advertisement appended to Nos. 13, 48, 67 (which quotes Bolingbroke), signed "D."; 78 (Gibraltar), signed "D. D."; 103 (The Creed of an Old Whig), signed "D."; 119, signed "D.," and 156, with the same signature. To Amherst himself, at least Nos. 22, 23 (on Prime Ministers, signed, "D." and "A." respectively), some of the advertisements, and many of the introductory letters.

Such to our mind was the staff of the *Craftsman* up to 1730. Its success was unbounded; even Stratford admits it to be "the chief support of our spirits in the country."[2] In the following two years Bolingbroke contributed a great proportion of the articles, but he afterwards seems to have ceased any but a temporary connection with the periodical. Lyttelton, however, stepped in and contributed, while he was

[1] B. M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 186.

[2] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 464.

at the same time contributing to Chesterfield's "Common Sense"; and Akenside probably also lent his pen at this later date. Pulteney contributed some of his money, but it is not likely to have been much; for we know that on the Dunkirk investigations he only expended one thousand pounds, while Bolingbroke spent four thousand. In return, Pulteney secured the support of a powerful and forcible agitation for the Opposition, which, within Parliament, he, in coalition with Windham, was now inaugurating.

That opposition was organised entirely by the directing brain of Bolingbroke. The orator was Windham, the controller of figures, the parliamentary manager, was Pulteney; but the words, the ideas, the tactics were, as Walpole well knew, Bolingbroke's. Many instances might be given, but three shall, for the present, suffice. Speakng in 1733 on the proposal to issue £500,000 out of the sinking fund, Windham insisted that "a knight of the shire was a representative of the whole body of the people of England; there was no distinction between the landed interest, and that of the whole body of the people."[1] Speaking in that same year on what Pulteney had termed "that monster, the Excise, that plan of arbitrary power which is expected to be laid before the House,"[2] Windham observed: " . . . It is in a manner flying in the face of the whole people of England, and, since they have already declared against it, God forbid that we, who are their representatives, should declare for it."[3] Speaking on the removal of officers by Walpole in 1734, Windham again thus echoed the very voice of Bolingbroke. " . . . Ours is a limited monarchy: our constitution depends upon its not being in the power of the crown to break through those limits which are prescribed by law, or manage so as to render them quite ineffectual; for, when either of these comes to be the case, our constitution will be at an end. The monarchy can no longer be said to be limited, any

[1] Parl. Hist., viii. p. 1210; and as to the sinking fund, *cf. Craftsman* No. 12.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 1209.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 1365.

more than a man can be said to be under restraint who, though locked up in a room, has the keys in his pocket, and may open the doors when he pleases, or has proper materials at hand, and may break the doors open, and walk out whenever he has a mind.[1] In 1726 the two Pulteneys moved for a committee to report on the public debts; at a later period (1728) they were very nearly successful in this onslaught. Walpole, who had been required to furnish a statement of the whole national debt, was forced to supply his omission of the million more on the Civil List, and to drop his distinction between debts "incurred" and debts "increased." He was much disturbed by the debate, for some of his own supporters owned the justice of the Patriot's contention, while they relied on his strength to maintain them.[2] They further, at an earlier date, attacked the Treaty of Hanover. The league between the old Whigs and new Tories was styled by the Walpolites an "unholy alliance." Lord Hervey termed them "Patriots" with Windham and Pulteney for their "consuls"; the name adhered, and was adopted by Pitt and the Grenvilles till it became opprobriously branded by Dr. Johnson. But the ancient reproach of "patriotism" had in truth been very different. In the days of William it belonged to those who scathed the Court till they received the bribe, to the days when Musgrave hastened from the audience-chamber with the tell-tale coin, when—

> "Once we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
> From the cracked bag the dropping guinea spoke."

But these "Patriots" were banded to denounce bribery, corruption, and denationalisation, facts that no attentive student of these years can deny: to wake the people from their stertorous sloth, to defend and to defy by a series of incessant strokes that for nearly ten years rattled on the roof of the political fabric; to watch the political horizon with a vigilance that descried excise in the air, while Wal-

[1] Parl. Hist., vol. ix. p. 318. *Ibid.*, vol. viii. pp. 958–959.
[2] Stratford Letters, pp. 457–464.

pole was yet disavowing its possibility[1] to search out the springs of pensions, place-jobbing, and pettifogging at home, and of subservience, entanglements, and re-entanglements abroad. It was in vain that Walpole, writhing under their assaults, endeavoured to stamp them as Jacobites and to frighten the nation into compliance; he even sought to commit Pulteney to the Tower,[2] and to impeach Bolingbroke.[3] As Chesterfield urged in a speech of 1734: ". . . The Pretender is to be lugged into the question, as he has been in some others in which he had very little to do."[4] It was in vain that on three occasions, in 1727, in 1731, and in 1734, Francklin,[5] the printer of the *Craftsman*, and on one occasion its editor, were arrested for seditious libels. Nothing could be proved against them, and his endeavours to gag his adversaries redoubled the sale of their innuendoes. It was in vain that Walpole, eventually hard pressed, sought to vituperate the league as impugning the Crown, when they only assailed the Minister; or to abuse Bolingbroke in the Billingsgate of that

[1] Parl. Hist., vol. viii. pp. 958, 959.

[2] In 1728, Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 472.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 473. ". . . I believe they think him the author of more than he is; but I see not what they can do to him, unless in the cause betwixt him and young Packer. If that goes against him he may go abroad again." At the same time (1728) a libel on Bolingbroke appeared, entitled "The Lord and No Lord." Stratford says that both the peer and his wife "are hauled very coarsely in it"; and that "if the knight (Walpole) keeps his ground," Stratford's "old friend will not have quiet days." Stratford now seems in a melting mood towards Bolingbroke. He has found letters from him and the "Viscount" [Lord St. John] and is "amazed" at the "strain of kindness in them." *Ibid.*, p. 457.

[4] *Ibid.*, vol. ix. p. 333.

[5] Bolingbroke made great fun in 1730 (*Craftsman*, No. 215) of the surmises as to his cabals with foreign statesmen. ". . . I have heard," he writes, ". . . that one Richard Francklin . . . was the greatest politician in Europe; that tho' he was an Englishman he was in some foreign interest; that he had obstructed all our measures with Spain." ". . . I conceived the man to be at least seven foot high; that he was grown grey and wrinkled with age and politics, and a very dangerous animal. . . . And yet yesterday a gentleman . . . assured me . . . that this same Richard Francklin is a man of very diminutive size; that he never saw the King or Queen of Spain in his life; that he has no manner of acquaintance with the Emperor; that he speaks no language but English . . . in short, that *he is a plain, quiet, common bookseller, now living in Russell Street, Covent Garden.*"

famous onslaught of February 1727,[1] when he called him "an infamous fellow who made a reputation of doing mischief" — "of so profligate a character that in your prosperity nobody envied you, and in your disgrace nobody pities you"—"... in the interest of France and the Pope" —as a man of "no abilities, an emancipated slave, a proscribed criminal and an insolvent debtor"; while he naïvely added, "I am not in such a desperate, forlorn condition to employ a fellow who hath *no talents* ... and I love my master so well that I will never advise you, *lest you should jostle me out of my employments;*" — a coarse ebullition to which Bolingbroke replied with admirable tact and skill[2] in that fine period beginning, "How great! How fine! How bold! How generous!" The two were never more in contrast. Bolingbroke, cool in the isolation of his study, rash in the collision of personal encounter. Walpole, cool in personal collision, out of temper when his pen was in his hand. The chicane of the attorney and the bluster of the bully were in vain pitted against a combined opposition and agitation like those of the "Patriots" and the *Craftsman*, which eventually unmasked Walpole and overthrew him.

> "With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
> He's loud in his laugh and he's coarse in his jest.
> Of favour and fortune unmerited, vain,
> A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
> Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
> By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
> Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
> And selling his country to purchase his place."[3]

The satire was doubtless heightened by bitter disappointment, but it is also infused with a pang of throttled truth. The very man who had thriven by the stock-

[1] The paper which caused this arrest was No. 16, but the prosecution was based not on the "Vision of Camilick," but on No. 31, by Pulteney, against innuendoes.

[2] Bol. Works, vol. x. pp. 56–66. The whole passage should be read by every admirer of Bolingbroke's style.

[3] By Swift, in 1731 (unpublished in his Works). Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 32.

jobbing interest was now denouncing it because Pulteney's father-in-law was a stock-jobber.[1] The opposition which Bolingbroke formed differed from all previous combinations against reigning Ministers. It was compact and organic. It was *modern*. It represented, as it were, an anti-government, of which Bolingbroke was first Minister, Windham Secretary, and Pulteney Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bolingbroke has himself drawn the true functions of an opposition with a master-touch, in 1736. The passage is unfamiliar and most important. We therefore quote a portion :—

". . . They who affect to head an opposition, or to make any considerable figure in it, must be equal, at least, to those whom they oppose; I do not say, in parts only, but in application and industry, and the fruits of both, information, knowledge, and *a certain constant preparedness for all the events that may arise*. Every administration is a system of conduct: opposition, therefore, should be a system of conduct likewise; an opposite, but not a dependent system. . . . When two armies take the field, the generals on both sides have their different plans for the campaign, either of defence or of offence; and as the former does not suspend his measures till he is attacked, but takes them beforehand on every probable contingency, so the latter does not suspend his till the opportunity of attacking presents itself, but is alert and constantly ready to seize it whenever it happens; and in the meantime is busy to improve all the advantages of skill, of force, or of any other kind that he has, or that he can acquire, independently of the plan and of the motions of his enemy."[2] These are principles applicable at all times, and specially noteworthy at the present.

It would be hard indeed to condense the essence of the

[1] Portland MS., vol. vii. (Stratford Letters), p. 420. Windham taunted him with this, and Walpole rose in a passion, and said, "Never since he had been in place had he sold £20." . . . "After all, it is said Walpole did sell out £30,000 of Bank stock, though in such a manner that legal proof cannot be made of it."

[2] "On the Spirit of Patriotism." Works, vol. vii. pp. 59, 60.

*Craftsman*. Without notes or explanations many of these brilliant essays seem dull. But a knowledge of the time restores their evaporated spirit and interprets their extraordinary point and insight. As Swift remarked, all the writers were on one side and all the railers on the other;[1] "satire on one side," wrote Bolingbroke to Swift, "and defamation on the other."[2] Bolingbroke's great conversance with foreign affairs, his acquaintance with the men as well as with the measures, invest his criticisms—the essence of which we have sought to render—with a weight that is not ephemeral. His dignified style, apt eloquence, and flexible resource pressed literature, ancient as well as modern, into the fray, and his erudition furnished an infinite arsenal of illustration. Greek and Roman classics; Shakespeare, Milton, and Tasso, the very rant of the theatres, are utilised. Irony inspires the whole. He is now a would-be servitor of the Ministry anxious to receive their gratuities; now a depictor of deceased statesmen whose example tallies with Walpole's; now with directer eloquence, an indignant exposer of shams, frauds, inquisitions, bungles, espionage, and the absurdity of pocket boroughs.[3] It was this irony that Walpole resented so violently. He could not understand it till its effects were manifest, and it stung him while it perplexed. The advertisements themselves are a study bristling with topical innuendo. As Leicester, as Villiers, as Dudley, as Clifford, as Wolsey, as Buckingham, as Danby, as Rhampsentius, as Catiline, as Sejanus, as Cicero, as Dr. King with his golden nostrums, as Harlequin, as Macheath, as "Bob Booty," as "the brazen image which the king hath set up,"[4] as an alchemist who turned stones to gold, as an acrobat, the sturdy Minister is perpetually pelted, lashed, and portrayed. The prophets of Patriotism

[1] "A Letter to the Writer of the *Occasional Paper*." Works, vol. x. p. 333.

[2] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 132.

[3] The strictures, too, of Swift, in his "Of Public Absurdities in England," vol. x. pp. 364–65, should be consulted.

[4] And *cf.* Swift, in his letter to the *Occasional Paper*: "Here only, at the sign of the Brazen Head, are to be sold places and pensions, &c., especially that illegal one of the Post Office." Works, vol. x. p. 335.

dream dreams and see visions. Montesquieu—who was visiting England—suggests the form of his Persian Letters, and Usbeck's correspondence with Esniff are the result.[1] The inconsistencies of Walpole's opportunism, his itch for money, his mercantile connoisseurship of art, his ruptures with recalcitrant colleagues, his Oriental viziership that cowed the grinding galley-slaves, are expanded into examples of principles, and characterised rather than caricatured into a larger perspective than that of the moment. They are not journalism; they are literature. In controversy with "Publicola" (Hoadley), with the British and London journals, with Walpole's dull and ignorant janissaries, they fence with ease and certainty. Not only are the thrusts parried, but the foils are shivered, till the laugh is on their side. In one contention alone do we find them perverts—that of the licence of the press; but then, in this matter, Walpole himself acted "Durius quia toleraverat." With his heavy hand he could never grasp the elfin mirth which in volatile transmutations mocked at and eluded him.

"I frequently divert myself," wrote Bolingbroke in No. 73, "at my leisure hours with reflection on the various strange metamorphoses through which I have passed in the writings of my adversaries since I commenced author. I have been set forth to the world at different times as a noble lord, a discontented courtier, an ecclesiastical dignitary,[2] a learned physician,[3] a celebrated poet,[4] an expelled academic,[5] and a Grub Street garreteer. They have transformed me, within the compass of a week, from a mean contemptible scribbler whom nobody regarded, into an oracle of scandal, and a formidable incendiary, who hath spread the venom of his pen through every part of the kingdom. . . ." But, he remarks in No. 97, "the *Politician* indeed seems to be well secured by the temper of his armour. No spear will touch it. It rebates and takes off the edge of every weapon. With respect to him and to his

[1] In one of these (No. 14), Bolingbroke makes it said of Walpole: ". . . Yet did he think it worth his while to squander money, even to hear evil of himself."

[2] Swift. [3] Arbuthnot. [4] Pope. [5] Amherst.

intrigues, the laws lie silent under his feet; the dead letter sleeps; and the under magistrate dares not awaken it. Every man is thought to be in the wrong who opposes him, and is deemed criminal when he speaks against him. He is not only arbitrary, but infallible. Every honest and wise man, who thinks of impleading him, sees very plainly in this case that Justice, though she looks beautiful at a distance, is a fairy and delighting prospect only. He finds it the much more prudent, and therefore more eligible choice, to let a *great bad man* mire himself in his own infamy than to accuse him before people already prepared to acquit him, and perhaps, too, he may prevent a future and more favourable season for such an attack. A man who should in this case obstinately resolve to impeach him, would, as Mr. Congreve says, 'die a martyr to sense, in a country where the Religion is Folly.'" This was written in May 1728, with a new Parliament and after the appearance of Pulteney's pamphlet on the National Debt which made men open and rub their eyes; at a time, too, when week by week saw the opposition raise the question of new tamperings with the South Sea and jugglings with the East India Companies, of piled subsidies, and debts accumulated on debts to patch up breaches at home and abroad, and to be lavished on ministerial pensioners and hirelings—a state of things which led to the revival of the salt duty in 1732 as a bribe to the country gentlemen, who refused to take it, and preferred an undiminished land-tax to burdening the labourer and the artisan; to the invasion, moreover, and even abolition of the sinking fund for "secret service"; at a time, too, when England was creeping out of a half-waged and disavowed war into an absurd and unlasting peace,[1] and the Ministry was deliberately shirking the vital questions of Dunkirk and Gibraltar. "They are always," urges Bolingbroke, quoting from the French strictures of Balsac in No. 52, "either before or behind. One day they declare war in a pet, and the next sue for peace out of cowardice and fear of miscarriage. They affront the ancient and inseparable

[1] *Cf.* the review of the session in No. 49.

friends of the Crown, and smile upon the natural and well-known enemies of their country. If it be their fortune to rule in Spain, they are for granting liberty of conscience. If in France, they are for introducing the Inquisition. The frontiers lie open to insult and defenceless, whilst they are hurrying themselves in fortifying the midland towns. They are for giving up the citadel of Amiens and building one at Orleans." Could any analogy be apter or more dexterous?

In 1727 occurred the Spanish depredations and the secret instructions to Admiral Hosier, allowing the blockade, but forbidding the capture of the Spanish gold galleons. Over and over again does Bolingbroke examine and protest, urging an exaction of the long-litigated damages for the *Prince Frederick* and other English warships destroyed by Spain in 1719; regretting that Sir Charles Wager's Baltic expedition had been also trammelled.[1] Over and over again, too, he derides the meditated congress, at first named for Aix-la-Chapelle, and eventually, with his friend Lyttelton for eye-witness, dawdling at Soissons into a "truce," which only issued in the "encore" of the Seville Treaty. The *Craftsman's* theatro-political articles make excessively merry over the first meeting, which is to herald "a cessation of cat-calls."[2] Over and over again is the Treaty of Utrecht vindicated,[3] the necessity for patriotic coalition in the teeth of an anti-constitutional Minister asserted, and the doctrines of the "Patriot King" foreshadowed. The Tories and the old Whigs are now, cries Bolingbroke, the popular party. "It is time to cast off the delusions of party, and to be no longer satisfied with names instead of things."[4] "The face of things," he declares, referring to 1726 in 1730,[5] "was, I agree, as calm as you represent it to have been when my honest contemporary Caleb took up his pen. They were halcyon days truly. We were

[1] Sir Charles Wager was an old and valued friend.

[2] No. 49, and on the whole subject of Anglo-French and Anglo-Spanish relations (already but briefly discussed), *cf.* vol. vi. of Bolingbroke's Works, and the astrological paper, No. 152 of the *Craftsman*, besides the appendices beforementioned.

[3] *Cf.*, *inter alia*, No. 82. [4] No. 17. [5] No. 218.

not only quiet, but we seemed implicit, and dull uniformity of eternal assent prevailed in every place. I agree that since that time things are very much altered. A ferment, a spirit, call it which you please, is raised ; but I bless God it is not the blind and furious spirit of party. It is a spirit which springs from information and conviction, that has diffused itself not only to all orders of men . . . but to men of all denominations. Even they who act against it encourage it. You cannot call it Toryism when such numbers of independent Whigs avow it. To call it Whiggism would be improper likewise, when so many Tories concur in it. He who should call it Jacobitism would be too absurd to deserve an answer. What is it, then? It is, I think, a revival of the true old English spirit which prevailed in the days of our fathers, and which must always be national, since it has no direction but to the national interest ; *est jam una vox omnium*, and I hope we shall never have occasion to add, *magis odio firmata quam præsidio*."[1]

A curious mystery surrounds one of Bolingbroke's supposed compositions for the *Craftsman* to which attention has never been drawn. Grimoard, who undoubtedly had access to Alari's papers, prints in French an essay which is by him dated "April or May, 1727."[2] The date is evidently a mistake, for the letter deals with the stock question of whether the foreign proceedings of 1728 were a "*truce*," or, as the Government pretended, a "*peace*." It is brought forward as an instance of Bolingbroke's "magnanimity," for it rebukes the distinctions made by a writer signing himself "Raleigh," and is therefore assumed to be in support of Walpole. Of "Raleigh," too, it contains the expression that he seems to be one "who owes his life to his country." Now, the letter animadverted upon is Bolingbroke's own "Raleigh" letter to the *Craftsman* of November 23, 1728 (No. 125), which is paralleled by

[1] This is the very quotation in his letter to Clarke of 1715, already cited, *v.* Corr. No. ii.

[2] Vol. iii. p. 306.

another tract on the same subject in his published works.[1] And, moreover, the definitions and arguments adduced closely resemble those of Hoadley, as "Publicola," which are demolished in No. 129. The essay is addressed to his friends in the interests of their country by their "political father and pastor," and concludes by an injunction to "publish it." If the letter is genuine, and it probably is, it might be explained as ironical. But we think we can suggest a more probable solution. At this very time, the British and London journals were at loggerheads, the one espousing the cause of "Horace," the other of "Robin." As between the two brothers, both of whom he ridicules as maladministrators, Bolingbroke pours his contempt on Horace, and sarcastically justifies "Robin."

One instance, however, of actual "magnanimity" occurs in this year 1727. Palm had been despatched by the Emperor to London. Wavering Austria deserted angry Spain, and Walpole was driven to be pro-Spanish and pro-Austrian at once, though Spain was the object of veiled, and the declarer of open, hostilities against England. Walpole accused Bolingbroke of conspiring with Palm, who certainly, as well as Monteleon,[2] dined and drank tokay at Dawley. But shortly afterwards Palm, following the old precedents of Bothmar and Zinzendorff, thought fit to circulate a "memorial," and to appeal to the English nation against the English Government. It was a national crisis. Had England joined hands with Austria, a European conflagration must have ensued. The "Patriots," directed by Bolingbroke, behaved as an opposition should always behave in a moment of grave and common peril. They unanimously advocated the removal of Palm, and voted for the supplies which the Minister whom they abominated demanded.[3]

Meanwhile Bolingbroke had regained a Court ascend-

[1] Vol. vi. p. 119.

[2] In January 1733. B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 91 (Bolingbroke to Essex).

[3] Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. ii. p. 453. Of Bolingbroke's own "magnanimity," an instance occurs in his praise of the sinking fund arrangement of 1717, and of "old Bateman's" comments. *Cf.* Works, vol. ix. p. 394.

ency. George was afraid of his Minister's unpopularity, and averse to being confounded with it. Moreover, he deprecated what he considered Walpole's cowardice, and only money considerations had compelled him to retain this favourite of fortune. The Jacobite hopes were reviving. Spanish aggression always revived them. Atterbury, in banishment, at length even from the Court of the Chevalier, predicted that Walpole would himself introduce the Pretender on the Monarch's death, so strained were their relations. And further a strong doubt was cast on the heir-apparent's legitimacy. It was bruited that the Duchess of Kendal had been married to George before the immured victim, who died Queen of England in a German fortress; that "Monsieur Louis," who was openly honoured, was the eldest son; that the old troubles of succession would revive; that George himself would be glad to abdicate.[1]

The Court-Germans were now more than ever against Walpole, who fixed his eyes on the Princess of Wales, and the future. The Duchess of Kendal was charmed with Bolingbroke and his wife. An interview was arranged between the King and the statesman whom he had protected and had wished fully to restore. Bolingbroke prepared a memorial, which Walpole preserved, but which his son found missing among his papers after his death. It was doubtless a philippic in the style of the *Craftsman*, and was, as doubtless also, a claim for the perfection of his restitution by the resumption of his seat in the painted chamber, where the King's friend, his father, had long sat. The picturesque touches of that interview are familiar. The previous visit of Lady Bolingbroke, the pre-arrangement with Walpole to admit Bolingbroke, the indignation of Lechmere demanding an audience, and startled by Bolingbroke issuing from the closet, the evasive reply of the King interrogated as to the substance of their conversation

[1] These matters are, of course, babbled of by Horace the younger; but the most interesting mention of them is in some verses by Swift. Works, vol. x. p. 566: "A wicked, treasonable libel."

—"*Bagatelles, bagatelles.*"[1] There can be no doubt, however, as to the reality of George's intentions.[2] Etough—the source of Walpole's conversation—afterwards owned them in a letter to Dr. Birch.[3] Walpole himself is said to have been so convinced of them as to have been dissuaded only by the Duke of Devonshire from resigning and accepting a peerage. He had not forgotten that barely two years before, the King had threatened him with dismission unless he restored Bolingbroke.[4] Even at the outset of the succeeding reign his position was precarious, and his attitude despairing.[5] Writing in 1735 to Windham, Bolingbroke himself says: "Whilst the late King lived, I had a just claim and a fair prospect, grounded on his promises and on the conjuncture, so that I might and did expect to complete my restoration."[6] To his own sister he avowed, in October 1727, that "the blundering malice of certain Ministers has contrived to keep me in a country where they have no intention that I should live";[7] to Swift, then at Pope's, shortly after the King died, and when the new Monarch, who had himself been Chancellor of Dublin University, seemed likely to countenance a "moderating scheme," that his fruit had turned "rotten at the very moment it grew ripe." "I consider myself," he wrote from Cranford shortly afterwards, "as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman, nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose to act like one." "Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cæpit labitur. Plures enim discunt que-

[1] From Etough's Minutes (1737). Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. i. pp. 458–462. To this authority should be added Etough's Letter to Dr. Birch, which admits the fact; Swift's Letter to Sheridan, which conjectures it; and Atterbury's Memorial to Fleury, which asserts it. *Cf.* Jesse, p. 328.

[2] *Cf.* Chesterfield's Memoirs, pp. 42–283, and Pelham's information. Onslow Papers, Hist. MS. Comm., 14th Rep., App., pt. ix. p. 516, and Bolingbroke's Letter to Swift, June 24, 1727. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 150.

[3] *Cf.* Jesse, p. 328.

[4] Coxe's "Lord Walpole," vol. i. p. 125.

[5] See Minutes of a conversation with Mr. Scrope, Secretary to the Treasury. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 519; Stratford Letters, p. 458.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 333.

[7] Corr. No. lxv.

madmodum hæc fiant quam quemadmodum eis resistatur."[1]

Mortification and patriotism mingled; but he did not desist, though he never struggled for his own restoration again. On 11th June the absent King died in his drive from Delden to Osnabrück. "Maypole" Schulemburg shrieked over his fleeting breath, as she had so often shrieked at him in life with nagging insistence. Walpole breathlessly rode with the tidings to Richmond Lodge, and broke the Prince's siesta and the announcement of his accession at the same time. With George's decease Bolingbroke ceased all personal ambition, though he never relinquished his warfare for his political ideals. It was a crowning blow; and in the absence of his wife at Sens, he retired for consolation to the shelter of Windham's roof at Orchard Windham.[2] For the third time a Monarch's death had intercepted the very moment of victory.[3]

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 149, 150, 151. Corr. Nos. lxiv., lxvi. Swift had thoughts at this moment of going to France, and we find Bolingbroke appointing a meeting at his house in Pall Mall, and saying: ". . . I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best."

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 152.

[3] Writing to Windham (Egremont Papers) in 1736, he calls it ". . . a conjuncture, the advantages of which were defeated by nothing but sudden death." Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 340.

# CHAPTER V

## REBUFF

### "THE PATRIOTS"—1728–1735

At Audley End hangs the sole portrait of George the Second for which—with his disgust of art—he ever deigned to give a sitting. It is painted by Pine, and it has a romantic history. Originally intended for the colony of Maryland, it was shipwrecked, rescued by a trader, and eventually sold to Lord Howard de Walden.

In this portrait we view the man's habit as he lived. A tremor of amused suspicion quivers in every line. The lynx eyes seem anxious after the money-bags, in counting the contents of which he once so bored one of his many flames that she rose and quitted the room. The mouth smiles shrewdly and jealously. The attitude, alike spying and stubborn, denotes obstinacy rather than firmness, and toughness rather than spirit. Had it been painted some twenty years later, it might well have stood for Garrick in the part of Sir Giles Overreach. Throughout his life, though he affected to dictate, he was governed by others; and when his wife died, he was, as it were, partitioned among his contending Ministers. His father, whom he never forgave for his mother's martyrdom, and whose will he fraudulently burned, had bullied him. In like manner he bullied others; but there was a touch of good humour in his ill-nature, and of courage in his pig-headedness. He displayed his mettle against Carteret in 1743 as much as he had just done against Noailles, when he advanced as "our great Captain," to the charge at Dettingen. Nor should his manly comment on "Sir Watkins'" death be forgotten: "He was a worthy man

and an open enemy."[1] Above all things he prided himself on being entirely English, though he had been over thirty when he first set foot on English soil. Hanmer and Compton had striven to make him so;[2] his wife, who studied him like a book, and who treated his mistresses as herself—was his governess. Henceforward dates the Carolinisation of England, and a petticoat supremacy.[3]

Caroline's character is familiar, but its full force has not, we think, been realised. Cold by nature and even coarse in language, she was not cruel. Absolutely Spartan in her schooled self-control, she smothered a deep affection for the prodigal son whom, in her self-effacement for her husband, she constrained herself to coerce. Gay said of her in 1731: "... She has good qualities enough to make her esteemed, but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool."[4] Gay was naturally prejudiced and his verdict is unjust. Herein lies her pathos, and there are few more tragic pictures than the spectacle of this mother sternly raising that son out of the dirt in which he crawled for pardon. Of him we shall have much to speak hereafter. Of her, this much more may be said. She was accounted learned and latitudinarian, she patronised the Deists, she dabbled in science; she set up the bust of Woolaston in her Richmond grotto together with Locke's and Clarke's.[5] She delighted in her theological discussions with the latter. Infidelity became fashionable and Tindal found a patron in Lord Hervey.[6] "Our learned Queen," wrote Bolingbroke, in one of those lively interludes which

[1] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 142. The remark was made to Newcastle in 1749. Bolingbroke's sister characteristically observes, "This fine answer makes one regret that his ministers govern instead of him."

[2] *Cf.* the very remarkable facts in Swift's little familiar "An Account of the Court and Empire of Japan." Works, vol. x. at p. 343. Compton is called "Nomtoc," and Hanmer "Ramneh."

[3] Pope called Caroline's and Mrs. Howard's government "the gynocracy." *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 203.

[4] Swift's Letters, vol. xvii. p. 433.

[5] *Cf.* Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway, March 6, 1739. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 266.

[6] *Cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 40. Dr. Middleton had been Hervey's tutor.

relieve his "philosophy," "interests herself in nice and subtle disputations about space, from metaphysics she rises to theology. She attends frequently to the controversy, almost fourteen hundred years old, and still carried on with as much warmth and as little success as ever, about that profound mystery the Trinity. She studies with much application the 'analogy of revealed religion to the constitution and course of nature.' She understands the whole argument perfectly, and concludes with the right reverend author, that it is not 'so clear a case that there is nothing in revealed religion.' Such royal, such lucrative encouragement must needs keep both metaphysics and the sublimest theology in credit; and in short,

'Signs following signs lead on the mighty year.'"[1]

It was indeed a portentous time for the Church when promotions were showered on Agnostics. But all her mental activity and curiosity, rather masculine than feminine, were in truth a nervous vent for the miseries she so bravely concealed—as bravely as she concealed her last fatal illness. Her griefs were all bound up with that darling scapegrace who defied his father, and whom she forced herself to chastise. For him she had toiled and pondered. For him she had schemed the Prussian match, which was the wish of his heart before it grew warped, but which ended by affronting his angered sire and his raging uncle. To him in the riot of his buffooneries she had extended an indulgence denied to her luckless daughters; but George's hardness and Frederick's softness spoiled her plans and broke her heart. She was no patroness of poets, and she incensed discarded genius. Swift, smarting under Gay's discomforture,[2] wrathfully complained that

"Our frugal Queen to save her meat
Exalts the heads that cannot eat."

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[1] Bolingbroke's Works, vol. i. p. 123.

[2] *Cf.* his expressions in his letter to Carteret, January 18, 1728: " . . . Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruellest actions that ever I knew, even in a Minister of State, these thirty years past . . . " &c. Works, vol. xvii. p. 201.

But though Pope, in his bitter funeral-satire could sing of her—

"All parts performed, and all her children blest,"

it would have done more honour to his charity had he remembered that the son to whom she denied forgiveness on her deathbed was the image that she adored in the recesses of her being.

George owned the royal passion for routine, and he trained Caroline into it. "The King's last years," writes Horace Walpole, "passed as regularly as clockwork. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters . . . with Lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late Queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond. They went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy Horse Guards kicking up the dust before them—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade, and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe." What a galaxy of shabby state and magnificent meanness was that Court! The two princesses, with their two titled and heartless lovers in two camps, orientally cooped up in that paternal seraglio. Dark-eyed, insolent Anne Brett, the late King's English mistress, whose mother was Savage's, lingering still, though baulked of her title;[1] "She who had been Abishag lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba." Fat, foreign Lady Yarmouth, the reigning favourite, intriguing with the rising Pitt and her strutting Sultan's enemies. Glowering Duchess Sarah, still rapacious and revengeful in her loveless age as in her unloving youth, wreaking her spite, as her daughter did her infatuation, like some mediæval sorceress, on waxen dolls, haggling over the barter of one granddaughter to the Duke of Newcastle, and offering another at a premium to the young prince. His martial brother of Cumberland, complicat-

[1] Orford's "George II.," vol. ii. p. 480.

ing and compromising his affairs even before the Court of Frederick the Little was at an end—and over all cool, sturdy, thick-set, and dogged Sir Robert, who, having dished the Marlborough junto entirely and baffled Bolingbroke, chastises with whips where he chastised with scorpions, buys boroughs as a grazier buys oxen, and defies antagonistic enthusiasm with a matter-of-pocket masterfulness.

At the moment of George's accession, however, Walpole's position was by no means fully established. Townshend, soon to be sacrificed, was already restive under his control, and new men expected new preferments under a new monarch. Though the present Queen was his friend, and he had been in favour at Leicester House, Walpole himself was very apprehensive. George's first thought was about money; and he turned to his adviser Compton, the Chancellor of Exchequer, for a statement of financial affairs. Spencer Compton, better known as Lord Wilmington,[1] was a convenient cipher, one of the dullest and most commonplace of the throng—as ineffectual as Sandys with his unceasing and unsuccessful motions against places and pensions. All his life he played the part of understudy; and he was ready now, as in 1742, to do so for Walpole. He drew up an inconclusive scheme.[2] Walpole discerned his opportunity, and hastened to the King with a financial statement calculated to appease his mind. He "squared" Compton; and the consequence is embodied in the familiar story of the fair-weather courtiers agog to witness Walpole's disgrace at the first levée, and the Queen looking over their heads to where Walpole waited, and exclaiming, "There I see a friend."

Bolingbroke in this summer of 1727 was naturally pained

[1] He was Thomson's first patron. Thomson gratefully belauds him in his "Winter" as that

"Firm, unbroken, uncorrupted soul."

[2] *Cf.* These very remarkable transactions are alluded to by Swift in his "Court and Empire of Japan." Works, vol. x. pp. 343–349.

and dejected. "Lord B.," writes Arbuthnot, "is so ill and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return to London."[1] The *Craftsman* is ominously silent as to the failure of his hopes. With Windham he began to prepare that daring plan of campaign which from the succeeding year till 1734 dazzled the listeners at St. Stephen's. To his sister—who had married Robert Knight in 1726, and was now with her husband at her father-in-law's in France—he wrote mainly of her private affairs, but his letters also complain of the post-office depredations—an affront doubled by the fact that his old friend Lovel presided over it[2]—of his wife's ill-health, and of his own fits of jaundice which drove them to Bath in 1728. The Knights' eldest child had, as we have seen, been christened "Harry," and his godfather inquires affectionately after him. Lovel had slandered Mrs. Knight, and her brother is sympathetic in his contempt.[3] To Swift, however, he pours out his soul. He was beginning to realise the truth of Jonathan's lurid saying, that "Life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it."[4] But his spirits were still elastic. "Is my Lord Bolingbroke," asked Swift in November 1727, "a planter, a philosopher, or a writer?"[5] "Dear Swift," replied Bolingbroke early in 1728, "take care of your health. I will give you a receipt for it *à la* Montaigne, or, which is better, *à la* Bruyére. "Nourisser bien votre corps, ne le fatiguez jamais laissez rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil. . . ." Once more he momentarily nourished a real resolution of absolute "retreat."[6] Meanwhile Gay's opera after "Gulliver," as befitted the work of a wit who could "set the footmen a-laughing as they waited at dinner,[7] had lashed the Government with phenomenal success, and put Pulteney's popularity out of joint. In

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 164.
[2] *Cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 64, and Corr. No. lxvii.
[3] *Cf.*, *inter alia*, Corr. Nos. lxv., lxviii., lxx., lxxvi. (1729).
[4] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 198.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 190.
[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 202, 225.
[7] Swift's Letters, vol. xviii. p. 66.

Dublin alone it was acted twenty times running. It cost him his place. Pope's "Dunciad," too, was about to appear. There was, as Swift observed, a "vacancy for fame," and Pope was in close collaboration with Bolingbroke. Swift recognises the fact in a letter to Pope of June 1, 1728,[1] in which he alludes to them both. "I do profess," he says, without affectation, "that your kind opinion of me as a *patriot* (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve, because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live"—a sentiment which reminds us of that striking sentence in another letter where he traces his earliest prick of ambition to the boyish failure, still rankling, that disappointed him of landing a big fish.[2] Bolingbroke, however, was resolved "to revive and animate the paper war," and Swift was prepared to aid him.[3] "Res diu nolunt male administrari," was Bolingbroke's refrain. Swift sought to hearten him with a present of "Usquebaugh,"[4] which never arrived. He was unfortunate, he said, even in his presents. Another occupation which Bolingbroke pursued during these three years was the project of his "History of His Own Times,"[5] which never saw the light except in incorporated fragments. There was difficulty in the task, for Swift also meditated a similar work, and there are traces of his jealousy in the matter.[6] He was also beginning those pointed analogies from English

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 223.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 280.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 164.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 237.
[5] In March 1731 he writes to Swift that he is "devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years," and craves more materials. In a previous letter he speaks of "a project which concerns us both," and would bring them together. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 374 and 377. And in May 1733 Pope writes to Swift that Bolingbroke intends historical after metaphysical writings, and should be "quickened." *Ibid.*, vol. xviii. p. 181. Again, in June 1740, he tells Marchmont: "The other task that I have set myself, and which regards the history of the first twelve or fourteen years of this century, will not be neglected, though I have been disappointed of many valuable materials," &c. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 214. *Cf. ante*, p. 160.
[6] *Cf.* Gay's insinuations in his letter to Swift. Swift's Works, vol. xvii., at p. 121.

history which created such a sensation on their republication as "Remarks on the History of England." Gay writes of the Bolingbrokes and Congreve together at Bath in the summer of 1728.[1] He is full of his own successes and of Bolton's elopement with "Polly Peachum." Six years afterwards, in the same paradise of fashion, his book and Bolingbroke's "Dissertation upon Parties" were in everybody's hands.

In 1729 the leaders of the Patriotic opposition were busy. They severely criticised the Treaty of Seville. They opposed the grant of £65,000 for Secret Service. They promoted an inquiry into the state of prisons and advocated their reform, a measure which evoked the poetic praises of Thomson. While Walpole was initiating resolutions for vast subsidies to the King of Sweden and Duke of Wolfenbüttel, for increasing the land tax, making good his depredations on the Sinking Fund, and defraying the huge arrears of the Civil List, the Patriots brought in proposals to compensate merchants injured by the Spaniards, to compel the King of Spain to make a specific renunciation of Gibraltar, to relieve soap and candles from burdensome duties; and motions for a return of how the allies had recently maintained their proportion of expenses, and how the claims of the South Sea Company had been pressed on or met by Spain; as well as an Act (traditional to the Tories) to prevent bribery and corruption "providentially carried in the affirmative by those gentlemen who have commonly the misfortune to be in the minority."[2] Bolingbroke too was pursuing, chiefly at his own expense, the costly investigations into the state of Dunkirk, which he afterwards detailed in a powerful pamphlet.[3] He despatched Brinsden on a special mission, which seems to have been made under the cover of a wine-merchant's business.[4] Instructed, and even worded, by him, Windham

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 226. Lovel was also there.
[2] *Craftsman*, No. 156.
[3] Works, vol. vi. p. 294. "The Case of Dunkirk Considered."
[4] Corr. No. lxxii.

in 1730 delivered one of his finest speeches—that on the Salt Duties. Pulteney again refused a proffered peerage, and encountered Lord Hervey in a duel, despite his friendship with his beautiful wife; while in the previous year his oration on the Bribery Bill, with his panegyric on freedom of Parliament and our "ancient constitution," created a great stir. Even Walpoleites were incensed and perplexed at the capricious fury of administration.[1] Writing in 1740 to Lord Marchmont about these times, and comparing Pulteney's subsequent cabals to the Tory decay after 1716, Bolingbroke has a telling passage:[2]—

"We," he says, "who were before your time on the public scene, came thither when the vortices of the two parties ran so strongly round that to be drawn into one or the other was, I think, inevitable. You have appeared in the world when these parties subsist no longer, neither in appearance nor reality, though knaves and fools amuse and are amused by the names. The men of experience and authority . . . were solicitous on all sides to list into their several rolls every young man who appeared, to instil the prejudices and inspire the spirit of party into him, and to dip him, while the first fever lasted, in engagements that might continue to be shackles upon him as long as he lived. And even when the fervor was over, when your lordship came into Parliament, the case was altered. There was on one side a Minister who troubled not himself to instil particular prejudices, or inspire a particular spirit, but bluntly offered to buy every one that was to be sold. There were on the other side a number of men coalited from the parties that had subsisted formerly, who acknowledged the errors and excesses into which they had run, and whose union was so far from being a party union that it was founded on the destruction of party, and could subsist on no principles but national principles, such as the Government was built upon, such

[1] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 22629 (Suffolk Papers), f. 228, and *cf.* Stratford Letters, pp. 458, 464.

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 202.

as regarded the good of the whole, and not such as suited the humor, prejudice, or interest of any set of men."

This is the theory which found practice for a time among the Patriots, and supreme expression in the "Patriot King," and in the "Spirit of Patriotism," which in truth were but the sum of the sermon that Bolingbroke had been long and incessantly preaching. Writing to his brother-in-law, himself a member of Parliament as early as 1731,[1] from Chantelou at the beginning of 1736, he observed in the same spirit —the spirit of the "Patriot King": ". . . It will be a comfort to me that I have had the opportunity before my death of contributing to revive the true spirit of the constitution in Great Britain. A set of men, that have bawled louder than others for liberty, have been long sacrificing it to their private interest, and the victim has stood long at the foot of the altar. The danger is now obvious, and the disguise is taken off. Faction is avowed, and parties are coalited. The victim may be saved, even though the same butcherly priests should continue to administer our political rites; or who knows? a zealous High Priest may arise, and these priests of Baal may be hewed in pieces."[2] Twenty years later such an High Priest arose in Pitt. In the same spirit, though in accents feebler, Chesterfield and Stair[3] had written and spoken. And yet this is the leader whom Walpole, and historians credulous of the Walpoles, have chosen to stigmatise as a sort of political Fagin, schooling the "boys" to steal the pocket-handkerchiefs. However Walpole might bluster, Swift could assure Bolingbroke at this time that he beheld him "as much esteemed,

[1] In 1733 he was Member for Sudbury.

[2] Corr. No. cxviii.

[3] "All experience," urged Chesterfield in 1743, "convinces me that ninety men out of a hundred, when they talk of forming principles, mean no more than embracing parties. . . . By this gradation, principles are fitted to party, party degenerates into faction, and faction is reduced to self. For this reason I openly declare that I think no honest man will implicitly embrace any party so as to attach himself to the persons of those who form it. . . ." &c. Works, vol. i. p. 109. The whole passage should be consulted; and *cf.* Stair's letter to Marchmont, Jan. 1, 1738. ". . . The King and his people would then have the same interest," &c. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. at p. 96.

as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation. . . ."[1]

The Treaty of Seville, and the installation of Don Carlos in 1731, the adroitness of Fleury, and Walpole's own sagacity in keeping clear of the Polish Succession war, left that astute dictator a free master of the field. In 1724 (as long after his time in 1757) there had been practically no opposition at all. He had now triumphantly quelled a very formidable one. Prosperity did not improve him. Determined to be the Caliph of his country, he rebuffed those whom he could not silence, and ejected such as were not purchasable creatures. In 1730 he quarrelled with and threw over Townshend; even poor Gay was sacrificed to his resentment. In 1731 he struck Pulteney's name off the Privy Council, and in the same year Carteret, who, after assisting to proclaim the new King at Leicester House in 1727, had been relegated to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, was recalled and dismissed. In 1733 he introduced the Excise Bill, a measure theoretically enlightened, but practically odious by its multiplication of officers who could control elections, and of spying informers for the Government; and so repugnant to the nation that it had to be withdrawn by the Minister who boasted that the Houses of Parliament were his packed juries. His rage knew no bounds. All its opposers were deprived or dismissed. Chesterfield had to surrender his white staff of the household for inducing his three brothers to oppose it. Montrose, Stair, Burlington, Clinton, and Marchmont were removed. Bolton, Cobham, and, two years later, the fiery young Pitt, were drummed out of their regiments. Their places were filled by his own minions, and he took this opporfunity of promoting his son, who had been raised to the peerage. All England rang with the crack of his whip and the sound of his whistle.

This insolence bore immediate fruits. Carteret, whom we have sufficiently characterised, joined the "Patriots"

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 301.

for a season; and Argyle was to do the same in 1734. The Opposition gained fresh reinforcements, foremost among whom were the young Lyttelton, the aspiring Marchmont the elder, the almost boyish Cornbury, the brother-in-law of Bolingbroke's intimate, Lord Essex; the brilliant brother of the brilliant Duchess of Queensberry, who had disdained the bribe of a pension, who represented Oxford, the home of lost causes and falling faiths, who, in Pope's verse, "hoped and candidly sat still." Cobham also went over to the Patriots, and Essex himself joined them. To these was to be added in 1735 a greater recruit, though as yet his greatness was undiscerned. Pitt, consumed with the love of his country and of fame, the Cornet whose impetuous charges drove England, after Bolingbroke's death, to be true to herself, the imperious, the supercilious, the ever-young. Through the Berkeleys he was already Bolingbroke's friend, while his sister, Anne, soon became intimate with Bolingbroke's wife, whom she visited some years later at Argeville, where Pitt's kinsman, George Grenville, also visited the Bolingbrokes.[1] Walpole's maltreatment of a genius on the threshold of a long and paramount career sent him to the tinsel court of Frederick the Little.

Nor must Harrington be forgotten, who, though not a "Patriot," never truckled to Walpole — William, the youngest, but not the least significant, of the Stanhope trio. His earlier career had been diplomatic. We have seen him indifferent to Gibraltar, but staunch to his own standard of duty. He had been a successful envoy to Madrid, and his correspondence with De Paz was published in 1727 by an opponent of Walpole to prove the impolicy of the brief war with Spain. At George the Second's accession he remained a plenipotentiary at Soissons, despite that monarch's hatred of his very name, owing to some disrespectful expressions which one of the Stanhopes was alleged to have used towards him while Prince of Wales. He was elected to the Privy Council,

[1] In 1742. *Cf.* his letters. Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. pp. 193–197.

and in 1730 created a Baron. He succeeded Townshend as secretary for the Northern Department with the Duke of Newcastle in 1731, and he dared to offend the King in that year's second Vienna negotiation, which at length yielded England's guarantee to the Pragmatic "Sanction" by shelving the King's Hanoverian interests. Indeed, in the long row of foreign complications, whenever Austria came in, George's anti-Prussian jealousies proved a continued obstacle. Harrington was ever Pro-Austrian, and though he had shrunk from war in 1727 with Spain, he was eager in 1733 to support the Emperor against France. His cabals with Strickland—the Emperor's secret agent—in 1734 pleased the King as much as they annoyed the Walpoles; but eventually a secret arrangement between France and Austria defeated his wish for an ultimatum against France (renewed in 1745) and smoothed the way for the preliminaries of 1735. In 1736 the King turned against him owing to his disapproval of the Queen's regency during her Consort's absence; and he intrigued with Chesterfield for a new Ministry, just as Chesterfield had intrigued with Townshend in 1730. He was mixed up with the Prince of Wales's troubles in 1737; he joined Newcastle and Hardwicke against Walpole in 1739. He favoured the arrangement with France for the neutrality of Hanover in 1741. In 1742 he received his Earldom; and in 1744, pursuant to Bolingbroke's ideas,[1] he concerted with Hardwicke to make Dutch support the sole condition of continuing the war for Maria Theresa. He joined the Pelhams in counteracting Carteret, and, when he resigned, accompanied the King to Hanover in 1745. Pulteney sought to detach him from the Pelhams in 1746, but he loyally refused, despite the disfavour of the King, who, in the same year, had to recall them, when Harrington handed his secretaryship to Chesterfield, as he had done to Townshend in 1730. He retained the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland till 1751, and survived it only five years.

[1] *Cf.* the sense of Bolingbroke's letter to Hardwicke. B.M. Add. MS., 35588, ff. 9 and 11, with Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 69.

He was silent and sensible without being brilliant, and his requisition for home service from the foreign missions which he adorned led Hervey to style him—

> "An exile made by an uncommon doom
> *From* foreign countries *to* his own."

While he lacked the "noble flame" which distinguished his brother, Lord Stanhope, he shared his honesty without his enthusiasm, and his shrewdness without his testiness. He was cold, but he was not calculating, and he stands out honourably from the crowd of time-servers who successively used and abused their King. His resolution, however, did not exempt him from "crying for the Garter" in 1744.[1]

Of the fresh personalities before enumerated, four survive as names rather than as persons, and we shall therefore briefly characterise them now; nor must we omit Marchmont's greater son, Polwarth, who became prominent in 1734.

George, afterwards first Baron Lyttelton, who was born the year before Bolingbroke became Secretary of State, and survived him twenty-two years, sprang from an old Worcestershire family. He had been educated at Eton and Christ Church. In 1828 he went the grand tour, and we have noticed his stay at Soissons, of which Carlyle gives so graphic a picture.[2] From Rome he indited the "Poetical Epistle to Pope." He was ambitious to shine in literature, but his performances are very mediocre although Thomson belauds him in "The Seasons." The tone of the *Craftsman* led him to write an essay, which remains in manuscript, on "The Reign and Character of Elizabeth." In 1735 he became member for Okehampton, and in the following year proposed the congratulatory address on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, whose secretary he became instead of Pelham in 1737. He contributed to the *Craftsman* and to *Common Sense*. He spoke in favour of the army's reduction in 1738, as against the navy's in 1751. In

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 45. [2] "Frederick the Great," vol. ii. p. 40.

1739 he violently attacked Walpole's Spanish Convention. In 1742 he strongly advocated the inquiry into Walpole's management. But after Wilmington's death he gravitated inevitably towards the Pelhams. In 1744 he formed one of the Committee to whom the Opposition was entrusted, but on the overthrow of Carteret at the close of the year, he became a Lord of the Treasury in the "Broadbottom" Administration, and was dismissed from his post in the Prince's household. Henceforward he followed their fortunes. In 1754 he refused to join Pitt against the Duke of Newcastle, and so far from resigning with his friends, he accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, where, in Horace Walpole's phrase, "they turned an absent poet to the management of the Revenue, and employed a man as visionary as Don Quixote to combat Demosthenes."[1]

The "great orator Little-ton-y" does not seem to us either an orator, a visionary, or a poet. Only his gaunt appearance and long nose lent themselves to the comparison with Don Quixote, idiosyncrasies which his protégé Fielding, who shared them, was not slow to caricature.[2] He was quick in his perceptions, weak in his will, and good in his resolves. But though he could be quite disinterested, as in his generosity to Legge in 1749, and really patriotic, as in his support of Pitt against Pelham in 1751, he had a keen scent for emoluments, and even re-approached the Prince of Wales shortly before Frederick's oath. He was unfit for his eventual post. Pitt said of him that "he never knew prices from duties nor drawbacks from premiums." He was first cousin to the Grenvilles and uncle to Pitt, who married his first cousin Hester, while his sister married Ayscough, his own tutor, and afterwards tutor in Frederick's household. But he never really stood by the "Cobhamites" or the "Cousinhood." His abilities were considerable, but as

1 "Memoirs, George II.," p. 63.

2 ". . . On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a nut-cracker. The learned have imagined it to represent the gorgon, but it was, in fact, copied from the face of a certain long English Baronet of infinite wit, humour, and gravity."—*Joseph Andrews.*

second-rate as Pulteney's were second-hand, and he was envious by disposition. His piety was undoubted, though Chesterfield styled him "a respectable Hottentot," and Horace Walpole indulged in the sneer that "after he had discarded virtue, he took up with religion." Pope was much attached to him, and wrote of him that "he loves and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintances."[1] "Still true to virtue," he sang, "and as warm as love." Swift corresponded with him as to the dawning promise of his young master.[2] Smollett caricatured him as Gosling Scrags.

It has repeatedly been said (nor has the author of the admirable monograph in the "National Dictionary of Biography" escaped the error) that in 1748 he "declined the honour" offered him by Bolingbroke of the dedication of the "Patriot King." The source for the statement is Lyttelton's "Memoirs." Writing to Lord Marchmont in 1749, and speaking of his Work's enforced publication in in 1748, Bolingbroke says: "If these letters . . . come to your hands, your lordship will find that I have left out all that was said to our friend Lyttelton in one of them. *He desired that it might be so;* and I had at once the double mortification of concealing the good I had said of our friend, and of revealing the turpitude of another." The word "letters" is a token that both the "Spirit of Patriotism" and the "idea of a Patriot King" are intended. The former was written to Lord Cornbury;[3] and it was not the dedication of the latter that Lyttelton declined, out of fear of offending some of the surviving Walpoleites, but the insertion of an encomium on Lyttelton's own conduct before 1742. His gardens at Hagley, as Cobham's at Stowe, are praised by Bolingbroke's sister in her correspondence with Shenstone.

Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Viscount Cobham, is remarkable more as an appreciator of others than for his own achievements. His "Temple of Friendship at Stowe,"

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 252. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 294.
[3] Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. ii. p. 158. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 380.

to which Roubiliac contributed some of his masterpieces, has given him a niche, through Pope, in the temple of Fame. He was nine years Bolingbroke's senior, and until 1723, when he was made Governor of Jersey, his record had been entirely in the field. Up to 1733 he had uniformly supported Walpole; but the Excise Scheme was the last straw. It is not often that a man opens a career at the age of sixty-four, yet circumstances enabled Cobham to do so. The hero of the hour, when despoiled of his regiment, joined the anti-Court of the Prince of Wales, and followed the policy of Lyttelton, Pitt, and the Grenvilles under Windham's and Bolingbroke's direction. In 1742 he, in common with the other patriots, were included in the Wilmington-Pelham coalition. With the exception of his detestation of the employment of the Hanover troops, he remained and died a Pelhamite in 1749. The sole letter[1] of Cobham's that we have read displays him, as we should expect, plain and laconic. He was every inch a soldier, and his main object was honourably to regain his forfeited military commands, which he did on Walpole's downfall. His influence was due to his character :—

> "Yes, you despise the man to books confined,
> Who from his study rails at human kind.
> . . . . . .
> And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
> Such in those moments, as in all the past,
> 'Oh, save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last."

William Capel, third Lord Essex, was connected with the Queensberrys, the Bedfords,[2] and the Gowers.[3] In 1718 he had been gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. He lived to be captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Privy Councillor, and, in 1738, to win his

[1] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 157.

[2] His first wife was Jane, eldest daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; his second, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford.

[3] In 1734 Bolingbroke writes from Cassiobury, where the first Lady Gower had been spending her honeymoon: "She comes in a litter, and will, I believe, go back in a hearse." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 119.

coveted Knighthood of the Garter. He died in 1743, and was succeeded by the son on whose birth Bolingbroke congratulates him in our "Correspondence," and who received the eccentric names of "William Anne." He was a close associate of Bolingbroke, and a comrade of "Brother Will" Chetwynd, who accompanied him on his embassy to Turin in 1732. Bolingbroke's correspondence with him from that year to 1736[1] is invaluable for the recital of these years. The character of Essex appears clearly in its course. He was a man of pleasure and of intrigue, an adroit negotiator, and only fidgety in his endeavours to secure the Order of the Bath. To Lady Bolingbroke he was devoted. She called him "mon fils," and he called her his mother. He was tenant of Bolingbroke's town-house, as Bolingbroke seems to have been his part-lessee of the grounds at Dawley; and we have reason to believe that Bolingbroke asked him to become trustee for his hapless sister when her breach with her husband occurred about 1736.[2] Of that husband he was also an intimate friend.[3] He lent Cassiobury repeatedly for the Patriot confabulations, which were graced by his sister-in-law, Duchess Kitty herself, when she was in England.[4] He delighted in the opera, and hurried for a short leave of absence to Venice solely to hear Farinelli[5] sing, and to see the Chiaretta dance. He contributed materially to the successful adjustment of foreign affairs in 1736. He was in close contact with the Pelhams, who, however, frequently suspected and resented his association with Bolingbroke. His appetite for gossip was insatiable, and he seems to have pensioned an old relation—Lady Charlotte Scott—as a retained purveyor of it, while he was abroad. The Princess Royal[6]

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27732–8.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 222, and *cf.* f. 220 about the "Dawley Lass." The Correspondent—Cory—was Bolingbroke's agent for his Berkshire property, and Essex's agent also.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 27734, f. 16. [4] *Ibid.*, f. 80, *cf.* 27733, ff. 142, 156.

[5] Farinelli pouched £4000 on his benefit night. B.M. Add. MS., 28733, f. 183.

[6] This term was resented by the populace as a French innovation. *Cf.* Stratford Letters, p. 452.

stood godmother to his son in 1732, as Henrietta Howard relates in a letter which speaks of "Œconimy,"[1] as Lady Bolingbroke's do of "Kachoberry."[2] He was altogether a very successful man; and if he grumbled, as he constantly did at Newcastle's prevarications, his grumbles were a fashionable form of pleasure; and he would certainly have grumbled more, had he grumbled less.

Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont, is one of the finest figures of the time, intrepid, eloquent, fervid, and single-minded; he ultimately replaced Windham in Bolingbroke's affections, after Windham's death in 1740. Born in 1708, he first emerged in 1734 from a filial resolve to avenge his father's failure to become, as he was entitled, a representative peer of Scotland; and there can be no doubt from the early letters of Stair and of Chesterfield in the Marchmont Collection that Scotch affairs largely aided the Patriots to embarrass Walpole.[3] In 1750 he himself became one of the sixteen Scotch peers, and in 1764 Lord Keeper of the Seals of Scotland, his great ambition. Of his disinterested patriotism there can be no question. He was always ready to wait, and never eager to grasp. With Bolingbroke and under his direction, he largely aided in forming behind the scenes that "Broad-bottom Administration" which, had it not been for the restlessness of Carteret, and the stolidity of the Pelhams, might have realised Bolingbroke's fondest hopes of a "National" Government. Bolingbroke's later letters to him are, next to those addressed to Swift and Windham, his best epistolary compositions. They breathe a sense of futurity and the dawn of a great promise. In his later years he was more intimate with him than any other; he lent him his house in 1742.[4] While he was still Viscount Polwarth (the speaker whom even Walpole both praised and feared) Bolingbroke thus addressed him, in one passage

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 120.

[2] *Ibid.*, 27733, f. 115.

[3] *Cf.* H. Pelham to Essex, January 18, 1734 ". . . Scotland is the seat of Patriotism." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 11.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 288–296.

which we have singled out from many. He is treating of Walpole's conduct in refusing to declare war with Spain in 1739—the nation sapping by insult that very commercial system on which Walpole's was reared :—

"The meaning is plain. If you yield to him, if he saves Spain from the necessity of a retractation, and obliges you to retract by your future conduct that which you held when you made the secession, his yoke is imposed on you in the present case, and cannot be shaken off in any other. If you continue firm in asserting the interest of your country and your own honour, he has thirty thousand men to back him, and the name of a King and a Parliament to varnish over his iniquitous cause, whenever he sees proper to commit any acts of violence. My mind has long foreboded such cruel extremities as these; and every friend I have knows how often I have expressed my fears several years ago, that Parliamentary opposition would not succeed for want of steadiness and vigour; that corruption would give the Minister an entire advantage over you in the constitutional forms; and that then the sole effect of having opposed him would be to frighten him so far, as to make him provide and employ farther and extra constitutional means of supporting himself. I apprehend that this is come to pass, and that the vassalage of Great Britain under the dominion of Walpole is very near completed. I have cast my mite into the treasury of liberty. . . . Shall I make any excuse for saying so much, when I thought of saying so little. No, my lord, not to you; you will read in the same spirit in which I write; and if the fulness of my heart overflows to you, the fulness of yours will overflow to me." And in a letter not long afterwards he says to him: ". . . You had, and you have it in your power, to set out where the best of us ended."[1] Bolingbroke was then, in the words of the "Patriot King," turning his gaze from those who were going off to those who were coming on the scene, and one of the leading actors was Marchmont. Marchmont was Bolingbroke's co-executor under

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 198, 199, 203.

Pope's will, as he was also a legatee. Pope's enthusiasm for him was unbounded, and it is not to be brushed away by Dr. Johnson's sneers at Pope's snobbishness. He is mentioned by Pope, together with Cornbury and Murray, as one of the rising lights in 1739.[1] He is coupled with Bolingbroke and Windham in the beautiful verses which were inscribed over the Twickenham Grotto,[2] as well as in the dirge on Britain which he left a fragment, and which Bolingbroke discovered after his death. Polwarth, too, is thus linked with Windham:—

> "Good Marchmont's fate tore Polwarth from thy side,
> And thy last sigh was heard when Windham died."

He lived to be consulted in his ripe old age by Boswell, officious for Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; though Johnson characteristically repulsed Marchmont's courtesy.[3]

But Cornbury wields a more pathetic charm. He is the Marcellus of the movement. Had he lived, what prodigies might he not have performed! By universal consent, blameless, beloved, and simple; a master of much learning, and a disciple eager to be taught—

> "Would you be blest? Despise low joys, low gains,
> Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
> Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains."

Born in 1710, the great-grandson of Clarendon, the

[1] To Swift. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 289.

[2] "Approach, but awful, lo! the Ægerian Grot,
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country and before."

And of this retreat Pope also sings in his "Imitations of Horace":—

"Then, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

[3] *Cf. ante*, p. 118, note 1. Boswell, in his "Life," says that the veteran Marchmont gave him details both of Pope and Bolingbroke, which he recorded in manuscript. Does this MS. survive?

grandson of Rochester, he was a Cavalier by inheritance. He accompanied his sister to Spa, when they called her "Sir" on the way[1] in 1734. His brother-in-law, Essex, was told to offer him a pension on his return. "How could you think I was to be sold?" was his indignant rejoinder. Bolingbroke addressed to him his Letters on History, and, as we have seen, the letter on "The Spirit of Patriotism." He was himself a wooer besides being a patron of the Muses, as Thomson has commemorated. After Bolingbroke's death Cornbury remonstrated with Mallet on the publication of the celebrated third Letter on History, which contained a keen criticism on the historical evidences for the Mosaic Scriptures. Cornbury feared to apply the canons of history to Genesis, and he also feared the turn that might be given by detracting malice to his honoured friend's posthumous fame. Even Lady Mary said of Cornbury that he had "a very good heart," though she characteristically added that it was "a pity it was not under the direction of a better head." Cornbury was never married. He lived to become Lord Hyde, and he died from a fall off his horse at Paris in April 1753. Shortly before his death, and after Bolingbroke's, he gave letters of introduction at Rome to that sulky nephew[2] who disappointed Bolingbroke's hopes and defeated his careful education, and who, after his decease, became the second Viscount Bolingbroke.

Such, then, were the "Patriots." They redoubled their activity. In 1730 Pulteney had led the attack on the scandal of Pensions, while Bathurst had stormed the breach in the House of Lords.[3] In 1731 occurred the paper broil between Pulteney and Walpole, in which Bolingbroke, who in 1729 had been at Aix again,[4] just as in 1733 he had to betake himself and his wife to Pyrmont,[5] seized the cudgels

[1] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 100.

[2] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 159.

[3] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 322.

[4] *Cf.* Corr. No. lxxviii. and Bolingbroke's Letter. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 290.

[5] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 196.

for his friend. Pulteney had been on terms with George the Second, whom he had propitiated on his accession by moving that his Civil List should amount to £100,000. But as the king became identified with his minister, his tone altered. In this year Walpole caused to be printed an abusive pamphlet entitled "Sedition and Defamation displayed," with a Dedication to the patrons of the *Craftsman*, couched in specially offensive terms. This Dedication was penned by Lord Hervey. Pulteney retorted in the *Craftsman* by "a proper reply to a late scurrilous libel." The result was the bloodless duel in Green Park, on January 25, 1732. Pulteney, it may be added, nearly repeated this experiment with Pelham in 1743. Bolingbroke strongly supported Pulteney in the *Craftsman* of May 22, 1731,[1] in which the following sentence occurs: "There is an ambition with which these spreaders of calumny and their masters are entirely unacquainted; the ambition of doing good and receiving the reward in Fame." The same article contained Bolingbroke's famous self-vindications against the false insinuations which Walpole for some years past had so zealously propagated, and this portion of the paper was included in "The Final Answer to the Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication,"[2] which was republished in Bolingbroke's Political Works,[3] and stands, a monument of masterly justification. Walpole retaliated by commissioning the still more defamatory "Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his Two Honourable Patrons," which Pulteney, inspired, as we have seen, by Swift, repelled by "An Answer to one part of an Infamous Libel." This paper duel, which succeeded the pistol one, ended in the arrest of the printer and the exclusion of Pulteney from the Council.

In 1729 Bolingbroke's beloved sister had returned from

[1] No. 255, signed H. Oldcastle.

[2] For Bolingbroke's own comment on this work see his letter to Swift, August 2, 1731: Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 426.

[3] Vol. vi. p. 353. The Preface says that ". . . Some of them were ushered into the world from a printing press under the sanction of a late noble Duke (Queensberry?), and handed privately about, and very difficult to be procured."

France, and we find him resuming his correspondence about all that concerned her, and intimate with their kinsfolk by descent, Lord and Lady Hertford,[1] the latter of whom became haplessly instrumental in accentuating the breach between Henrietta and her husband about 1736.

Lady Hertford—afterwards Duchess of Somerset—was herself a remarkable and charming creature. She was the patroness of Thomson. Just as Bolingbroke's sister afterwards became the "Asteria" of Somerville and of Shenstone, her great friend was to be the "Cynthia" of the latter, whom she knew through Henrietta. She carved in wood. She collected Italian sculpture. She was enthusiastic for Whitfield and his preaching. She transformed her drawing-room into a chapel for him. She corresponded with Selina, Lady Huntingdon, about "the conversion of the blacks in America." But her pietist stage, which endured, was some years subsequent to the supposed flirtation with the accomplished Dalton, maliciously exaggerated, and involving her friend. "My Duchess," Henrietta proudly calls her in her later letters. Their close friendship lasted till Lady Luxborough's death in March 1756.[2]

In 1730 Lady Bolingbroke was for a long time absent for her health with her French relations, and Henrietta, who had once more gone to Paris, tended her affectionately. Her brother's touching anxiety for his ailing wife, and his longing during those weary months for her return, are evinced by his letters to his sister and brother-in-law at this period.[3] Windham's son and many other Englishmen were also then in Paris and are often mentioned.[4] Bolingbroke further composed at this time the Latin inscription for the Blenheim Column, of which Pulteney was the intermediary.[5] He used all his endeavours to procure for

[1] Corr. No. lxxviii.

[2] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, *passim*, and also Hist. Man Comm. (Russell-Astley Papers), pp. 209–210. Some of the Duchess's Letters together with her friend's, were edited by Hull (1778).

[3] Corr. No. lxxx. *et seq.*

[4] See Corr. No. lxxxvii.

[5] Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 406.

Swift, who had been unable to pay a third visit to England, and whom he had in vain besought to join him at Aix,[1] a settlement in England,[2] but he was disappointed. He had now given up his own house in London, and in his visits to town lodged at Chetwynd's in Dover Street,[3] though a year later he writes from Arlington Street, perhaps from Pulteney's.[4] In the autumn he visited Lady Hertford.[5] In 1732 he was busy with his farming at Dawley, and writing to Essex for foreign seeds. He perpetually exchanged visits with Windham, saw much of the Levesons and the Gowers.[6] At the same time, while Swift was teasing him as "Aristippus," he was hatching philosophy with Pope, suggesting to him his "Imitations from Horace,"[7] the first epistle of which Pope dedicated to him,[8] and revising some of his *Craftsman* essays for

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. pp. 254–255. Swift said he "loved Burgundy and riding between Twickenham and Dawley"; *ibid.*, p. 276. This is the letter in which he speaks of dying "in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole."

[2] ". . . One of the circumstances of my situation which has afflicted me more, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve." To Swift, August 2, 1731; Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 418; *cf.* for the fact of the Berkshire living, *ibid.*, pp. 322, 446; and vol. xviii. p. 446.

[3] Gay to Swift, March 31, 1730; *ibid.*, p. 321. [4] Add. MS., 27732, f. 49.

[5] ". . . It is impossible to tell you how pleased I was with my reception and entertainment. The place itself becomes very agreeable by their improvements, and any place they inhabit will be rendered so by their character. Next week I expect to be called to London . . . and shall then call to inquire what news there is at your house from the nursery in the country." Corr. No. lxxxviii.

[6] B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 11. "Will Leveson expects Gower back to-day, and they set out for Newmarket in two days more, where Gower goes to lose a match." He won it however, *cf.* f. 25.

[7] "I know nothing that moves strongly but satire." Bolingbroke to Swift, March 28, 1731. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 380; and *cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 204, for a statement as to the publication of one of these satires in March 1733.

[8] "St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last,
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days,
Now sick at last of Envy and of Praise."

He concludes by rallying him on his correction of the poet's indifference to dress, and on his fits of temper—

"Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me."
. . . . . .
"Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd),
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-God."

separate publication. This year also removed two old friends, Arbuthnot and Gay. By the death of the first he lost one who healed both by art and nature; by that of the second one of the brightest, least careful, and simplest of mankind.[1] The same year witnessed the death too of Pope's mother, while in the previous year he was comforting Windham at Dawley for the loss of his wife,[2] as he did three years later for the loss of his daughter.[3]

Christmas he spent at Cassiobury,[4] and all along until 1734 was much harassed by the long litigation with Packer, his first wife's legatee—"this damned suit"—concerning the Bucklebury timber,[5] which is frequently mentioned, without being specified, both in the Essex correspondence,[6] his letters to his sister, and to Swift.

In the meantime other annoyances had occurred. One of Walpole's perpetual insinuations was that Bolingbroke caballed against his country with foreign ministers. In the Dunkirk debate of 1729, of which Montesquieu was a witness, Walpole, with his customary coarseness, compared him to the man rescued by peasants from the gallows, only to rob them. Bolingbroke, it is true, often both advised and interrogated Essex regarding foreign policy, and its influence both at home and on the Court of Sardinia. On these letters Walpole set his post-office spies, so much so, indeed, that Pulteney writes that Gower has delivered a letter from Essex "knowing how dangerous a correspondence might be between us." One of Essex's

[1] We may mention that the substance of Gay's famous epitaph on himself occurs in one of his letters to Swift (Works, vol. xvii. p. 318). Only shortly before his death he had been at Dawley (Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 71). He often met him at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford. *Ibid.*, vol. xvii. p. 97.

[2] Her children were left with Lady Hertford. Bolingbroke frequently visited their nursery, and reported on them to his sister.

[3] *Cf.* Lady Bolingbroke's letter to Essex, 27733, f. 61.

[4] Gay (from Amesbury) to Swift, April 27, 1731. Lord Scarborough, protesting that "nineteen out of twenty are sick of the country," excepts Cassiobury as "the most delightful place in the world," and "so near London that you can always be there when you like." Add. MS., 27734, f. 139.

[5] *Ibid.*, f. 64.

[6] *Ibid.* "Taylor" there mentioned was his London agent, and a frequent correspondent.

letters of information to Bolingbroke was transmitted by the Pelhams to Walpole, and Henry Pelham tells Essex, in answer to his remonstrances, that Sir Robert " . . . was so well pleased with the vanity of the gentleman described, that he could not forbear taking it from me, and reading it to the Queen, who was no less entertained with the very extraordinary progress made by the great man, than pleased with your dexterous and humorous way of answering to the facts asked of you. For my part, I every day wonder more and more at the surprising follies great parts and extraordinary genius throw mankind into. This is the top that ever was produced."[1] Paul Pry-Premier, and "Lady Booby"[2]-Queen! What presumption, to give the law in their parish! Sniggering Newcastle could scarcely believe his ears; and cut-and-dried Henry Pelham must have feared his pyramids of red-tape profaned. The incident caused a momentary coolness between Essex and Bolingbroke—for Essex was compromised—which was, however, soon allayed; and Pelham had to hasten with his assurances. ". . . I never heard one word said against your gratitude to Bolingbroke and your friendship for Gower."[3] The Ministers' vigilance was further exercised because of Bolingbroke's inquiries respecting Dunkirk. ". . . I hope," he writes to his sister in September 1730, of Brinsden, then on his French mission, "he will not be clapped into the Bastile for having lent his house to those wicked men, who made so ill a use of it as to take informations there about the preparations at Dunkirk."[4] In 1732, to complete the list of bereavements, his early friend Lansdowne died, after having lived to flatter Queen Caroline; and shortly afterwards, the fair and luckless Duchess of Ormonde quitted a world which had persecuted her.

In 1733 he was still busy and troubled; he and his

[1] Add. MS., 27734, ff. 17, 49.

[2] ". . . Don't tell me your facts and your ifs," said the lady, "I don't understand your gibberish; you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent in pretending to direct in this parish; and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall."—*Joseph Andrews.*

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 27732, ff. 80, 51, 64.

[4] Corr. No. lxxxviii.

wife visited Pyrmont for the cure, but he found time to receive Matignon, who was over in England, and to entertain his old associate of Queen Anne days, Monteleon.[1] "He seemed to me," wrote Bolingbroke, "as young as he was when I did the honours of this country to him twenty years ago. But I found on this occasion, as I do upon many others, that I am a great deal older." Both his wife and he began, in her words, to feel that "la maladie et les années commencent á glacer."[2] In the August, Pope stayed with him at Dawley, before Bathurst received him, revolving the close of the "Essay on Man."[3] In the autumn of 1733—that preparation for the Patriots' climax in 1734—he paid a long visit to Windham,[4] and from Orchard Windham he writes in September to his sister a letter which may stand as a slight sample of his affectionate intercourse: ". . . The people at Tunbridge do extremely well to tread the round of amusements so gaily. It is so much good time got out of the impertinent, busy troubles of life. Your return to London and mine to my farm will fall out about the same time, for I shall go hence to Longleat[5] next week, and from thence home about Sunday. I rejoice to hear that Mr. Knight and you and the little ones are all so well. God preserve you. I embrace you all most affectionately. I observed in one of the newspapers that a grandson of my Lord St. John lay very ill at Beckenham. I suppose it is Jack's little one, and am very sorry for it. I hear he and his wife are still in Yorkshire. Adieu, dear sister. I hear Mrs. Breton[6] is coming home from your father-in-law's. I did believe she would not hold out till winter."

The series of parliamentary attacks combined and rehearsed by Bolingbroke began its fusillade in 1733. It was

[1] Corr. Nos. xcviii., ci.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 105.

[3] *Cf.* Pope's Letters (Dodsley, 1767). ". . . I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my 'Essay on Man.' There will be in it but one line which may offend you, I fear. . . . I shall print it in a fortnight."—Pope to Bethel, Aug. 9, 1733, Letter clxxxv.

[4] B.M. Add. MS., 27732, f. 273.

[5] Corr. No. cii.

[6] *Cf.* "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. i. p. 160.

an opportune moment, for the people were discontented, and the farmers distressed by a ruinous harvest.[1] Pulteney commenced with the alienation of the Sinking Fund,[2] but his full force was thrown into his Excise speech. Walpole had long been feeling his way for this unpopular plan, though he had repeatedly denied the intention, and his henchman, Thomas Pelham, had minimised it as a scheme only concerning "wine and tobacco to prevent frauds."[3] Though it might have turned London into a free port, and was as theoretically sound as the repeal of the Corn Laws some hundred years later, its practical flaw was the ease of evading its inquisitions, and its real sting lay in its invasion of liberty, and undue influence of elections. None the less, the city clamour against it was largely due to the middleman, who dreaded the suppression of his unjust profits. But the "Patriots" opposed it solely on the grounds we have indicated.[4] It was compared to the Trojan horse; and Pulteney, in a trenchant simile which manifestly betrays Bolingbroke's suggestion, compared the all-promising Premier to Sir Epicure Mammon in "The Alchymist." ". . . He was promised the philosopher's stone, by which he was to get mountains of gold . . . ; but all ended at last in *some little thing for curing the itch.*"[5] Windham, following Bolingbroke's analogy in the *Craftsman,* alluded to Empson and Dudley—"They had the misfortune to outlive their master; and his son, as soon as he came to the throne, took off both their heads;" while he also quoted the *Craftsman's* "flying in the face of the whole people of England." Walpole replied in an able speech, and denounced "puppets which persons behind the curtain played;" but the agitation against the measure had raised a ferment which doomed it.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 211.

[2] *Craftsman*, Nos. 342, 367, 389.

[3] B.M. Add. MS. 27732, f. 99.

[4] *Cf.* also Bolingbroke's remarks in the "Spirit of Patriotism," Works, vol. vii. p. 23, on the Excise. Pope satirises it in the double person of Lady Mary and Miss Skirret (*cf.* Spence, p. 282), "Phryne foresees a General Excise."

[5] Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. ii. p. 233.

Reluctantly the Patriots allowed Walpole gradually to drop it by adjournment in April, and it was heard of no more. "Liberty, Property, and No Excise," adorned the cockades of half London, bonfires and illuminations attested the public triumphs, and an orgy of jubilation disgraced the University of Oxford. It was on this victory that Bolingbroke exclaimed of Walpole, "He has heard the voice of posterity."[1]

But the sum and summit of these assaults culminated in Bromley's proposal, during the March of 1734, for the repeal of the Septennial Act, which the Patriots rightly regarded as the talisman of Walpole's dictatorship. If successful, they would have scaled the fane, and could destroy the idol.[2] Nobody who scans Windham's magnificent speech can fail to hear Bolingbroke tingling in every line. After deprecating and rebutting the contentions that this Act was an "intermediary" between limiting the power of the Crown too little and too much, and that frequent elections would inflame the people and prejudice foreign policy," he proceeded with a string of ironical suppositions which recall those in the "True Briton" of 1723, which we have already cited. " . . . Let us suppose a gentleman at the head of the administration, whose only safety depends upon corrupting the members of this House. This may now be only a supposition, but it . . . may happen; and if ever it should, let us see if such a Minister might not promise himself more success in a septennial than he could in a triennial Parliament. It is an old maxim that every man has his price, if you can but come up to it. . . . Let us then suppose, sir, a man abandoned to all notions of virtue and of honour, of no great family, and but a mean fortune, raised to be chief Minister of State by the concurrence of many whimsical events. . . . Suppose him next possessed of great wealth, the plunder of the nation, with a Parlia-

[1] *Cf.* Grimoard, i. p. 159.

[2] Parl. Hist., ix. pp. 454–466, and less accurately in Coxe's "R. Walpole," vol. ii. pp. 255–269.

ment of his own choosing, most of their seats purchased, and their votes bought at the expense of the public treasure. In such a Parliament let us suppose attempts made to inquire into his conduct,[1] or to relieve the nation from the distress he has brought upon it; and when lights proper for attaining these ends are called for . . . suppose then these lights refused . . . ; upon this scandalous victory let us suppose this chief Minister pluming himself in defiance because he has got a Parliament like a packed jury, ready to acquit him of all adventures. Let us farther suppose him arrived to that degree of arrogance and insolence as to domineer over all the men of ancient families, all the men of sense, fortune, or figure in the nation, and, as he has no virtue of his own, ridiculing it in others, and endeavouring to destroy or corrupt it in all. . . . I am still not prophesying, sir, I am only supposing. . . ." To this onslaught, and to the solid arguments—which we have not repeated—serried behind its rhetoric, Walpole retorted, in a powerful speech retaliating by a set of suppositions more malicious, less founded, but equally forcible. It is not from prejudice that we decline to believe this invective delivered as it is reproduced. The few real compositions of Walpole are not polished like this, but are clumsy and even gross in their violence, though we can well imagine that his readiness in debate struck off the substance of this declamation. It was perhaps elaborated afterwards by one of the Minister's satellites. "But now, sir," it ran (and, though familiar, some of it must be quoted), "let me too suppose, and the House being cleared, I am sure no person that hears me can come within the description of the person I am to suppose. Let us suppose in this, or some other unfortunate country, an anti-Minister, who thinks himself a person of so great and extensive parts, and of so many eminent qualifications, that he looks upon himself as the only person in the kingdom capable to conduct the public affairs of the nation, and therefore christening every other gentleman who has the honour to be employed in the

[1] As happened in 1742.

administration by the name of Blunderer. Suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts . . . and others of desperate views . . . ; all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him and by him only . . . ; and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any, even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind. We will suppose this anti-Minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been but by an effect of too much goodness and mercy, yet endeavouring with all his might and all his art to destroy the fountain from whence that mercy flowed.[1] In that country suppose him continually contracting friendships and familiarities with the ambassadors[2] of those princes who at the time happen to be most at enmity with his own. . . . Let us suppose this anti-Minister to have travelled, and at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest Minister, and making it his trade to betray the secrets of every court where he had before been; void of all faith, or honour, and betraying every master he ever served. I could carry my suppositions a great deal farther; and I may say now I mean no person now in being; but if we can suppose such a one, can there be imagined a greater disgrace to human nature than such a wretch as this." How personal, how petty, how piqued, how ungenerous, and how false! For, despite the substratum of truth in the imputed egotism and the actual proscription, which lent their recapitulation strength and sting—

> "These lies are like the father that begat them,
> Gross, open, palpable."

Magnanimity was entirely lacking in Walpole's composition, while his virtue of rough sincerity was reserved for those whom he controlled without alarm.

[1] This was a gross falsehood. Bolingbroke's pardon and half-restoration were both in spite of Walpole's express but impotent desires. *Cf. ante*, p. 208.

[2] Palm and Monteleon: *cf. ante*, p. 265, where the malice of this untruth is exposed.

Walpole's main argument is directed against trusting the people, and over-democratising the Government. The populace, he contends, are always wavering and inconsistent, so that in "popular governments," where the people "have too great a share," the "factious, unquiet spirits" who, "when in power, are never easy unless every man submits entirely to their direction," and "when out of power are always working and intriguing against those who are in, . . ." have "too much game." In a word, repeal the bill and you are a prey to Bolingbroke.

Coxe, and others after him, have asserted that this tirade caused Bolingbroke's departure in the following year. We shall shortly see that he was not thus hounded out.

In that same year of 1734 occurred also a debate about the Hessian troops, in which both Windham and Chesterfield concerted a "Patriot" sally. Had they taken Bolingbroke's advice of secret information, on which he was prepared, as in the Dunkirk matter, to lavish his money, they afterwards confessed that it would have succeeded.[1]

Pulteney, in a passage above cited, had instanced the king's son who decapitated Dudley and Empson. At the beginning of December[2] 1728, and by consequence of his failure to wed the Prussian princess of his choice, the Prince of Wales had appeared in England, been invested with the Garter, and created Duke of Edinburgh. We must devote a word to Frederick the Little.

He was born in 1707, a weakling and a dilettante. Had the Pretender been born a Guelph he would, we think, have resembled the latter phase of Frederick the Little, who ultimately exhibited his vacillation without his principle, his self-importance without his dignity, his rodomontade without his religion, and his dissipation without his penitence. But his faults grew upon him with maltreatment; and his earlier behaviour evinced wholesomer qualities and accomplishments less frivolous. He started even by enthusiasm, but it dashed itself to pieces

[1] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 21.

[2] *Cf.* Gay to Swift, Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 245.

against the prosaic rancour of his father and his mother's rigorous repression. The disappointment of his genuine love affair with the Princess Wilhelmina warped his nature; while her marriage to the Prince of Baireuth in 1731, sent him drifting in the paths of tinsel dalliance and theatrical rebellion. His aunt, the Prussian Queen, used in her younger days to praise his heart at the expense of his head, and his docility at the expense of his appearance.[1] How different from the days when he resembled a clockwork tumbler toying with a spangled ball; from the days of the "Hell-Fire Club" seventeen years afterwards; from the Kew masquerades; from the sickly vanities of the galas after Fontenoy, when he was to have acted the hero's part in Congreve's "Judgement of Paris," while his "yellow" favourite Lady Middlesex, with Ladies Catherine Hanmer and Falconberg, were to have pirouetted as the three goddesses; and when, as the affected author of "Prince Titi," he penned the lines:—

> "Venez mes chères Déesses,
> Venez; calmez mon chagrin."

How different, too, from the still later days with Doddington, whom he "nicked" out of £5000; when, as Doddington's diary records,[2] "Lady Middlesex, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Breton and I waited" on him to see first the Spitalfields silk manufactory and "Mr. Carr's shop in the morning" (Duty); and then in the afternoon (Pleasure) "The same company, with Lady Torrington in waiting, went in private coaches to Norwood forest to see a settlement of gipsies. We returned and went to Bettesworth, the conjuror, in hackney coaches. Not finding him in, we went in search of the Little Dutchman, but were disappointed, and concluded the particularities of this day by supping with Mrs. Cannon, the Princess's midwife." What particles of "particularities"! It is Lilliput; but, here, an innocent Lilliput. It was not so

[1] "Un peu contrefait." *Cf.* Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," vol ii. p. 206.
[2] June 28, 1750, and *cf.* Jesse, viii. pt. ii. 68.

always; we cannot forget Horace Walpole's description of the unfortunate lady, commemorated also in the "Suffolk Letters," "whom he had debauched without loving, and who had been debauched without loving him so well as either Lord Harrington or Lord Hervey . . . and had no other charms than that of being a maid of honour who was willing to leave to be so on the first opportunity."

In Kensington Palace still hangs a picture of the scapegrace mannikin carousing among his parasites. A silly leer encircles his fatuous lips, while a debased parson lends profanation to the scene. It recalls the time when, with his graceless crew of men and women, he bombarded a confectioner's fortress with sugar-plums, and deemed it fame!

Yet even then he was capable of finer feelings and worthier things. He was not always *petit maître*. In his better moments he would rehearse a nobler part. "The people," he once exclaimed, "have done enough for my family already, and sooner than be a further charge on them, I would consent to beg my bread from door to door." From door to door of his people he went, affably familiar, and acquired immense popularity. He disdained Walpole's advances; and indeed Walpole's outspoken cynicism with its insult, bribe in hand, of "He needs it. He will touch,"[1] injured him as much as his parents' cruelty. He disdained the £100,000 which the old Duchess of Marlborough pitched to the fish which she set herself to hook by the bait of her grand-daughter, Lady Di. Spencer.

Though his patronage of literature, like his court of popularity, may have been prompted by his posture in contrast with his father's, yet he undoubtedly relished wit and wits. His first arrival had been greeted by Thomson singing of the breeze that

> ". . . wafts the royal youth,
> A freight of future glory to my shore."

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 113.

For him, in 1740, he and Mallet arranged "The Masque of Alfred." The young Pitt himself—"Pitt, thy country's early boast," as Thomson again sang of him at Stowe[1]—believed in him. Lyttelton, too, in his "British Tempe" hoped him an emancipator. His libertinism was one of revolt, and was associated with liberty. His court was packed with the poets insulted by his father. Nor are his own verses "To Sylvia"—inspired, too, by his own wife—among the meanest performances of the time.

"'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor is't those heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light.

. . . . . .

No—'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire,
That grace with which you look and speak and move,
That thus hath set my soul on fire."

Frederick the Great himself had "a great regard" for Frederick the Little, and in Carteret's prime assured him "that if he was on the throne, he believed their differences would soon be adjusted."[2] "All my friends on your side of the water," wrote Swift to George Lyttleton in 1739, "represent him to me in the most amiable light: and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people."[3] And Pope, in that posthumous fragment of 1740, which has been mistakenly alleged to have been instigated by Jacobite hopes, thus hymns him in the spirit of the "Patriot King."

"Alas on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest and he must be wise;

. . . . . .

Be but a man, unministered, alone
And free at once the senate and the throne."

Horace Walpole calls the Prince a Jacobite.[4] That has been enough to prejudice history.

[1] Thomson's "Winter."
Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 27, on the authority of M. D'Andrié.
[3] Swift's Letters, vol. xix. p. 294. [4] Letters, vol. i. p. 242.

Poor Fred "was not wholly contemptible; he had makings in him that could draw Bolingbroke and Chesterfield around him with some practical chance of eventual success, that could bring Carteret from Hawnes, Bathurst from Oakley Hall, and Cobham from Stowe; that could rivet Lyttelton to his side. And more especially was this the case when the Patriots first became his courtiers, before some of them supported him in his quarrels, with Walpole fanning the King's wrath, or with Secker about his allowance with the King, after his marriage in 1736; before Hardwicke's reconciliation, in 1737, and before his temporary reconciliation in 1742 as Walpole's emissary. It was even said that the King designed Frederick's younger brother to succeed him; he systematically stinted and snubbed him, and certainly never was an heir-apparent so flouted into the rashness and excess which we shall find Bolingbroke reprobating in 1737, as this Prince Infortunatus.

It is usually asserted that Bolingbroke only made his acquaintance after Lord St. John's death, and his final return home.[1] This is far from being the case. It was one of the very recriminations against Bolingbroke that, before he quitted England in 1735, he had advised the Prince to apply straight to Parliament for an allowance of £100,000 a year; and we know now, from a letter to his sister, of June 1730,[2] that as early as that year the Prince was dining with his brother Jack, whose wife he admired, the day before the couple dined at Dawley. Nor is it improbable that Bolingbroke should again have encountered the Prince when revisiting Pope and England in June 1738. The story of their first interview may have some foundation. Bolingbroke, first at the rendezvous, was, it is said,[3] glancing at a book, when his foot slipped. The Prince saved his fall, saying, "I trust this may be an omen of my succeeding in raising your fortunes." This could hardly refer to a later date than the early thirties.

[1] Jesse actually says, "in his seventieth year"! This is all based on Horace Walpole's stories about Lord Egmont and the dish of coffee.

[2] Corr. No. lxxxiv.

[3] Jesse, p. 337.

Bolingbroke's energies and pursuits between the years 1733 and 1735 may be closely studied in his manuscript correspondence with Essex, with his sister, and with Swift. After his return from Pyrmont he was again at Cassiobury, in the autumn of 1733, with Lord and Lady Gower. At this time the House of Lords was deeply disaffected against Walpole, and Henry Pelham insinuates the stale Jacobite insinuations.[1] To be a Jacobite now meant to be a Frederickite. Europe was perturbed by the French immersion in Polish politics, and Bolingbroke expected the war which Essex was seeking to ward off at his post. To his studies Bolingbroke devoted himself with renewed ardour; and to the request made by Essex that he should commission him for purchases, he characteristically replies, ". . . I have no trouble of the kind to give your Lordship. Desires I have few, fancies I have none."[2] He felt himself fast becoming, in a phrase of the period, "a tulip of last year." ". . . I live much out of the world," he tells Swift in the April of 1734; "and I do not blush to own that I am out of fashion in it. . . . I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice . . . gives me a shove. . . . Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I dare not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer. . . . Riding is your panacea, and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something and not much to do before I die. . . . About posterity one may flatter oneself; and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the Ethic Epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ or crayoned out."[3]

These are the philosophical letters to Pope, the "minutes"

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27733, ff. 11, 34. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 49.
[3] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. pp. 257, 258.

for which he left with him when he quitted England, and the influence of which on the "Essay on Man" we shall consider in the succeeding chapter. His time was now engrossed with Pope, who was rambling from Cobham's to Bathurst's, and from Bathurst's to Peterborough's.[1] Pope recurs to Bolingbroke's philosophical efforts, both humorously [2] and seriously, later in the year.[3] In this letter, where he employs the very phrase of stoical optimism which Bolingbroke uttered with his dying breath, he proceeds: ". . . Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed: he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay[4]) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe." Which, being interpreted, signifies that Bolingbroke divided his time between contemplation with Pope, and keen endeavours to stop the rift which was already springing in the Patriot lute.

For the "Patriots" themselves were beginning to be less compact, owing to the leaven of Carteret and Chesterfield. Bathurst, if we may trust Lord Hervey, loathed Pulteney; Pulteney was jealous both of Carteret and Windham; while Chesterfield was suspicious of both, and trusted by neither. On his brother-in-law's unopposed election for St. Albans, in May 1734, Bolingbroke exclaims to his sister, "May he find himself in better company than I fear he will.[5] Bolingbroke's rupture with Pulteney was beginning to take shape.

In the June of 1734 Walpole was beaten in his Norfolk election.[6] The tide was turning against him, and he discerned the expediency of some *rapprochement* with Pulteney, whom he might propitiate by the exclusion of Bolingbroke. "Depend upon one truth," Bolingbroke assures Essex in August, ". . . I never did forfeit, nor ever will, the

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 268.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 279.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 305.
[4] "Awake, my St. John," &c.
[5] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 87. He had been member for Sudbury.
[6] *Ibid.*, 27733, f. 93.

character of sincerity in friendship. If I loved apology, it were easy to show that in the few instances which the malice of party has endeavoured to fix on me of the contrary. It was not I but my friends who forfeited that character";[1] and in the letter just cited to Swift, he adds, "I know by experience one cannot serve the present age." Windham had remarried after a brief widowerhood, and was honeymooning in the country.[2] Bolingbroke felt himself, much as he desired to visit him, one "who grows old and lazy apace," and he shrank from even the distance of the journey. Even Lady Bolingbroke writes of him—and for the only time—that he is "sometimes a little embittered.[3] In the midst of the estrangement from the man he had raised—not even avowed by Pulteney, but varnished over with outward amenities—his correspondence with his dearest and oldest friends was more than ever scrutinised by the Government,[4] and he vehemently complains of its interference both to Swift,[5] his sister, and Essex.[6] He fell back more and more on literature. While he was aiding Pope in philosophy, he was also inciting him to his Horatian Imitations, for which he suggested both hints and amendments. But the November again beheld him at Cassiobury with his political friends and the Duchess of Queensberry.[7]

His friend, Lord Berkeley, had been ailing, and he persuaded him to try the air of France, whither his wife had once more been forced to go early in 1734. On April 20, 1735, he thus announces his resolve to Essex:—

". . . I am preparing to accompany my Lord Berkeley into France. He will not have so much occasion of me as I apprehended he might, when I first proposed to wait on him, because the conclusion of the session sets W. Chetwynd at liberty to go, but still I shall think myself obliged to give this proof of my friendship to one to whom I fear I shall not be able to give them long. My wife

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 119. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 121. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 137.
[4] Stair also complains, Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 80.
[5] Works, vol. xviii. p. 264. [6] *Ibid.*, 27733, f. 139. [7] *Ibid.*, f. 142.

meets us at Chantelou near Amboise, and I shall probably take root there for some time, having as little to do in this country as it is almost possible to have in any, and desiring to have even less. Wherever I am you will have in me no very useful, but a very sincere friend. Your lordship told me I might recruit my cavalry by taking your colt at Cashiobury. I forgot to do it, whilst you were here, but judging that you would not disapprove my proceeding, I have desired my old acquaintance, Harry Wankford, to take my word, as he has done. . . ."[1] On June 4 he started from Greenwich,[2] proceeded to Chantelou, and in August went for a brief visit to Paris, where his sister then was, which we shall afterwards notice.[3] Before this time a Cabinet crisis had occurred, and resignations were tendered. Lady Suffolk was also dismissed. The Scotch embroglio, in which it was thought Islay might be impeached for corruption, brought Stair to the rescue of the Patriots. A fresh period opened with all Europe on tenter-hooks at French aggression. Fleury compounded with the Emperor, and Spain was in arms. Walpole feared to disoblige either France or Spain, for "his head was in their hands." A secret clause in the Treaty of Seville gives the clue.[4]

What was the secret of Bolingbroke's sudden departure? It has been assumed that his presence implied a danger to his cause, and that Pulteney therefore gave him the hint to move off; that, moreover, his extravagance had involved him, and that he had no choice, therefore, but to go.

These are not, we think, the real reasons.

In the first place, as appears from the letter just cited, and from another by Pulteney to Swift,[5] it was not con-

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 162. Corr. No. cv.

[2] *Cf. ibid.*, f. 186, dated June 25, where he says, "It will be three weeks to-morrow," &c. Corr. No. cvi*a*.

[3] *Cf.* Corr. No. cix., and *cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 135.

[4] *Cf.* Stair to Marchmont, Dec. 27, 1735, Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 69, and *cf.* Pulteney in Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 456, as well as Pulteney in Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 101.

[5] Letter to Swift, April 29, 1735. "Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley, but I believe will return again in a few months." Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 348; and *cf.* the expressions in a letter to Windham (Egremont Papers), Coxe's "R. Walpole," App. vol. ii. p. 334.

sidered a final departure. Bolingbroke, too, frequently afterwards[1] hints at the likelihood of return. In the second place, though Swift says he never knew him live so "expensively," in lavish generosity to friends and expenditure on the public service, and though Pulteney in another letter[2] cites his extravagance, it was not an empty purse which drove him away, for he lived at Chantelou in even greater style than he had lived at Dawley, despite the disasters of his Bucklebury suit with Packer.

The probabilities are that it was Pulteney's own conduct in throwing up the sponge, and perhaps even approaching Walpole and the Walpoleites at this moment, to counteract both Carteret and Chesterfield, that caused this *dénouement*. Bolingbroke would not embarrass the situation into which Windham and his friends were plunged by Pulteney's manœuvres. Writing long afterwards to Marchmont, in April 1742, Bolingbroke observes: ". . . I am sorry to find that the forebodings of my mind are likely to be verified. . . . Long before I left Britain, it was plain that *some persons* meant *that the opposition should serve as their scaffolding, nothing else;* and whenever they had a glimpse of hope that they might rise to power without it they showed the greatest readiness to demolish it. . . ."[3] Writing to Windham in the November of the year in which he quitted England (a more hackneyed passage, but never quoted in its entirety), he makes use of the following expressions: ". . . Whether I have done well or ill, whether I have acted amongst you to any purpose or to none, I have acted with as little regard to personal interest as any man ever did. They who believe so will do me justice, and this justice is all I ask of them. The same public spirit and private friendship would carry me still on, if your circumstances were still the same, or if any new means of

[1] Even on June 25 he assures Essex he will be "glad to meet him anywhere, even in England." B.M. Add. MS., 27733, f. 186.

[2] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 455, Nov. 22, 1735. In this letter he too murmurs against the keepers of the Post.

[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 273.

being useful to you were in my power. You are grown to be a formidable minority within doors, and you have a great majority without. I am still the same proscribed man, surrounded with difficulties, exposed to mortifications, and unable to take any share in the service but that which I have taken hitherto, and which, I think, you would not persuade me to continue to take in the present state of things. My part is over, and he who remains on the stage after his part is over deserves to be hissed off. . . . In this light, you see that the establishment I had almost completed before the late King's death at Dawley becomes useless to me. Though none of the favourable contingencies that might have happened did happen whilst I was in England, but on the contrary *even such cross events as I had no reason to apprehend;* yet I might be tempted perhaps to keep a place where I have layed out so much to improve the habitation and the estate, if I remained fixed in England. My enemies cannot say I am afraid of them, nor my friends that I decline their service. If I part with mankind, I hope I part fairly well with them. As to myself, I have done all that I could for my own service, in the great point of view, that I mean of being restored *whilst the late King lived, and this point of view continued open to me.* Since that time I have acted a part that I should not have acted, unless I had been sure of myself, sure that I could live out of the world with great satisfaction, whenever it became impossible for me to live in it with dignity. . . . Embrace for me our common and dear friend Bathurst, who will be your fellow labourer in this, as he is in affairs of much greater consequence."[1] Writing again to the same dear friend at the beginning of 1736, he says (after rebutting the insinuations that he sought his own restoration to the peerage alone, and after affirming that on George the First's death he hesitated as to the part he should take, because it would implicate him, amongst other mortifications, to "that of drudging in a lower form of business than it became me to do, and being the common butt

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 333, 334.

of the most foul-mouth'd calumny"), ". . . But I was engaged, a party was formed, I had contributed to form it, and . . . I thought it my duty not to decline the service of this party, in this cause, till the party itself either succeeded or *despaired of success*."[1] Writing once more to Polwarth after his return to France from his English visit in 1738, he remarks, "I am hurt, and your Lordship will acknowledge that I have some reason to be so, when I hear that the same persons as think my name, and much more, my presence in Britain, whenever I am there, does them mischief, should express any expectation of that kind you mention, from me. They treat me a little too lightly, but I wish that it was me alone whom they treated so. . . . Will they do anything better *when they have pawned* me too? I think not.[2] It should be added that he addressed a cordial and valedictory address to the *Craftsman*.[3]

Now, let us for a moment revert to Pulteney. Active as Pulteney anew became in 1736 and 1737 in the cabals that centred round "Frederick the Little," his letters of 1735 breathe a drooping spirit of almost cowardice. The Excise attack of 1733 had been a triumph. That of 1734 had proved a failure. The courage of Cobham and his friends had not mastered Walpole, who had now riveted the King's confidence. All these onslaughts had been by Bolingbroke's advice, and they had proceeded on the large, constitutional lines to which Bathurst and Windham were also devoted. Bolingbroke desired "a coalition of parties, the *Senatorian* and the *Equestrian*," and he thought that the times were riper for it now than at any period since the Revolution.[4] Pulteney descried a smaller, but perhaps a surer road to personal success. It was Walpole's interest to procure the settlement of the Prince's allowance, though he afterwards called that same prince "a pretender to the Crown."[5] A pact with Walpole might

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 340.
[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 179.
[3] *Cf. post*, p. 336.
[4] "Spirit of Patriotism" (1736), Works, vol. vii. pp. 33, 34.
[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 113.

be patched, if the Patriots espoused the Prince's cause. "I own to you," wrote Pulteney to Swift just before Bolingbroke quitted England, "that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see always will prevail."[1] He repeated the same dejected cry to George Berkeley (now engaged to Lady Suffolk) in November, and to Swift again.[2] Of Walpole he exclaimed that "he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other." He specifies private losses and discouragements. He mentions Bolingbroke gingerly. He cries off from the game. He had been with Carteret in the summer of the preceding year.[3] He was very ill, as well as querulously despondent; and he had lost money at the Bath tables. Walpole himself was raising his old Jacobite spectre. It was even hinted that the King was afraid of his son; vague and secret reasons were assigned. It was bruited that Walpole had netted the treasonous correspondence of Bolingbroke's set, and that he had prevailed on the King to spirit Bolingbroke away by peremptory command. Chesterfield, Stair, and Carteret were now on the carpet. With increased numbers the private jealousies and jarring interests of the Patriots had increased. Bolingbroke's influence on Windham was engrossing. "Some schemes were . . . on the loom, though they never came into effect," that made him "one too many," even for his "intimate friends."[4] Pulteney shivered; and Bolingbroke, doubtless threatened by Walpole,[5] and possibly by the King, disappeared. Goldsmith in his short Life,[6] the sole relevance of which lies in his nearness to Bolingbroke's generation, supports our view. He asserts of this vexed problem that Bolingbroke "fell out with Pulteney for his *selfish views*."

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 329.

[2] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 146. Swift's Works, vol. xviii.

[3] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 61.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 350.

[5] *Cf.* Bolingbroke's remarks in the "Dedication" to the "Dissertation upon Parties," p. 8 of vol. x.

[6] At p. 69.

It is the fate of genius to be sometimes maligned and oftener misunderstood by mediocrity.

Such we believe was the real state of affairs. We have collected these disjointed passages because both Coxe[1] and Mr. Churton Collins,[2] recapitulating the surmises of Grimoard and Rémusat, have thought otherwise. The latter sets forth two pretexts, of which we have sought to dispose. His third—that of ill-health—we can dispose of by fact. On June 25, 1735, Cory—an agent of Essex—saw him together with Windham for two or three days at Calais. "He looked well and brisk," says this eye-witness.[3] Had Mr. Collins mentioned Lady Bolingbroke's health as a contributory, or Lord Berkeley's, it would have been correct. But Bolingbroke's detractors always insist on the selfishness which there is luckily here a trifling opportunity of refuting.

It will be noticed that, in the passages adduced, there is no mention by Bolingbroke of Pulteney, though there is of Bathurst. If it be objected that Bolingbroke's self-praise is no recommendation, we must cite the substantiation of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, the great Marchmont's father. ". . . I have for some time," he writes to Stair in 1739, "seen Lord Bolingbroke frequently; the more I know of him I esteem him the more. We owe him a great deal. It would be too long to mention particulars."[4] Those historians who begrudge Bolingbroke any motive but self-interest, who sneer at his pose of "patriot martyr," who re-echo Walpole's abuse without Walpole's incentive, will hardly impugn the sincerity of the old Earl of Marchmont; nor is it the least remarkable token of Bolingbroke's own faith in himself, that his private letters to his brother-in-law, never intended for publication, the most striking of which we have ap-

[1] "R. Walpole," vol. ii. pp. 281–3. ". . . The leading Tories ashamed of offending the puppets of Bolingbroke."

[2] Essays, pp. 194–5. . . . "Baffled ambition, ill-health, and pecuniary embarrassment."

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 27735, f. 229.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 113. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 423.

pended as one of our mottoes to this work, repeat the same convictions in the same spirit, with the same graceful emphasis as his published effusions.

"You overrate by much," wrote Bolingbroke to Windham in 1736,[1] "the merit of those sentiments you mention. . . . There is some courage of mind requisite, no doubt, to resolve to abandon one's friends and one's country, and a settlement just made. But you will give me leave to say that there was at least as much necessity to resolve to continue in my circumstances so long amongst you."

In any case, he bore Pulteney no ill-will, for we find Lady Bolingbroke inquiring warmly after his health from Argeville in 1736.[2]

For the fourth time Bolingbroke had, as it were, been disinherited. He had "paid more than 'he' owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship."[3] Henceforward he is to exemplify that fine phrase of Plautus[4]—

> "Ut sæpe summis ingeniis in occulto latent,
> Hic qualis imperator nunc privatus est."

Voltaire, who in 1730 had dedicated his "Brutus" to Bolingbroke, and praised with nice appreciation his mastery of both French and English, inserted a passage in this play ("born," as he says, in England, prompted and revised by Bolingbroke) which seems to refer to him. It may well close this chapter :—

> "*Ce bras qui venge Rome et soutient son pays*
> *Au bord du précipice où le Senat l'a mis.*
> *Ah! que vous étiez digne et d'un prix plus auguste*
> *Et d'un autre adversaire, et d'un parti plus juste!*
> *Et que ce grand courage ailleurs mieux employé*
> *D'un plus digne salaire aurait éte payé.*"

But before pursuing his footsteps abroad it becomes imperative to pause, and examine, as briefly as may be, his literary influence at home.

[1] Coxe's "R. Walpole," Appendix, vol. ii. p. 339.
[2] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 156.
[3] Bolingbroke to Swift, Aug. 2, 1731.
[4] "Captivi," iv. 2.

# CHAPTER VI

## BOLINGBROKE'S "PHILOSOPHY" AND POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN"—"THE REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND"—"THE DISSERTATION UPON PARTIES"

WHEN Bolingbroke left England he committed some "Minutes" of Essays to Pope, with leave to burn them if he chose.[1] The "Essays" themselves he took with him to elaborate abroad, as appears from the fact that he quotes Pope's poem early in the published compilation, as well as his "Letters of History" to Lord Cornbury.[2] They were preceded by "A Letter to Mr. Pope," which condenses their substance with distinct illustration, deserving of a close and separate comparison. The influences of these minutes, and of the Essays which Pope, as well as many other friends, afterwards perused in private circulation, have been partially enumerated by Mr. Churton Collins in a scholarly note which avows its imperfection.[3] We propose to supplement it, and to add other considerations that have hitherto escaped notice.

Of Bolingbroke's "Philosophy," as well as his historical criticism in it, we treat more fully hereafter, and we must refer such as are interested to our supplementary chapters,

[1] *Cf.* Lord Bathurst's letter to Joshua Parry, quoted in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1897, at p. 100, and *cf.* further Blair's letter to Boswell—"Life of Dr. Johnson," p. 635, and Warton on "The Genius of Pope," vol. ii. p. 6. In a letter somewhat earlier, Pope had said, "Lord B. is voluminous only to destroy volumes."

[2] Works, vol. i. p. 309. "That true self-love and social are the same," and vol. iii. p. 147. There are gallicisms also in the style like "Analyse," "Effronterie," and "Vindicative," which point to the elaboration of some of these Essays, some years afterwards.

[3] Essays, p. 192.

read with the notes to this. It will be sufficient now to indicate its purport, and it may be well, at the outset, to proclaim clearly what it was *not*.

It was not a system of philosophy as it is now understood, nor did it ever profess such pretensions. He himself disclaims any such meaning for "Prima Philosophia" in his Letter to Mr. Pope.[1] It was an endeavour to "remount to first principles," and to evolve a natural religion from the facts which consciousness brings home to every breast. "The law of nature is the law of God."[2]

It was not any sort of materialist Fatalism or blind Necessitarianism. It asserts the freedom of the will. There is nothing devitalising about it.[3] It was not an assault on Christian Revelation, for it constantly asserts that the ethical conclusions of natural religion chime with those of the gospels,[4] which it never mentions without reverent respect, while it discreetly keeps the provinces of reason and revelation apart[5]—a method praised, though not fol-

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 452. He says again at p. 531 that this "philosophy" is to be followed "without any other guides than the *works* and the *Word* of God. In *natural* religion the clergy are unnecessary, in *revealed*, they are dangerous guides."

[2] Vol. iii. p. 148.

[3] *Cf.* the remarkable passage against Determinism, vol. i. p. 40, and vol. v. pp. 30-31, and the direct refutation of it, vol. ii. p. 225 (*note*). Bolingbroke "pursued the study of nature in the same method as the materialists, though 'he' asserted an intelligent first cause, which the others denied." *Cf.* vol. i. p. 73. He further notices that the early Christians, under Platonic influence, believed in a *material* soul (vol. i. p. 40).

[4] *Cf.* Works, vol. i. p. 46; vol. ii. pp. 258, 259, 375, 385, 318, 404; vol. iv. pp. 94, 328, 381; vol. iii. pp. 5, 157, 245, 258, and his letter to Lord Hardwicke, B.M. Add. MS. 35587, where he expresses his sympathy with Whitfield's "Evangelical Religion," which is paralleled by the selfsame expression in his "Philosophy," vol. ii. p. 297, and *cf.* especially vol. ii. pp. 256-7, and p. 259. "These Revelations, for such they may properly be called, are made to the reason of mankind as to others," &c. . . . "We Christians reject them all." Indeed he regards the gospels as a system of natural religion, corrupted by theology (vol. ii. p. 296 and *seq.*).

[5] *Cf.* vol. iv. p. 309. "The two noblest gifts to man are natural reason and supernatural revelation." In vol. iv. p. 270 it unconsciously repeats Spinoza when it says "The Scriptures are a sure canon of orthodoxy when they are applied no further than they were designed to be such," &c. In vol. ii. p. 276 he says, "Thus the Bible becomes a canvas on which it has been their business to daub from the time when it was first spread before them." *Cf.* also vol. iii. p. 147, where he further states the test applied by Spinoza in the "Tractatus."

lowed by Voltaire.[1] Moreover, it inculcates the use, as opposed to the abuse, of prayer.[2] It was not a connected treatise. It intended only to reproduce the rambling discourses by way of essay with Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot[3] in the Twickenham and Dawley gardens.

And now, a few concise words as to what it *was*. It was, above all things, a Critique. Criticism is its essence. It criticises the historical inconsistencies of the Old Testament, which it tests by the rules of evidence, themselves analysed and explained by the canon of authority with extreme and minute erudition.[4] It criticises the Pauline epistles, and distinguishes their Christianity from that of the gospels. In these respects it anticipates the German school of last century. It criticises the whole procession of ancient philosophers,[5] and gives them, so to speak, their place in the revelation of history. It animadverts on Plato just as it animadverts on St. Paul,[6] while it strongly contrasts "artificial" theology with the pure gospel, and metaphysics with a reasonable natural philosophy.[7] It also compares polytheism with manicheanism in a striking

[1] *Cf.* Voltaire's Works, vol. xxxiii. p. 163.

[2] Vol. iv. p. 31, not "as if we informed omniscience, or expostulated with omnipotence."

[3] Vol. i. p. 145, and *cf.* vol. v. p. 56.

[4] That on some of these tests he had changed his opinion since he wrote the Pouilly letter appears from vol. i. p. 299.

[5] One very fine expression of his must be quoted. Speaking of pagan monotheists he says, "They erected, as it were, a divine monarchy on the ruins of a divine aristocracy." Vol. i. p. 310.

[6] *Cf.* vol. ii. pp. 328, 337, 339, 344-5. In vol. iv. it should be noticed that he always quotes Plato in *Latin*. Plato, he further says, "subjects the word to thought, and Aristotle even thought to words." Vol. ii. p. 85. He adds that both were "the great mints of insignificant terms." Vol. iv. p. 305.

[7] *Cf.* vol. iii. p. 256; vol. iv. pp. 5, 41, 144, 394. And in "The Letter to Mr. Pope," "Artificial Theology rose on the *demolition*, not on the *foundation* of Christianity," and he gives the example of Erasmus, who was ready to follow Œcolampadius' anti-transubstantiation tenets, but "for the consent of the Church." *Cf.* vol. ix. (Letter to Pope), p. 531, and *cf.* pp. 492, 493, 495, 496 (the aspersions of the Fathers on Pagan Theology); 498 (Predestination); 503 ("Tradition must be added to the Scriptures, &c.); 510 (Artificial Theology as old as the Fathers); 511, 512, (perversions by rhetoricians and logicians)—"They have been obliged to defend in the light what was imposed in the dark;" 514 (On the Athanasian Creed).

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passage,[1] and with metaphysics in another.[2] It is both anti-Pauline and anti-Platonic.[3] It directly opposes "pretended revelation" to "true revelation."[4] It criticises, beyond all, the artificial and misty refinements, both of metaphysics and of theology,[5] which it links together—"the atheist and the divine"[6]—as "blasphemous;" and, in so doing, it criticises all systems which create "imaginary worlds," and "explain one hypothesis by another," as well as the historical origins of dogma, which it shows constantly ascribable to secular policy, with a minute learning which we shall see that Gibbon copied and followed. It criticises, and, we think, demolishes the doctrine of "final causes."[7] It criticises motives, and it criticises society. It is directed against "atheists who reject all religion, latitudinarians who admit all alike, and rigidists, who suffer one alone."[8] It maintains throughout, after Locke, that it will never travel "out of the high road of plain common sense," and that "experiment is the pillar of fire," which leads to the promised land.

Nor certainly does it purpose that undermining of Society and of Religion, which Burke, and others after him, insinuated. This will appear fully in our longer

[1] Vol. ii. p. 30.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 77. He calls it a "preternatural science," *ibid.*, p. 79.

[3] "The gospel of Christ is one thing, the gospel of St. Paul, and of all those who have grafted after him on the same stock, is another," vol. ii. p. 328, and *cf.* his distinction between "real religion," and what "has been made to pass for it," in vol. iv. p. 45, and on St. Paul's vocation, *cf. ibid.*, p. 98.

[4] Vol. ii. p. 257. "Adding art to nature, falsehood to truth, and their own inventions for divine communications."

[5] "The natural effect of religion is to help reason to subdue our passions; and of theology to help the passions to subdue reason and religion both. . . ." Vol. ii. p. 302.

[6] Vol. iv. p. 94, and *cf. inter multa alia*, vol. iii. p. 322.

[7] *Cf.* vol. iii. p. 379; vol. v. p. 37.

[8] Vol. iv. p. 329. In the same place he defines "natural theology or theism, and natural religion or ethics," *ibid.*, p. 466, and he adds, "all science, if it be real, must rise from below, and from our own level. Truth of existence is truth of knowledge." *Cf.* also vol. ix. (Letter to Pope), p. 479. "Belief passes in their minds for knowledge." His discourse on "Freethinking," alluded to in our text (*ibid.*, p. 487 and *seq.*) is very interesting; "where mystery begins," he says, afterwards (p. 521), "religion ends;" as also that on theologians (p. 514).

review. For the present we cite two passages from the "Letter to Mr. Pope." In discussing the boundaries of "free thought," he insists on their circumscription. "The freedom," he says, "belongs to him as a rational creature; he lies under the restraint as a member of society.[1] In another argument he lays equal stress on the duty of avoiding "the extremes of scepticism and atheism." [2]

Its moral principle is familiar. The evolution of the instinct of self-love, through reason, into the virtue of benevolence, leads to social altruism.[3] Benevolence is the golden rule of life. Its creed is perhaps less familiar. It believes by demonstration in an all-wise and all-good God, the Creator of the universe. It believes that all his operations—most of them incomprehensible by our limited faculties[4]—must by consequence be the fittest. It believes that He acts by general laws,[5] and not by special providences,[6] that their service is perfect freedom.[7] It believes in the reign of these laws on earth and their ascertainability through the inductive science of discovery. It believes in the inascertainability of God's physical and moral "attributes" by our imperfect intelligence. It believes in the probability of an ascending scale of superior beings gradually rising up towards the Great Being over all, who is, however, more removed from the nearest than they, from the farthest step of an infinite gradation. It distinguishes brutes from man by the power of generalising ideas.[8] It devoutly desires to believe in the immortality of the soul,[9] but can find no definite

[1] Works, vol. ix. p. 491.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 519.

[3] Vol. i. p. 46; vol. ii. pp. 2, 394; vol. iii. pp. 2, 10.

[4] Vol. iv. pp. 375, 410.

[5] Vol. v. p. 30, and *cf.* pp. 13 and 15.

[6] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 162. "Through how many mediums, if I may say so, may not the rays of divine efficacy pass before they arrive at us!" and vol. v. p. 33, "As many providences as men."

[7] Vol. iii. p. 389.

[8] *Cf.* vol. iv. p. 5.

[9] Vol. i. p. 20, but *cf. ibid.*, pp. 207, 231, 241 and 270, where he "does not pretend to deny the possible existence of . . . immaterial beings." He desires thought to be the essence of soul, *ibid.*, p. 209.

ground for it in the domain of *reason*, and is therefore agnostic in its attitude.[1] It disbelieves in the ordinary sense of "inspiration,"[2] and ridicules the pretensions of such as have acted below humanity under the pretext of being privileged above it. It denies the distinction between God's "attributes," and asserts the concurrence of all with His wisdom in His acts.[3] It advocates, nay "vindicates" religion, but it deprecates many of its professors.[4] It denies that the church is a polity, or state within a state.[5] It recognises the worth of the church, but it deprecates the example of many churchmen. It denounces the dogma of eternal punishment,[6] and it scathes the Athanasian Creed.[7] It restricts itself to the study of man,[8] his sensations, perceptions, ideas, and illusions.

It has both the merits and the defects of such restrictions, and of all rationalising and merely ratiocinative systems. It has scant sympathy with the transcendental, and as for mysticism it cannot away with it. It fails to recognise the dignity of the Baconian truth, which it blames, that "the dreaming part of mankind has, in a manner, prevailed over the waking."[9] It optimises nature, but it pessimises man.[10] It minimises faith. It was foreshadowed by his "Letters to M. Pouilly," and by many previous passages in his correspondence. He always contended that it was "antimetaphysical and antitheological." Its essence, as we have noted, is condensed in his "Letter to Mr. Pope," which is in fact the first of these "minutes." He is never weary of repeating, both here and throughout his private and public writings, that the infirmity of the mind, loose in generalisation, confuses both moral and

[1] Works, vol. iii. pp. 311-398.

[2] Vol. i. p. 142 and *seq.*

[3] Vol. iii. p. 300.

[4] *Cf.* especially vol. iv. p. 381; and "Man is a religious as well as a social creature," vol. v. p. 97. In this respect Bolingbroke's sister resembled him. *Cf.* our Prefatory Memoir of Lady Luxborough.

[5] *Cf.* vol. iv. pp. 49, 208, 243, 329, 350 (State Church). He also held with the existence of a Pre-Roman Anglican Church, vol. iv. pp. 84, 205.

[6] *Cf.* vol. v. pp. 139, 197; and *cf. ibid.*, p. 125.

[7] *Cf. ante*, p. 318, n. 7.

[8] Vol. i. p. 234.

[9] Vol. i. p. 120.

[10] *Cf.* vol. iv. p. 170.

intellectual ideas, that the thinking instrument—as distinguished from the perceiving instrument—is *blanda adulatrix* and *quasi lena sui*.[1]

Though this remarkable work teems with eloquence, a style limpid, forcible, and lucid, well described by Voltaire as "that power and energy inspired by the noble freedom of thought,"[2] aptness of instance and quotation, many personal allusions,[3] and the happiest illustrations, some of which we cite in our supplementary essay, we shall only quote two passages here, for their substance rather than for their style. The one strikes the keynote of the whole; the other heralds the design of Pope's noble poem.

"The bodies that surround us operate continually on us; and their operations concern not only our well or ill being, but our very being. We are situated therefore to acquire by the help of our senses properly employed, by experiment and industry, such a degree of human knowledge as is sufficient for the necessary uses of human life and no more. In like manner the knowledge of the Creator is on many accounts necessary to such a creature as man; and therefore we are made able to arrive, by a proper exercise of our mental faculties, from a knowledge of God's works to a knowledge of his existence, and of that infinite power and wisdom which are demonstrated to us in them. Our knowledge concerning God goes no further. We are in absolute ignorance of the real essence and inward constitution of every sensible object.[4] How much less reason is there to expect any knowledge of the manner of being, and of the nature and essence of the

[1] *Cf. inter multa alia*, vol. i. pp. 89, 102, and vol. iii. p. 307.

[2] Dedication to Bolingbroke, "Brutus."

[3] *Cf.* for instance that to Atterbury, vol. i. p. 153, and to Oxford, vol. i. p. 129, the one to Peterborough in vol. i. p. 64. Of those "who have affected to reveal the secrets of the courts they never saw"; to Gay (vol. v. p. 33), to Swift (vol. v. p. 122), and that to Louis XIV., he outlived his glory, his power, and, if I may say so, almost his posterity (vol. v. p. 21); as well as those of Walpole and Caroline, already cited. His phrase of Leibnitz ("Letter to Pope," p. 454), and his allusion to Pagan, "Occasional Nonconformity" (vol. i. p. 358), should not be omitted.

[4] *Cf.* the same observations in vol. i. p. 48.

invisible God, or of His physical and moral attributes, beyond that which His works, the effects of His nature and attributes, communicate to us. This degree, this sufficient degree of knowledge concerning God, is a fixed point, on one side of which lies atheism, and metaphysical and theological blasphemy on the other."[1] We should add that he elsewhere emphasises the growth of our knowledge of sensible objects through science; and in one place even forecasts the possible invention of the spectroscope.[2] "The mind of man," he observes at the outset, "is an object of physics as much as the body of man."[3] From the first he opposes physics to metaphysics.

The second passage concerns Pope's Essay, and is one of those alluded to by Mr. Collins as inspiring Pope's famous passage of the Scale of Beings.

". . . Shall we not be persuaded rather, that as there is a gradation of sense and intelligence here from animal beings imperceptible to us, for their minuteness without the help of microscopes, and even with them, up to man, in whom, though this be their highest stage, sense and intelligence stop short and remain very imperfect; so there is a gradation from man, through various forms of sense, intelligence and reason, up to beings who cannot be known by us because of their distance from us, whose rank in the intellectual system is even above our conceptions."[4]

Writing to Swift in March 1731, Bolingbroke thus indicates the joint enterprise which was absorbing him and Pope. ". . . In the meantime Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and a very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except a sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. . . .

[1] Works, vol. ii. pp. 25, 26.
[2] Vol. i. p. 17.
[3] Vol. i. p. 50.
[4] Vol. iii. p. 320.

Yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, *as I do not intend it shall.*"[1] In August he recurs to the subject.[2]

". . . Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner that he must be convinced by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did. The first Epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being; the second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system; and the third, which shows how

"'. . . A universal cause
Works to one end but works by various laws.'

How man and beast and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole, how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy were derived, how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same; these three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 378. *Cf.* ". . . I have been a martyr of faction in politics, and have no vocation to be so in philosophy." ["Letter to Mr. Pope."] Works, vol. ix. p. 480.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 423.

Epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand, by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted."

Pope did not do so; for Warburton probably deterred him. The second book, had it ever appeared, would have treated of the Divine in relation to the Human, would have looked through Nature to Nature's God.[1] The hymn of the "Universal prayer" is probably a fragment of some of its ideas. In adverting to a future life after the death of Gay and of his mother, Pope writes to Swift, on April 22, 1733,[2] " . . . Whether that can ever be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that *whatever is, is right.*"[3] It will be noticed that Pope employs the very expressions which, according to Chesterfield, Bolingbroke himself breathed as he lay dying.

Its ethical theory had germinated early in Bolingbroke's brain, for we find traces of it already in Swift's "Cadenus and Vanessa"—

> "Self-love in nature rooted fast,
> Attends us first, and leaves us last";

where also occurs a phrase reminiscent of Pope, and, therefore, probably, even then, adopted from Bolingbroke.

> "The book, the author, and the friend."

Throughout the work the thinker bears the poet, for whom he writes, in mind. The similes are designed for his verse, and the allusions and interludes to relieve a Lucretian epic. It may, further, be here stated that, in the argument, volume iv. of the philosophical works, edited by Mallet with phenomenal carelessness, should succeed volume ii.

[1] For Pope's expression of Bolingbroke, Works, vol. ii. p. 254. It is taken *verbatim*, as Warton has pointed out. [2] Swift's works, vol. xviii. p. 165.

[3] *Cf.* Pope's Essay, Ep. i. 51–52; Ep. iv. 394 (the Summary), as to "right" (instead of "best"). *Cf.* our remarks in Chapter IX.

Bolingbroke was the first Englishman to proclaim the Uniformity of Nature,[1] the doctrine which animated Goethe. His empirical method, following Bacon and Locke, was addressed to mental processes. His ethical system tallies, after all, with Spinoza's *Intellectualis Amor* or "Resignation,"[2] although he depreciates the name of Spinoza, and had probably never read him.[3] He was the first also to formulate natural solidarity, and the necessity of applying the laws of nature to social ethics. We shall note in our supplementary chapter how the latest German thought has unconsciously followed him. And Pope has translated a part only of Bolingbroke's daring ideas into immortal verse. Directly after Bolingbroke's death, Voltaire admitted that the "principles" of the "Essay" were due to Bolingbroke.[4]

Let us now scrutinise some fresh lights on Bolingbroke's inspiration of the "Essay on Man," and, in so doing, limit ourselves to such particulars as remain hitherto unnoticed. To begin with, in the "Design" inscribed to Bolingbroke there is a *double-entendre* in the words "the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions." It refers to Berkeley's "Alciphron," which we know from Bolingbroke's correspondence with Swift that he had just been reading. "I could," remarks Bolingbroke in his "Philosophy,"[5] "wish that Alciphron and Lysicles had made this observation to Euphranor, and had applied it to show him why they admitted the word 'force,' and rejected the word 'grace.'

The verse in the "Essay on Man" (Ep. ii. l. 26) "and quitting sense call imitating God," is paralleled by Boling-

[1] This central idea will be found pervading the entire work. It also occurs in the "Patriot King," where, paraphrasing a Latin quotation about Nature, he says, ". . . She throws out altogether and at once the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts." Works, vol. vii. p. 135.

[2] *Cf.* "Retirement and Study," vol. vii. p. 409, ". . . to establish our peace of mind where alone it can rest securely," in "Resignation" and his remarks to Marchmont. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 386.

[3] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 267, and especially vol. ii. p. 255.

[4] *Cf.* Voltaire's Works, vol. xxxiii. p. 161.

[5] Vol. i. p. 175.

broke in vol. iv. pp. 410, 380. Two lines in the same epistle (145, 230), the one—

"Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,"

the other the familiar—

"Whatever Nature shrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right,"

are both derived from Bolingbroke's reflections in vol. v. p. 43. The couplet in the third epistle (l. 97) about Reason and Instinct comes from his remarks in vols. i. p. 42, and iii. p. 54, which are echoed in his "Retirement and Study" (Works, vol. vii. p. 406),[1] while Pope's hackneyed last line "and bade self-love and social be the same," is drawn from vol. iv. p. 397, and quoted in its turn by Bolingbroke (as "that *true* self-love," &c., doubtless from memory) in vol. ii. p. 309.[2] The invocation to happiness at the opening of the last epistle is an embroidery on Bolingbroke's considerations in vol. ii. p. 288; where, however, the poet does not, like the philosopher, distinguish between pleasure, contentment, and happiness. The couplet[3] in line 122 of the same epistle, indirectly alluding to Walpole, is directly copied from Bolingbroke's identical analogy in vol. iii. p. 257, while in the first and second epistles, whose general debt to Bolingbroke has been commemorated by Mr. Collins, lines 120, 205, Ep. i. (of God's justice, both in what He gives and withholds), flow straight from Bolingbroke.

Pope's handling of Reason and Passion closely imitates Bolingbroke's in vol. v. p. 31. So do "Placed on this Isthmus of a middle State" (Pope, Ep. ii. p. 3; Bolingbroke, vol. ii. p. 115), the very expression, "one stupendous whole" (Bol., vol. ii. p. 145); the whole order of the analysis of self-love through the sexual instinct to Sociability and Reason (Pope, Ep. iii. l. 110 and *seq.*; Bol.,

[1] ". . . Instinct that has its due effect, is preferable to reason that has not."

[2] "True" is the expression at the close of Pope's fourth epistle, which was written later.

[3] "Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rite to reverse his laws."

vol. iv. p. 401); God's blending together the duty and interest of the creature (Bol., *ibid.*, p. 415); the celebrated lines on hope (Bol., vol. iii. p. 382); the idea that self-love unless early checked by reason "is made the drudge of the will predetermined by passion" (Bol., vol. iii. p. 393); the passage (*ibid.*, 397), "He may make us happier in another system of being. At least this we may be sure of, we shall be dealed with according to the perfections of His nature, not according to the imperfections of our own," which is paralleled in the poet's letters; Pope's condensation in the last epistle of Bolingbroke's long historical analysis of Superstition; his definition of chance (Bol., vol. i. p. 164 and *seq.*; *cf.* Ep. i. l. 290); the lines about the "Soul's calm sunshine" (Ep. iv. l. 166; *cf.* Bol., vol. v. p. 10); the futility of the arraignment of God's justice in connection with a future state (Ep. iv. ll. 131 and 173; *cf.* Bol., vol. v. p. 13 and *seq.*); the whole scientific treatment of general laws (Ep. iii. l. 27); and, finally, the historical examples in the poem (*cf.* Bol., vol. v. p. 20 and *seq.*). More might be given, for the influence is no less subtle than pronounced. Indeed the whole "Essay on Man" is rhymed Bolingbroke in the framework of Pope's style. His simile of the Ants' Republic (Ep. iii. l. 184) is transcribed from page 54 of Bolingbroke's third volume.

Bolingbroke's similes and metaphors were obviously prepared for Pope, and there are a number of singularly fine ones, which Pope would have probably used, had he completed his plan. Among these we may recall those of the currency (vol. i. p. 89), the moving picture (*ibid.*, p. 93), of the Philosopher and his Horse (*ibid.*, p. 233), of the "Armed Men" (*ibid.*, p. 238), of the comparison of Reason to a Lute (vol. v. p. 69), and of figurative style to Varnish on a painting (*ibid.*, p. 138)—"it must not be used to alter the intellectual picture, it must only serve to give a greater lustre and to make it better seen,"—of the Angelic ladder (vol. ii. p. 359), of philosophers and comets (vol. iii. p. 303). And there are flashes of humour as well as of irony, which Pope was unlikely to assimilate, such as "the most heavy philosopher

whose name ever ended in 'us';" the slap at the figments of metaphysicians in the account of primitive man surveying "bodies"—"for men then believed that there *were* bodies," and the satire, "metaphysicians . . . never convinced metaphysicians;" the sentences, too—"The Arians were all damned for the difference of an iota," and (of artificial theologians) "if they have lengthened the Creed, they have shortened the Decalogue," should be added. Nor should we forget the instance of "the Scotch Presbyterian parson who assured his brethren from the pulpit that immorality had destroyed its thousands, but morality its ten thousands,"[1] the description of Romanism as "the pageantry of our Ecclesiastical Jupiter,"[2] and the application of the Canons in the "Lutrin."[3]

Bolingbroke's influence on Pope is not confined to the "Essay on Man." The fine passage (one of Pope's grandest) in the "Moral Essays" (Ep. iii. ll. 159–168) comes from Bolingbroke, and is, in its turn, mentioned by him in vol. i. p. 35. The worn instance, too, in the character of Addison, about the Turk "bearing no brother near the throne" filters from Bacon through Bolingbroke (vol. i. p. 72). Nor again is it Bolingbroke's "Philosophy" only that influences the "Essay on Man." The expression in the "Dunciad," "and last to Nature's Cause through Nature led" (iv. l. 468)—paralleled, of course, in the "Essay"—springs from Bolingbroke (vol. ii. p. 254). The lines about Marcellus (Ep. iv. l. 257)—

> "And more true joy Marcellus, exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels"—

condense Bolingbroke's illustration in his "Reflections upon Exile";[4] while those beginning at line 331 of the same last epistle of the "Essay"—"Slaves to no sect," &c. —are prompted by the Latin motto of the *Craftsman*. "The proper study of mankind is man," echoes one remark in Bolingbroke's "Letters of History"—or is echoed

[1] Works, vol. ii. p. 326. *Cf.* "La vertu même a ses limites." Montesquieu.
[2] Vol. iv. p. 186. For another humorous instance *cf.* vol. iv. p. 382.
[3] Vol. v. p. 13.
[4] Vol. viii., at pp. 450-1.

by them.[1] While the "a divine right to govern *well*," in the "Patriot King," recalls another of Pope's proverbial maxims. Again, line 194—

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well thy part, there all the honour lies"—

resounds the stirring passage from the "Spirit of Patriotism," included among the mottoes to our first volume. Nor are converse instances absent. In the "Dissertation upon Parties,"[2] Bolingbroke laughs at those "who never deviate into the road of good sense," which echoes Pope's "sometimes deviates into sense," while there is an allusion to both Bolingbroke's nickname and his nature in Pope's distich (Ep. ii. l. 205)—

> "'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
> Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mixed."

And Bolingbroke himself quotes the simile of the pebble and the lake in his "Letters of History," as well as verses from the "Dunciad" and the "Essay on Criticism." Never was an equal example of one "friend and genius" quickening another, and it may be said with truth that Bolingbroke was the breeze that struck and woke the listening lyre of Pope. He called him his "Ariel."[3] The "Essay on Man" is the quintessence of Bolingbroke's philosophical essays; and the bard and the thinker are indissolubly linked in the bills of immortality.

On the influence—ascending to Gibbon's History and descending to Voltaire's "Candide"—on the controversies, smirched by Warburton, and extended even to the printer Francklin, on the shocks to a Latitudinarian Church, startled to find its dilemma exposed, on the malign misconstructions, which persecuted the posthumous publication of the "Philosophy," but which spared the "Essay," we shall not dwell; nor on that Westminster Grand Jury, who found his works contrary to Religion and Society. Suffice it to say that, after Bolingbroke's death, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the title of which should have

[1] Works, vol. viii. p. 137. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 60. [3] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 280.

taught him better, thought fit to twist a perfectly innocent passage concerning family intermarriages in the beginnings of History[1] into the vilest aspersions on Bolingbroke's memory; especially as Bolingbroke's will does not mention his philosophical works as a literary legacy, though it specifies others, and Mallet therefore took the matter into his own hands to make a sensation, and the money that sensations breed.

We shall next briefly consider the "Remarks on the History of England" and "A Dissertation upon Parties" together. They were both republished from their fugitive journal in the years 1731 and 1734 respectively. They were both again published after Walpole's downfall, and once more after Bolingbroke's death. They were both among the causes of his retreat in 1735, for they incensed Walpole to a degree that rendered Bolingbroke's free activities impossible, unless backed by Pulteney (which they were not). They both created an immense stir, and both contain lessons for our own age, apart from the ironical analogies to his own with which they bristle. *Principiis obsta* was the moving incentive to both. Each of them has a "Dedication" to Walpole of superlative and scathing force: that to the first was added after Walpole's decline and peerage; that to the second was attached to its first appearance in public. With both should be compared the last of three letters addressed to Cornbury in 1736 and known as "Of the State of Parties."[2] Bolingbroke's broad view of the constitution may be best illustrated by two passages from these two works, the former of which Chesterfield called, "like all his works . . . a model of eloquence and style."[3]

"A King of Great Britain is that supreme magistrate who has a negative voice in the legislature. He is entrusted with the executive power; and several other powers and privileges, which we call prerogatives, are annexed to this trust. The two Houses of Parliament have their rights and privileges, some of which are common to both, others particular to each. They prepare, they pass bills, or they

[1] Works, vol. iii. p. 129. [2] Vol. vii. p. 255. [3] Letters, vol. ii. p. 83.

refuse to pass such as are sent to them. They address, represent, advise, remonstrate. The supreme judicature resides in the Lords. The Commons are the grand inquest of the nation; and to them it belongs likewise to judge of national expenses, and to give supplies accordingly.

"If the legislative as well as the executive power was wholly in the King, as in some countries, he would be absolute; if in the Lords, our Government would be an aristocracy; if in the Commons, a democracy. It is this division of power, these distinct privileges attributed to the King, the Lords and the Commons, which constitute a limited monarchy. . . . If any one of the three . . . should at any time usurp more power than the law gives, or make an ill use of a legal power, the other two parts may, by uniting their strength, reduce this power into its proper bounds. . . . This is that balance which has been so much talked of. . . . This proposition is therefore true; that, in a constitution like ours, the safety of the whole depends on the balance of the parts. . . ."[1]

He finds this balance in an independent interdependence. Having sketched the mechanism of the constitution in the first work, he renders its spirit in the second.[2]

"If liberty be that delicious and wholesome fruit on which the British nation had fed for so many ages, . . . the British constitution is the tree that bears this fruit, and will continue to bear it, as long as we are careful to fence it in, and trench it round, against the beasts of the field and the insects of the earth. To speak without a figure, our constitution is a system of government suited to the genius of our nation, and even to our situation. The experience of many hundred years hath shown that, by preserving this constitution inviolate, or by drawing it back to the principles on which it was originally founded, whenever it shall be made to swerve from them, we may secure to ourselves, and to our latest posterity, the possession of that liberty which we have so long enjoyed. What would

[1] Works, vol. xi. pp. 82–83 ("Remarks on the History of England").
[2] Vol. v. p. 191.

we more? What other liberty than this do we seek? And if we seek no other, is not this marked out in such characters as he who runs may read? As our constitution, therefore, ought to be, what it seldom is, the rule of government; so let us make the conformity or repugnancy of things to this constitution the rule, by which we accept them as favourable, or reject them as dangerous to liberty. They who talk of liberty in Britain on any other principles than those of the British constitution talk impertinently at best, and much charity is requisite to believe no worse of them. . . . Some men there are, the pests of society I think them, who pretend a great regard to religion in general, but who take every opportunity of declaiming publicly against that church establishment which is received in Britain. Just so the men, of whom I have been speaking, affect a great regard to liberty in general, but they dislike so much the system of liberty established in Britain, that they are incessant in their endeavours to puzzle the plainest thing in the world. . . . The first set of these missionaries would take off all the restraints of religion from the governed; and the latter set would remove, or render ineffectual, all the limitations and controls which liberty hath prescribed to those that govern, and disjoint the whole frame of our constitution. Entire dissolution of manners, confusion, anarchy, or perhaps absolute monarchy, would follow. . ."

This is that constitution of which he says in the "Dedication,"[1] "A British spirit and the spirit of the British constitution are one and the same, and therefore if ever there arises a British spirit in a British Parliament . . . vengeance will not overtake the former (those who defend it); it may be the latter (those who attack it)." That spirit did begin to revive in that Parliament, when Pitt in 1739 exclaimed, "England is once more a nation."

Have these appeals that hollow ring which is so superficially imputed by those to whom Bolingbroke is a name? Their sincerity is proved by their repetition in his private correspondence with his brother-in-law. Let *us* answer

[1] P. xlix.

them here by the fine series of suppositions which evidently answer Walpole's in his Septennial Act speech, and which hint that the Minister meditated his impeachment. They are contained in the same defiant and indignant "Dedication."[1] ". . . But then, let us make one single supposition on the other side. Let us suppose that this obnoxious man was really in earnest; that he wrote from his heart; and that he felt there the same warmth for the British constitution which he expressed in his writings, and laboured to infuse into the breast of every other man. I would ask you, sir, do you think such a man would be ashamed to avow in the face of his country the contents of the following sheets, or be afraid to suffer for them. . . . Would his endeavours to reconcile parties and to abolish odious distinctions; would pleading for all the ends proposed by and promised at the revolution; for securing the independency of the two Houses of Parliament, and the freedom of elections as effectually against corruption as they are already secured against prerogative. Would this, I say, make him pass for the greatest of criminals? No, sir, not in the breasts even of those who gave sentence against him, if men capable of giving such a sentence could be found. . . . He might fall a victim to power, but truth and reason, and the cause of liberty, would fall with him; and he who is buried in their ruins is happier than he who survives them." Thus might he indeed have thrilled his hearers with his electric eloquence had he stayed to take his trial in 1715.

Of the spirit of liberty he speaks in his "Remarks," and he aptly applies some of its lessons to the alliance against it under Norman rule of Barons and Kings.[2] Though, as we have noticed, the work is full, confessedly, of transferences of past to present conjunctures and persons, and of the vices of many royal favourites to those of Walpole, there is much real research and powerful exposition throughout. The panegyric of Edward the Third and his encouragement of trade, his enthusiastic encomium

[1] P. li.

[2] Works, vol. xi. pp. 28, 57.

of Elizabeth, his description of Charles I. as a "party man," and one "who broke almost all the few ties of union which remained between himself and the nation, that he might screen some of the most unworthy men who ever deserved a prince, or dishonoured a court,"[1] will repay studious attention. The reign of Henry the Fourth, with his parliamentary title to the throne, gives him an opportunity of analysing popular patience under evident oppression. "A people may be persuaded to bear patiently a great deal of oppression, as long as they can be persuaded that they bear it only to defend their own choice and to maintain their own acts; but if they discover this to be nothing more than a pretence, by which such powers are kept up as are unnecessary to their security, and dangerous to their liberty, by which the wealth of the whole nation is drained into the coffers of a few, and by which, in one word, they become exposed to ruin by the very means which they took to avoid it—it cannot be expected that they will be patient very long."[2] The nation was not patient in 1739, and in this regard we may quote the "tremendous" prophecy from the "Dedication":[3]—

"That no man ought to be esteemed happy till he is dead, is the saying of Solon. Whether or not, therefore, the stream of your good fortune is to flow on without interruption, whether you are to be cut or drop from the tree, I am afraid to pronounce. On the stage indeed, when a master-poet exerts his power over the passions, his victim at the end of the fourth act is frequently made to sing a requiem to his cares and sorrows, as if for ever done away. But alas! his catastrophe is then at hand, and fate ready to drop the curtain."

To the coalition of parties he had so long been promoting, he alludes in a striking episode in the second work;[4] while the passage about parties[5] from the Revolution to the Georgian days should be compared with that in his "Letter on the State of Parties."

[1] Works, vol. xi. p. 309. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 76. [3] P. ix.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 13. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 115.

To his demolition of "Passive Obedience" and the like,[1] we have already referred in our first volume. In another part of the work he forecasts the features of the "Patriot King."[2] We forbear further citations, however tempting. These are not platitudes even for our own generation, though it frequently happens that the discoveries of one age are the platitudes of the next.

"If," he addresses "Mr. D'Anvers," in a farewell peroration which embodies much of the *Craftsman's* "Vindication,"—"if I hear in that retreat, to which age, the circumstances of fortune, and, above all, the temper of my mind determine me, that you succeed, I shall rejoice in the common joy. If I hear that you fail, my concern for you will be lost in the common calamity."[3]

Was Pope thinking of Bolingbroke when he sang—

"But Wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat"?[4]

To that retreat we must now attend his footsteps, and in it watch their perpetual progress towards those ideals which he had set before him.

[1] Works, vol. x. p. 134.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 267.
[3] Vol. xi. p. 321.
[4] "Moral Ep.," Ep. ii.

# CHAPTER VII

## RETREAT

(1735–1742)

CHANTELOU—ARGEVILLE—LONDON—ARGEVILLE—BATTERSEA—"OLD FRUMPS'" DEATH—"RETIREMENT AND STUDY"—"LETTERS OF HISTORY"—"THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING"

CHANTELOU was a château in Touraine close by[1] Amboise, and in the same region as La Source. It had been erected, as we have noticed in our first volume, by the Princess Orsini for her lover. Long after Bolingbroke's occupancy it was again to shelter another noble exile—the Duc de Choiseul. It was the largest demesne ever tenanted by Bolingbroke. He had, as he wrote sadly to Windham, resolved never to buy land again—"no, not a burying-place."[2] Chantelou he rented, and he sold La Source;[3] Dawley he wished to sell. His exclusion from anything like English public life was now final; despite Windham's apparently pressing remonstrances, and though he afterwards reverted, as we shall see, to an important part behind the scenes. The new King—under Walpole's obsession—would never relent towards him. That complete restoration for which he had so long fretted was beyond his reach. His father—"Old Frumps"—still lingered pertinaciously green, unvenerated, and unamiable. Until his death there was little inducement to a *pied-à-terre* in Britain. His sister was spending much of her time abroad, and was destined soon to live apart from the husband whom Bolingbroke always loved, and temporarily reconciled. His wife was a constant invalid, and as she had written in 1727 to Swift,

[1] *Cf.* Knight's letter to Essex. Add. MS., 27734, f. 17.
[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 342. [3] Grimoard, i. p. 161.

found her "poor imagination quenched by the London air and by the conversation, the din of which was all she understood."[1] Though he pined for British life and British movement, he disdained them without British liberty. For the nonce he was perforce a "Cosmopolite,"[2] as, to Windham again, he bitterly phrased it. In politics, on which his gaze was ever centred, he looked to the coming race; in literature he fixed his eyes on posterity.[3] With his passion for inscriptions, he composed as the scroll on his screen at Chantelou one which emulated those of Dawley and La Source—

> "Las d'espérer, et de me plaindre
> Des muses, des grands et du sort,
> J'attends ici la mort,
> Sans la désirer ou la craindre,"[4]

which "Thersites" (Horace Walpole, junior) thus parodied:

> "Weary of hoping and complaining
> Of things that reign; or should be reigning;
> Without a wish, without a tear,
> And—as I'm safe—without a fear."

Public consideration accompanied him.[5] As Pope had sung in his Horatian epistles:—

> "That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
> Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd!
> Rich ev'n when plundered, honoured while oppress'd,
> Loved without youth and followed without power."

He had many old works to revise and some new compositions to create. Like Gibbon, he loved to write in a garden-pavilion both here and at Argeville; he had one fitted up for him even during his visits to the abbey at Sens.[6] While

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 127. "Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteint par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entends que le bruit."

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 334, 336.

[3] Lord Orrery, writing to Swift in July 1741, remarks, . . . "Lord Bolingbroke lives in France; posterity, it is to be hoped, will be the better for his retirement." Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 332.

[4] Jesse, p. 334.

[5] Grimoard, i. p. 161. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 286.

he still counselled the Windhamites at home, and spurred Pope on to his fresh poetical enterprises, he led the life of study, chequered by sport and gardening,[1] which he had led at La Source. But La Source had been his May, and this was his October. Its sunshine was an after-glow—a St. Martin's summer.

On such a morning, from its misty mantle emerges a brightness in a sky dappled with gathering clouds; there is buoyancy in the air, brewing a windy storm. The fluttering birds chirrup with illusive glee. A last butterfly flits athwart the late roses; an auburn leaf drops from the gorgeous boughs and circles, wavering; the hum of countless insects murmurs from the ground, while the cobwebs'-gossamer glisters ominously above. It is quiet without peace, prime without promise, softness without balm, brilliance without certainty, and vigour without sap. It is Nature's halting moment ere she begins to shrivel into dark and bare decay. For his life during these years we have ample materials. Besides such of the Egremont Papers as have seen the light, and, with regard to the latter end, the Marchmont correspondence, we possess the MS. letters to Lord Essex and his written converse with his sister and brother-in-law. There is further the tattle of the time, and many a stray but obvious allusion.

Bolingbroke, with Lord Berkeley, arrived at Chantelou on June 23, 1735, after a rough journey both by sea and land. He there rejoined his wife, and had the satisfaction of seeing his friend none the worse for the perils of their passage.[2] His letter to Essex, who was grumbling at his hampered position, recounting the journey, concludes with a protestation of friendship: "How different soever our walks in life may be. . . . mine will be probably in absolute retreat, not from my friends, but from the world, the rest of my days; and in that walk, I do assure your lordship,

[1] His taste for gardening suggested one of the finest metaphors in his "Philosophy." *Cf.* vol. v. p. 70.

[2] *Cf.* Corr. No. cvi.*a*, 27733, f. 186; and *cf.* 34196, f. 87.

I shall have no other regret than this one, that I ever left it." In the same tone, and about the same time, he assures his sister that "the place will be, on the whole, as solitary as I at least desire it should be,[1] and the same melancholy pervades his correspondence with Windham at this period. Matignon was with him, a true friend in every emergency. Chetwynd, who had accompanied Essex to Venice, was shortly to be of the party. The weather was abnormally cold and wet. He meditated, at the end of July, a short trip to Paris, to see a few friends, visit his stepdaughter at Sens, and stay awhile with the Prince de Condé, "the only prince to whom I am or wish to be attached." In the meantime he was lending Chantelou to the Duke of Richmond and his suite.[2] He longed to see once more his sister, who, at his advice, had conquered her reluctance to keep house in Paris for her peevish father-in-law and her husband, who had just returned from meeting Essex in his Venetian trip. His youngest and fattest half-brother, Hollis, was also in Paris, but he had no particular desire to meet him.[3] He was cursed with the family temper, and behaved meanly about money matters before his death in 1738; but he left Henrietta a share in Covent Garden Theatre and a farm.[4] His mention of him to Henrietta is amusing, and shows that his pleasantry was inextinguishable. "Holles, I hear, is at Paris, fencing, dancing, learning languages, and preparing to ride the great horse. If he rides at all, he must ride a great one, till elephants come into use. He would make no bad figure, looking over the battlements of a wooden castle, and raised on the back of one of those enormous animals. If you see him, my respects to him. Adieu, my dear sister."

[1] Corr. No. cviii.; 34196, f. 89. Lord Stair wrote much in the same strain in 1739. ". . . I draw myself closer and closer within my own sphere, which is a very small one." Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 103.

[2] *Cf.* 27734, f. 26; 34196, ff. 89, 90.

[3] Hollis afterwards "cut" Bolingbroke and his sister. *Cf.* Corr. No. cxv.

[4] 34196, ff. 118, 137–42. He was equerry to Queen Caroline. He died Oct. 6, 1738, as the votive tablet, erected by "his only sister" in Battersea Church, testifies.

And there were others he desired to see again.

"Embrassez pour moi," he wrote to his sister on July 19, "et vôtre mari et vos enfants. Au reste, repandez mes compliments aux grands flots, à droite et à gauche, comme le Chanoine de Boileau repandoit ses benedictions. Adieu, ma chère."[1] While he was in Paris (where he only stayed two days, but sprained his foot), an untoward incident occurred which illustrates his character. Mr. Knight the elder, despite his South Sea disgrace, was intimate with Lord Waldegrave, then Ambassador in the French capital, and was anxious to arrange a meeting between him and Bolingbroke, who might be most useful in the then conjuncture of foreign affairs. Bolingbroke first demurred, but was then persuaded. "If he was embarrassed, I was not," he writes of the interview. But he was immediately incensed by the seeming fact that "he never thought fit to call at my door, or to send me a civil message," and breaks off abruptly to ask Essex to procure truffle-dogs for his friend, the Princess of Conti, whom he describes afterwards as "having all the graces, if she has not all the beauty she had formerly." Soon afterwards, however, the apparent slight was explained. "It proved to be otherwise. My Lord Waldegrave had done me the honour to return my visit, though that stupid fool, the Swiss of the Hôtel de Matignon, denied it absolutely. The fellow had forgot to set his lordship's name on the list. You know, my dear lord, that I am not a person of much ceremony, nor much on the *qui vive* in *private* life. But I should be so, I confess, more in my present circumstances than in any other, with persons in public life, and this is a sentiment, I persuade myself you will not blame." Bolingbroke was appeased, and by October, in a letter where the truffle-dogs are again mentioned, he proposes a fresh call on Waldegrave; "for, though I have nothing to do with your great folks in public life, I will take care not to fail in any of the duties of private life."[2]

[1] *Cf.* Corr. No. cviii.; 34196, f. 91. This passage in Boileau is also mentioned by his sister. *Cf.* her Correspondence with Shenstone, and her letters to the Duchess of Somerset (Lady Hertford) in Hull's collection.

[2] *Cf.* Corr. Nos. cx., cxi.; 27734, ff. 27, 162; 34196, f. 88.

Continental affairs were again tangled and troublous. The second Vienna Treaty in 1731 had only proved a patchwork, as Bolingbroke predicted it would. The eternal squabble about the Italian dominions was revived, and this time Mantua was at stake. While the Emperor was nominally at war with France, and Eugene was pitted against Noailles, he was concocting with his supposed foe the first[1] of those family compacts which so long injured Europe and the two unnatural allies. Newcastle snuffed this precious mystery long after every other diplomatist knew it, and was at once proud of his secret and lavish in divulging it.[2] Horace Walpole was trying to arrange the matters, which would have arranged themselves as well without his busy-bodying bustle. The Dutch had to be by turns kicked and coaxed to come in. Essex was endeavouring to smooth the Sardinian Court. Keene (the ablest servant of the King abroad) was trying to counteract France's wish to abase Austria, under the mask of "equilibrium," at Madrid. Harrington was with the King at Hanover. The scheme of pacification limped along, like a cripple systematically tortured by his quack doctors. A plot was discovered. The Sardinian King, relying on a Spanish guarantee, was in league with France (where most but Fleury were anti-Austrian) to quell the very Power with whom France was in secret league. England was requisitioning troops from Sweden and Russia.[3] The usual Walpoleite policy prevailed of war expenses for peace arrangements. And this at a time when the Utrecht Treaty was applauded in both Houses.[4] "What," writes Bolingbroke from Chantelou in September 1735,[5] "is become of Noailles and his army? . . . People in this country are in great and unquiet expectations to hear from the Rhine where Prince Eugene makes too many motions

[1] Perhaps the second. There is reason for supposing one about the time of the Austro-Spanish *rapprochement* in 1725.

[2] 27734, f. 34.

[3] *Ibid.*, ff. 34, 42, 43, 44, 46, 48, 50, 57, 86, 92, 100.

[4] Lewis to Swift, June 30, 1737. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 172.

[5] Corr. No. cxii.; 27734, f. 144.

to mean nothing, and where Coigny will certainly give him battle, if he passes. But about all this my soul possesses itself in peace;" and again, in October:[1] ". . . This pacific manner of making war is visible enough, and the first step towards making peace. Horace's plan was merry too. We might laugh more heartily, if it did not cost us so dear, and if we contented ourselves from the white rocks of our island to be spectators of the farce on the Continent. . . . I should be curious to know . . . what Horace is doing at the Hague; whether the Ambassador has quite debauched the Secretary, or the Secretary of the Embassy[2] has reclaimed the Ambassador." The States came into the pacification scheme in September.[3] France gained Lorraine, her main object; Spain, whose purpose was to drive the Austrians out of Italy, was propitiated, though Don Carlos lost Tuscany; Fleury, after flirtations with other Powers, returned ostensibly to British allegiance; while Austria was sopped with the confirmation of her title to Sicily, transferred from Savoy in 1720, and the world breathed again till 1739.[4] It was just this plan of breathing-places, at slow stages up the hill of destiny, that denotes Walpole as little a statesman abroad as he was the master of management at home. "The partition," wrote Bolingbroke to Windham,[5] "of the dominions of Italy must be deemed pretty indifferent after all the changes that have been made. . . . But the great point for securing public peace was to keep the Spaniard out, . . . and that point was departed from when the principle of the Utrecht Treaty was departed from, under pretence of consummating the peace, and of satisfying the insatiable ambition of the Queen of Spain. . . ."[6]

Lord Berkeley and Chetwynd remained at Chantelou.

[1] Corr. No. cxiii.; 27734, f. 162. [2] Robert Trevor, *cf.* 27735, f. 24.

[3] 27734, f. 168.

[4] The Peace was well liked in England, but it was felt that the Ministry did not achieve it. 27735, f. 50.

[5] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 341.

[6] *Cf.* Bolingbroke's remarks to Knight, Dec. 18, 1735, 34196, f. 93. He speaks of "disentangling our country from the numerous contradictory and chargeable engagements under which their folly and iniquity have laid her."

The former was flirting in convalescence with a Mademoiselle du Pin. Lady Bolingbroke was still ailing; her husband designates the house "this hospital."[1] The Duke of Richmond with Lord Dursley went off to Aubigné,[2] whither Knight had also gone before he resumed his parliamentary duties. His sister was at a country place—"La Planchette"[3]—which her father-in-law inhabited. They were on the eve of their return to London. "Adieu," writes Bolingbroke, in a letter of January 1736, from which we have already excerpted a fine political passage, "dear brother, dear sister, and dear children. God bless you all. . . . If anybody enquires after me, say that I am well in body, and better in mind, that I am performing the duties of friendship to one who wants them all; and that when they are over I shall dispose of my insignificant person with that liberty which belongs to a man who belongs entirely to no country."[4]

He had not been idle. He was preparing a fresh philosophical epistle for Pope.[5] He was pondering and collecting materials, which he afterwards tried to procure from Duchess Sarah, for that larger history already mentioned, and never completed, which he designed "to leave rather than give to the public."[6] His interest in politics and in sport had not deterred him from his immediate self-consecration to "Retirement and Study." While London society was politely shrugging its shoulders over the fitful caprice of eccentric genius, while the "Patriots" were attempting to lure him from his ambush, while his French neighbours found him willing to amuse and be amused, barely six months[7] had seen the revision

[1] 34196, f. 93. [2] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. pp. 136-37.

[3] 34196, f. 93. [4] Corr. No. cxviii.; 34196, f. 95.

[5] *Cf.* "Letters of History," Works, vol. viii. p. 121: ". . . In an epistle I am about to write to him, in order to complete a set that were writ some years ago."

[6] *Cf.* "Letters of History," Works, vol. viii. pp. 110-273. He was disappointed in the loss of some materials, and the failure to get others. *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 214, 254. He had previously told Swift the same.

[7] The first of "Letters of History" bears date November 6, 1735. In the last, internal evidence shows the date of a portion to be 1736. *Cf.* p. 382.

and perfection of two extraordinary creations, at a time too and in a place where he had notes alone to refresh his colossal memory.[1] In January 1736 he entrusted to Knight two packets, one for Lord Bathurst, the other for Lord Cornbury.[2] That addressed to the old friend was the treatise on "The True Use of Retirement and Study"; that to the young one, the "Letters of European History"; and furthermore he addressed to Lord Cornbury in 1736 that letter on the "Spirit of Patriotism," which we shall consider together with the "Patriot King."

From the former work we have often quoted. It is the praise of severe learning garbed in that winning attire to which learning is too often a stranger—the purest eloquence. It is immeasurably superior to the "Reflections on Exile" which emanated from a forced, as this from a voluntary banishment. It surveys the prospect, examines the guides, and points the road of disciplined scholarship. In our first volume we cited a beautiful fragment, where he avows that he has never been a stranger to this devotion from earliest youth. "But my genius,"[3] he continues, "unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the hurry of those passions by which I was transported. Some calmer hours there were, in them I hearkened to him. Reflection had often its turn, and the love of study and the desire of knowledge have never quite abandoned me. I am not therefore entirely unprepared for the life I will lead, and it is not without reason that I promise myself more satisfaction in the latter part of it than I ever knew in the former. . . . You may ask me what I mean by sowing in autumn, and whether I hope to reap in winter? My answer will be that I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass and the business we have to do in the world. I think we have more of one and less of the other than is commonly

[1] *Cf.* his own statement, "Letters of History," Works, vol. viii. p. 160.

[2] Corr. No. cxviii. There was a third parcel for Windham, which may have related to his money affairs.

[3] Works, vol. viii. pp. 414, 415, 417, 428.

supposed. . . . We are all arrant spendthrifts ; some of us dissipate our estates on the trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we all complain that we want the necessities of life. The much greater part never reclaim, but die bankrupts to God and man. . . . You know the rest. I am sensible, more sensible than any enemy I have, of my natural infirmities and acquired disadvantages ; but I have begun, and I will persist, for he who jogs forward on a battered horse in the right way may get to the end of his journey, which he cannot do who gallops the fleetest courser of Newmarket out of it. Adieu ! my dear lord. . . . I hope to confirm, under your lordship's eye, my speculation by my practice. In the meantime let me refer you to our friend Pope. He says I made a philosopher of him. I am sure he has contributed very much, and I thank him for it, to the making an hermit of me."

His letters "Of the Study of History," and their combined "Sketch of the History and State of Europe," which we have laid under large contribution in our first volume, are his masterpiece. They are as deep and acute as they are graceful and persuasive. They form the companion-piece to his "Philosophy." Both forestall the methods of modern criticism, and both afford it models of order, of flexibility, and of style. Neither Philosophy nor History were for him the gazettes of antiquity, but the mistresses of life.[1] He regarded both as schools for action. We rehearse by study what we act by experience. ". . . By this exercise of the mind the study of history anticipates, as it were, experience ;" and this bent of his mind, quite as much as any momentary motive, explains the constantly applied analogies in his "Remarks on the History of England."

In the Historical Letters he is the first to philosophise and to systematise history, as in the Philosophical Letters he was the first to naturalise and historicise Philosophy. The latter work is larger, but from its avowed nature less compact. It is grander, but these Letters are, to our thinking, greater. Of the two provinces, he had conquered

[1] Works, vol. viii. p. 123.

the last most and soonest. His tests and principles of historical credibility, his theories, some repeated from and others modified after his Letter to Pouilly, of the scope and purport of history itself are translated into complete practice in the "Sketch," which forms the seventh and eighth epistles, and in the general "Plan," which should have preceded them in order, but which the blundering Mallet has actually made a predecessor of the letter to Lord Bathurst. Chesterfield advised his son to "get this book by heart."[1] They deserve the deep attention of every historian or historical student. We will adduce some signal examples :—

"There are certain general principles and rules of life and conduct which always must be true because they are conformable to the nature of things. He who studies history as he would study philosophy will soon distinguish and collect them, and by doing so will form to himself a general system of ethics and politics on the surest foundations, on the trial of these principles and rules in all ages, and on the confirmation of them by universal experience. . . . We must neither dwell too long in the dark, nor wander about till we lose our way in the light. . . . Criticism separates the ore from the dross, and extracts from various authors a series of true history which could not have been found in any one of them. . . . Mr Locke, I think, recommends the study of geometry even to those who have no design of being geometricians. Such persons may forget every problem that has been proposed, and every solution that they or others have given, *but the habit of pursuing long trains of ideas will remain with them*, and they will pierce through the mazes of sophism and discover a latent truth, where persons who have not this habit will never find it. In this manner the study of history will prepare us for action and observation. History is the ancient author; experience is the modern language. . . . This lying spirit has gone forth from ecclesiastical to other historians. . . . [Of ecclesiastical persecutions at the

[1] In 1752. Chesterfield's Letters, vol. ii. p. 213.

beginning of the sixteenth century] . . . But little fires, kindled in corners of a dark world, were soon stifled by that great abettor of Christian unity, the hangman. Henry the Eighth divided, with the secular clergy and his people, the spoil of the Pope and his satellites the monks. Francis the First divided, with the Pope, the spoil of his clergy, secular and regular, and of his people. . . . These annals [speaking of early records to which Livy referred] could contain nothing more than those minutes or memorandums hung up in a table at the pontiff's house, like the rules of the game in a billiard room. . . . [Of Thucydides and Xenophon] . . . They maintained the dignity of history, and thought it beneath them to vamp up old traditions, like the writers of their age and country, and to be the trumpeters of a lying antiquity. . . . Would you not be glad, my lord, to see in one stupendous draught the whole progress of that [the Roman] government from liberty to servitude? The whole series of causes and effects, apparent and real, public and private.[1] . . . Naked facts, without the causes that produced them and the circumstances that accompanied them, are not sufficient to characterise actions or counsels. . . . Ever since the Resurrection of Letters it (Christianity) cannot be supported . . . by any other way than that which I propose, and which a due application to the study of history, chronology, and criticism would enable our divines to pursue. . . ."[2] Of modern histories he most praises Machiavel's "Florence" and Pére Paul's "History of Benefices" as "inimitable" of their kind. His defence of the Treaty of Utrecht, his analysis of the springs of the War of Succession, his account of French history and of the significance of the Renaissance, his "Reflections on the State of Ancient and of Sacred History,"[3] his canons of chronology and touchstones of evidence, his strictures on Pyrrhonism, his division into

[1] This was realised by Gibbon.

[2] Works, vol. viii. pp. 53, 55, 58, 102, 108, 128, 130, 132, 135, 140, 164, 167.

[3] *Cf.* especially his criticisms on St. Jerome, "These holy romances fled into tradition, and tradition became history," &c., p. 71, and touching Josephus, p. 72.

"Epochas," his commencement with the Pyrenean Treaty will all repay attentive perusal. Nor should his fine passage on Education escape notice; nor, in another vein, the covert allusions in his account of the Turkish Government,[1] while the keynote of the "Patriot King" should certainly not be neglected: ". . . The king is but the first servant of the people;"[2] or the definition of Spain, "proud and poor, and enterprising and feeble,"[3] or the essential distinction between French and Austrian aggression. One most material passage must be quoted from Letter viii.[4] It refers to the period we have reached, and it fixes the date of the letter's composition. It verifies and emphasises the consistency of his opinions:—

". . . A rage of negotiating has possessed the same party of men ever since. The rage of warring confirmed the beggary of our nation, which began as early as the revolution; but then it gave, in the last war, reputation to our arms and our councils too. . . . The rage of negotiating has been a chargeable rage likewise. . . . Far from paying our debts contracted in war, they continue much the same after three-and-twenty years' peace. The taxes that oppress our mercantile interest the most are still in mortgage; and those that oppress the landed interest the most, instead of being laid on extraordinary occasions, are become the ordinary funds for the current service of every year. . . . The rage for negotiating began twenty years ago, under pretence of consummating the Treaty of Utrecht, and from that time to this our Ministers have been in one perpetual maze. They have made themselves and us often objects of aversion to the Powers on the Continent, and we are become at last objects of contempt even to the Spaniards. . . . We come exhausted out of long wars; and, instead of pursuing the measures necessary to give us means and opportunity to repair our strength and to diminish our burdens, our Ministers have acted, from that time to this,

[1] Works, vol. viii. p. 152. There are allusions in it to Walpole, Dubois, and Fleury.

[2] P. 155, and *cf.* p. 211, where royal education is mentioned.

[3] P. 210.

[4] Vol. viii. p. 382.

like men who sought pretences to keep the nation in the same exhausted condition and under the same load of debt. . . . Our nation inhabits an island, and is one of the principal nations of Europe; but to maintain this rank we must take the advantages of this situation, which have been neglected by us for almost half a century. *We must remember that we are not part of the Continent, but we must never forget that we are neighbours to it.* I will conclude by applying a rule that Horace gives for the conduct of an epic or dramatic poem to the part Great Britain ought to take in the affairs of the Continent, if you will allow me to transform Britannia into a male divinity, as the verse requires—

> "Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit."

In much the same tone Bolingbroke addresses his brother-in-law from Chantelou in February 1736:[1] ". . . The present state of affairs abroad will make halcyon days I suppose at home. The lion will lie down with the lamb, and the golden age be revived, or the millenary year be anticipated. I wish this sweet harmony may last, but I cannot see that the present settlement of Europe assures public tranquillity any better than it was secured twenty years ago. . . . The Emperor was then dissatisfied that he had not Sicily, and he that had it[2] was dissatisfied that he had no more. But neither one nor the other durst go about to break a system, to the establishment and preservation of which so many great Powers were parties and guarantees. The King of Spain was dissatisfied too, and the ambitious spirit of the Queen and the turbulent character of Alberoni worked him up to enterprises on Sardinia and Sicily. But there is room to doubt whether Spain would have ventured to break a system of power so lately made, and after so terrible a war, if we had not opened the way by projecting to break it in favour of the Emperor.[3]

[1] Corr. No. cxxi., Add. MSS., 34196, f. 97.
[2] Victor Amadeus of Savoy.
[3] By the Quadruple Alliance.

*At least this is certain, that it would have been much easier to keep the public peace by preserving the stipulated neutrality of Italy and keeping the Spaniards out*, than it will be to keep it *now the neutrality of Italy has been so long broken by common consent and the Spanish power is again established in that country*. Whether the partition projected by the Quadruple Alliance, or that which is now made after eighteen years of wars, of expensive suspensions, and more expensive negotiations, be the partition is, I think, much alike. *The question is whether the same seeds of discontent, and consequently of future disturbances, do not remain, and whether the Emperor and King of Spain may not more easily disturb the peace of Europe even now than they could have done if none of the treaties that have been made from the year* 1716 *inclusively had been made.* Our judgment of the wisdom of those councils will turn on the decision of that question. However, it is a great point gained that the Emperor has got out of his late distress with so much advantage. The guarantee of France to the Pragmatic Sanction, the cession of Lorraine to France, and of Tuscany to the Duke of Lorraine, are relative to future contingencies, and I pretend not to have any opinion about them. Of the past I know something, of the present I know little, and of the future I intend to know less and less every day. . . ." To Essex[1] and to Windham[2] he writes at this time in the same strain. He was long afterwards, as we have already noticed, to repeat the same opinions to Lord Hardwicke,[3] and he had long before emphasised them to Marchmont the elder.[4] These were the statesmanlike views he had professed from the first, and maintained to the last.

We commend this most important private letter—never before published—to all such as doubt his sincerity or question his wisdom. The conjunctures he prophesied came to pass; and had Walpole's policy of delaying all final settlements prevailed, this nation would never have become an imperial and colonial power. Walpole, who bolstered

[1] 27735, f. 59. 35587, f. 74.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 341.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

the commercial interest, never discerned, as Bolingbroke did, that this very interest was itself throughout menaced by Spain—our commercial ally—more than by any other Power. By slow degrees the nation came to discern it, and when that happened the commercial classes themselves arose, clamorous for a war which would never have been necessary had Walpole perceived it and acted on this perception earlier.

Bolingbroke flatters himself as a "jocund hermit"; he had been rambling from house to house, but his wife's health still worried him. "Your mother," he tells Essex shortly afterwards from Argeville, "is a faithful servant of yours. Bad health, the care of one whose health is still worse, an old imagination that flags, and growing heavy grows lazy too . . . must excuse her silence."[1] He himself was sleepless and unhinged. His remedy for insomnia was work. ". . . I rise," he writes to Windham in February 1736,[2] "and read, or write, or walk about. I give full employment to this fluttering activity of the spirits. When I cannot have sleep as I would, I take it as I can; and like my brother animals, I recover by snatches in the day what I lost in the night," and he resumes with the main reason which led him to exchange in May the luxuriance of Touraine for the sporting forests of Fontainebleau. ". . . You and I use too little exercise. I will use more, and since I cannot go abroad to fetch a walk, I am resolved to turn poacher, and have desired Charles[3] to apply to you and to Lord Gower to assist in tempting me into the woods. I remember that Cheyne, with a gallon of milk, coffee, and five pounds of biscuit before him at breakfast, declaimed to Pope and me against the immorality of using exercise to promote an appetite. But a much better casuist, and a much better physician too . . . even the aforesaid Lord of Cirencester, prescribes exercise to prevent indigestion. . . ."

[1] 27735, f. 59.
[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 339 (Egremont Papers).
[3] Windham's son, now on a visit to France.

To Argeville, near Fontainebleau, hard by its forest and that of Montargis, and his wife's relations the Volars, he accordingly transferred his household. During the six years of his sojourn there he continued his prescribed round of life. But sport now became not only a remedy but a passion. He studied the breeding of horses and of dogs. He imported both; and the wild boar and wild wolf hunting led him to reflect on the natures of the beasts pursued and the beasts pursuing.[1] He also imported shrubs and trees with a scientific study indissociable from him. Some of the letters at Petworth are said to contain references of the kind. Pope, in a letter to Swift, has commemorated his manner of existence after their meeting two years later in London. For convenience we repeat this familiar passage here, before repeating some that are absolutely new: ". . . His plan of life is now a very agreeable one in the finest country in France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fountainebleau at his command, with the King's stables, dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood."[2] Yet more intimate glimpses are vouchsafed by his manuscript correspondence with his sister and family, which we have for the first time transcribed and made public. Writing to Knight in the March of 1738, Bolingbroke himself says: ". . . As I was a farmer in England, I am a huntsman in France, and am less diverted from the latter than I was from the former. The love of hunting, which returned strongly upon me, is confirmed by the health that exercise gives me; and I, who could never go out to take a walk, should sit with a few books and fewer friends all my days if the cry of dogs and sound of horns did not draw me abroad."

In the autumn of 1736, he was grieved by the scandal

[1] *Cf.* 34196, f. 126.

[2] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 286.

attending the separation of his sister from her husband and his friend. It was a perfectly amicable one, as is shown by the main documents, still preserved, and others, copied when money differences afterwards put them into counsel's hands.[1] Mrs. Knight was allowed the use of her husband's smaller family mansion in Warwickshire.[2] Henrietta had been her brother's pet from childhood, and remained unalterably so till his dying day. His last letters to her will be found as affectionate as the first, and, as we shall see, are infinitely more pathetic. Her and his second wife are the only two women whom he adored. In many ways she resembled him. She was eager and literary. Her genius for friendship is extolled by Lady Hertford herself.[3] She was quick, generous, impulsive, outspoken, as we know her from her letters; warm-blooded also, passionate, high-tempered, and sometimes rash. The real reason for this family misfortune remains a mystery, for her brother is very reticent respecting it, her husband equally so, though, at this period, always respectful; and her father-in-law is the only member of the family who remained unaccountably unforgiving.[4] Henrietta herself speaks affectionately of her husband, whose miniature she still wore, and whose arms she joined with her own in a "pulpit-cloth" she was embroidering. Her indiscretion seems beyond doubt. While in England she had, as we know, frequented the Hertfords. There was some scandal about Lady Hertford and Mr. Dalton, a handsome tutor. To this scandal Horace Walpole has linked Henrietta.[5] But Horace Walpole detested the very name of St. John, and his malice is per-

[1] Add. MSS., 34196, ff. 111, 140–143. [2] Barrells.

[3] Hull's Select Letters, p. 67.

[4] Her brother Jack was spiteful towards her. He speaks in this very year of "that turbulent spirit of hers, that fire of straw that is soon light and soon out." He says he handled her "pretty severely," but owns that her next letter was full of "kindness and humility." 34196, f. 104. The reader is referred to our "Prefatory Memoir" of Henrietta for further details.

[5] The probabilities, however, point to it; for, in the settlement which Knight made a condition was that "it should not be out of England or within twenty miles of London, or on the Bath road"—where the Hertfords lived, at Percy Lodge. *Cf.* 34196, f. 111.

petually misinformed. Nobody who reads the later letters of Lady Hertford to her dear friend can doubt of her unfeigned and chastened piety, as well as of her high cultivation and omnivorous interests. There is a beautiful passage on the premature death of her darling son.[1] There is an exquisite one of the vanity of human wishes. ". . . Yet," she sighs, after her loved husband was no more, "after a ball or masquerade have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes in order to go to rest? Such, methinks, is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of natural decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us more powerfully than any night's sleep could do.[2] Henrietta herself, in after times, speaks delicately to Shenstone of the detraction she has suffered, while she commemorates this very Dalton's death in a manner that should disarm it.[3] Horace depicts Henrietta as a woman of fashion, with high colour and "a bush of black hair." We know her to have been a warm-hearted, affectionate mother, a dutiful daughter, a devoted sister, simple in her tastes, and a rebel against all conventionalities. Of her children she was for a time deprived, and her letters regarding this loss are piteous. "Old Frumps," to whom the care of the girl was confided, actually turned her out under the pretext that his advanced years disabled him from doing justice to his charge. Disputes about her allowance arose; and it was these, we think, that rendered old Mr. Knight inveterate.[4] Perhaps there was no happier moment in Bolingbroke's life than that in 1743 when he reconciled the two people whom he then loved best in the world, next to the wife who loved them equally;[5] though, as we know from the two printed collections of some of her later correspondence, this reconciliation was, alas, not to endure.

"That rascal" Lovel's censorious tongue had been busy about her in 1728. Bolingbroke had counselled

[1] Hull's Select Letters, p. 30.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 296.
[3] Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, pp. 176, 271.
[4] 34196, ff. 104, 106, 115, 117, 119, 125, 145, 146.
[5] 34196, f. 143.

contempt.[1] "Brother Jack," writing to Knight, thus refers to the catastrophe on June 29, 1736: ". . . 'Tis at least two months since I heard the truth of this unhappy affair. . . . I never thought the world rightly founded in their conjectures, till of late, that everybody agreed in the same story, person, and circumstances. . . . I think you've the consolation to reflect that you have acted the part of a man of honour, sense, and good nature. . . ."[2] It was a bolt from the blue. Bolingbroke thus delivers himself to his brother-in-law in September: ". . . I writ to you my thoughts very sincerely upon the unhappy affair you mention, as I shall do upon all occasions. There is no more to be said about it, for the only reason that one friend can urge to another for moderation in such cases being the prudential reason of avoiding an *éclat*, and this *éclat* being made, it would be impertinent to talk without leaving the reason to urge. You shall hear of it, therefore, no more from me. . . . Receive my wife's kindest compliments. She has been sadly afflicted at your misfortune and ours—for such it is. I shall be glad to hear how your little ones thrive. What do you do with the girl? The boy is, I know, at school."[3] In November he again writes to his father, who had consulted him as to the advisability of his sister's staying, according to her desire, with their aunt, Mrs. Cholmondeley. He points out the expense to both of them, and dissuades him from sanctioning it on the ground of its probable aggravation of public gossip.[4] In the December of the same year, when old Knight was with him at Argeville, he once more reverts to "the unhappy affair which has given us all so much concern." "I endeavour," he says, "to forget it, and hope you do the same."[5] In this letter, too, he refers to the death of

[1] Corr. Nos. lxviii., lxx.

[2] 34196, f. 99.

[3] Corr. No. cxxiii.; 34196, f. 103. This letter is not in Bolingbroke's handwriting.

[4] 34196, f. 110. Henrietta was much attached to this aunt, and, in a letter to her father, says that her aunt longed to see her before she died; f. 125.

[5] *Ibid.*, f. 113. In f. 118 he adds: "Time and your own good sense will lighten the burthen."

his stepmother, to whom he was genuinely attached, and to his brother Holles, with whom he had condoled, but who ". . . never had the manners to say, I thank you; I am far from being offended at him; I am sorry for him." He proceeds to politics, as Knight was proceeding to the opening of the session. ". . . I cannot but wish that the coalition of parties, which I take to be a fundamental principle of all the good that can be expected, may not be broken."

He is referring to what we have called the rift within the "Patriot" lute, which grew wider and more discordant as their rival jealousies centred round the filagree court of Frederick the Little, who this year, only two months before his unyielding mother's death in November, which his conduct may have hastened, eclipsed the christening scandal of his father in 1717 by the birth scandal of his poor wife, which was trumpeted to all Europe through the foreign ministers."[1] Walpole, who had lately "made Miss Skirret an honest woman,"[2] encouraged the King's resentment, though in 1741 he sought, for his own ends, to propitiate it. Hardwicke, who hints at other and secret causes for the estrangement, which may have been treasonous, reconciled the pasteboard ogre of a father to the gimcrack marionette of a son; and Pulteney, who at the opening of the year had prepared the breach by moving the increase of Frederick's allowance, henceforward competed with Chesterfield for the scapegrace's favour at Norfolk House, for he was now banished from the royal roof—"Absalom continued a rebel to royal David."[3] Nowhere has the moment been more forcibly sketched than by Bolingbroke deprecating the Patriot Court to Windham. ". . . I am at a loss," he wrote, "to find the plausibility or the popularity of the present occasion of rupture. He hurries his wife from

[1] Lord Mahon.

[2] Ford (our old friend, now toping in Little Cleveland Court) to Swift. Works, vol. xix. p. 192.

[3] Lord Orrery to Swift, March 15, 1737. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 127. Glover's "Leonidas" was now the rage at Frederick's Court.

Court when she is upon the point of being delivered of her first child. His father swells, struts, and storms. He confesses his rashness, and asks pardon in the terms of one who owns himself in the wrong. Besides that all seems to me boyish, it is purely domestic; and there is nothing, as far as I can discern, to interest the public in the cause of his Royal Highness."[1] It was the case once more of the pasquinade on Edgecumbe, beside whom even George the Second appeared a giant—

"His *Lowness* makes your *Highness* higher."

Bolingbroke was now near Paris, and could often meet his friends. It was here that the hapless Lady Vane affords a glimpse of him in "Peregrine Pickle."[2] Lord Gower's son paid him a visit in the February of 1736.[3] Old Knight was trying to retrieve his South Sea disaster, and projecting fresh financial speculations, from which Bolingbroke dissuaded him. Walpole was approached through Knight's son-in-law, Mr. Page, but he bantered and put him off.[4] None the less, the victim of the screening processes of 1720 returned before long to the country which has the shortest memory in the world. Bolingbroke continued his correspondence with Knight the younger, sympathising with him in his daughter's illness.[5] He still employed Brinsden as an intermediary. At this time a characteristic instance of his generosity occurred. A young and poor kinswoman, "with every good quality except beauty," who had taken refuge in a Brittany convent, appealed to his help for raising funds towards her permanent provision. "Old Frumps'"[6] vanity was played upon by Lady Bolingbroke,

[1] Egremont Papers, quoted by Jesse, p. 61.

[2] "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality."

[3] *Cf.* Cory's Letter to Essex. Add. MSS., 27738, f. 231.

[4] 34196, f. 118.

[5] *Ibid.*, f. 119.

[6] Swift animadverts on him in vol. xix. of his Works, p. 124. His son Jack, speaking of "Old Frumps as wrong-headed," dutifully adds, writing from Wroxton in 1737: "Sure the Divines are out when they say rewards and punishments are not of this world, when 'tis plain Old Frumps and Morris were sent us for our iniquitys." He writes "Expassiate," f. 130.

counter to her husband's counsel, in vain. He was shamming illness, in what his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack, styles "a fit of nonsense rather than the palsy," spiting one friend and humouring another. Bolingbroke himself cheerfully defrayed the whole sum. ". . . I scarce expected," he comments on his father's conduct, "he would begin well, and I was sure he would end ill. . . . He was always vapourish. . . . I hear that your friend, Mr. Herbert,[1] has been so obliging as to give me a couple of fine hounds, that are coming from Calais with others for me. . . . Return him my thanks. If a man who lives in the woods and his study could be of any use to him, he might command my best services."[2] Meanwhile, "Old Frumps," who, Pulteney said, was "more likely to marry again than to die,"[3] quarrelled with Knight himself about money contributions to Henrietta. ". . . I am more ashamed," indignantly writes Bolingbroke, " than sorry for it. I am ashamed on his account, because you have always deserved from him the civilest and kindest treatment, and I am but little concerned on yours, since I think you could expect no service, nor advantage, from a man who turned your little girl so abruptly out of doors.[4]

In June 1738, Bolingbroke revisited England for two months, to see his friends and to dispose of Dawley, which he did for the big sum of £26,000. A brief revival of their old " club " distinguishes this visit, which lasted till August.[5] Polwarth (soon to be Marchmont) and Bolingbroke's favoured correspondent was now a member. Pope inverted Bolingbroke's toast over his door at Twickenham.[6] These were the days immortalised by Pope's verses on the Grotto; but it should not be forgotten that Pope was now friendly with Warburton, who was chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and himself counteracting Bolingbroke's influence over

[1] He was a friend of the Queensberrys and Lord Cornbury. *Cf.* Suffolk Letters, vol. ii.

[2] 34196, ff. 120, 121, 123.

[3] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 198.

[4] 34196, f. 134.

[5] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 240.

[6] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 262.

Pope. "My lord," writes Mr. Alderman Barber on July 2, 1738, "has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, pay his debts, and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times. . . . His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation." During Barber's Lord-Mayoralty in 1733, he had entertained Bolingbroke, together with Pulteney, Carteret, Winchelsea, and Gower. Carteret toasted the absent Swift; and they all swore that, if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age."[1]

The nation was becoming exasperated against Walpole. Since the Queen's death, his Court-predominance had declined. His own followers were restive. Spanish insolence and "Jenkins' Ear" were beginning to infuriate the ignorant and agitate the thoughtful. Even Frederick the Little began to seem great.[2] Walpole's days of paramountcy were being numbered. The writing stood plain on the wall in face of the banquet. England was at last refusing to bow any more to the "brazen image which the King had set up."[3] That image itself was tottering. It was at this time, as we shall shortly notice, that the first draught of the "Patriot King" was dashed off and confided to Pope.

Before leaving Argeville, Bolingbroke in June penned a letter to Knight, which is at once a confession of character and a profession of faith. We have chosen a portion of it as one of our mottoes. We shall reproduce the whole of it here; for it is the clearest

[1] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 212. Bolingbroke, be it noted, here complained that Swift did not write to him. For the previous quotation, *cf*, *ibid*., vol. xix. p. 227.

[2] *Cf.* Stair's remarks in Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 92, 93. Of the King he says: ". . . He would then see the Sir Robert in his true light, the only author of all his distresses at home and abroad; and he would then see very plainly that the Patriots were very far from meaning him any hurt; on the contrary, that they were the only friends he had to trust, embarked . . . by principle, interest, and inclination to support him," &c.

[3] "Spirit of Patriotism." Works, vol. vii. p. 19.

window ever opened on Bolingbroke's inmost soul: ". . . Our notions concerning the happiness of life are much alike. I have been fond of power, and as they were necessary to that, desirous, but not fond of, riches. This circumstance, however, has always attended my fondness of power. Since I came to think and feel for myself, instead of judging by the judgment and acting by the spirit of Party, I have never valued power any further than I retained the liberty of applying it to those purposes to which my opinion and my sentiments led me to apply it. There has not been these thirty years[1] a point of time when the greatest degree of power and the highest elevation, honour, and dignity in an administration, whose conduct I disapproved, or despised, and could not hope to alter, would have tempted me. A man of this temper cannot expect to please long any Court, nor any Party, and this experience should make him content to retire from business to amusement, and from the government of a State to the government of himself. In this retreat I am at last. I was so once before. The late King drew me, and the consequences of his ineffectual goodwill kept me long out of it. Nothing shall draw me out of it again. My study and the woods of Fontainebleau divide all the time that can be spared from the necessary duties of friendship and private life. . . ."[2] Every man of meaning raises in his own breast an ideal image of himself, as true at any rate as the misconstructions of him by outside or remote observers. The reader must judge if this is the real Bolingbroke.

His study now was for the larger history[3] we have several times mentioned. He also re-polished his "Philosophy." Of his friends, both Lords Chesterfield and Marchmont seem to have visited him in 1741;[4] while George Grenville[5] was at Argeville, in the summer of 1742. More than one of the

[1] 1708. The period when he elected to retire with Harley.
[2] 34196, f. 136; Corr. No. cxxxiii.
[3] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 287, and Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 215.
[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 251.
[5] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 196.

Pitts appears to have been his guest, and Anne Pitt[1] remained affectionately intimate with Lady Bolingbroke. As late as 1757 she was staying with her stepdaughter at Sens.[2] The main fruits of this visit were a long, remarkable, and affectionate correspondence with Marchmont. "Your fire," writes Bolingbroke in one of his letters, "revived the dying embers of mine. . . . I returned to my hermitage not only with a concern for my country, which will accompany me everywhere, but with a mind bent on endeavours to be of public utility even there."[3] In another of them,[4] ". . . I do not affect stoicism. On the contrary, I think the great motives to it were incarnate pride, a certain sourness and moroseness of temper, false notions of human nature, and these wrought up to a kind of enthusiasm. . . ."

In 1739 matters came to a head. The Patriots seceded under Windham in the debate on the Spanish Convention. One by one they marched out of the House. Coxe asserts that this was by Bolingbroke's direction. We now know that it was in direct contravention of it.[5] He thought it was declining the duel, not challenging the minister. The situation is admirably summarised by Pulteney in a letter to Swift.[6] "Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace."

In 1740 Windham died. It was the bitterest blow Bolingbroke had yet undergone. "What a star has our Minister!" he exclaimed. "Windham dead, Marchmont[7] disabled! The loss of Marchmont and Windham to our country. 'Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni se imparem sensit!' I think that, if they carry to posterity any memorials of my weakness, as an actor or writer, they will carry thither a character of me

[1] Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 196. ". . . Extremely happy with Lady Bolingbroke, who is equally so with her." In an earlier letter of 1735—where Lady Suffolk declares herself a votary of cricket—she mentions "an old French woman," and Miss Pitt. *Ibid.*, p. 143. As late as 1746, Bolingbroke met Pitt, Murray, and Chetwynd at Lord Cornbury's. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 355. It is quite possible that Pitt himself may have visited his sister in France.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 232.

[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 178.

[4] *Ibid*, p. 256.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 180.

[6] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 323.

[7] The elder.

that I prefer to both—the character of Windham's and Marchmont's friend."[1] This was addressed to Pope, but in longer passages to Marchmont he paid the eloquent homage of a passionate grief. In the British Museum still remain copies of the letters of his sympathisers on this irreparable loss. He had been Bolingbroke's disciple. He became his friend. He lived to be his exponent. He died just when his voice, his charm, his dignity were necessary to all that Bolingbroke held dear.

Of Bolingbroke's many communications with Lord Marchmont from 1740 to 1742, teeming with exhortation, reflection, and oratory—and they should all be read with attention—we select one short extract, which is very significant. It comes from a letter of November 30, 1740.[2]

"Let me tell you what I met with not long ago; a man who has sold himself to your Minister, and who made other professions formerly,[3] fell in my way. I thought I had some right to expostulate with him; and happening to speak respectfully of the constitution of the British Government, he interrupted me by saying that he should be sorry if it was preserved, that it was a very bad one, and Harrington's system a much better. You will believe I reasoned no further with this profound person. I only asked him, with some disdain, whether he imagined that supporting habitual corruption and the tyranny of a Minister and a faction were necessary preliminaries to his Oceana. I have desired that your brother and Mr. Murray[4] might be consulted about the situations I may find myself in, according to the different contingent events that may happen. It will be of great expense and inconveniency to me to be obliged to remove out of this hermitage; but if this must be, or I must remain exposed to the mercies of those whose mercies are cruel, my resolution will soon be taken. The woman of this house desires your lordship to receive her humble thanks. . . ."

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 225, 230.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 243.
[3] Perhaps Trevor.
[4] Lord Mansfield.

He foresaw Walpole's fall, and the younger Patriots desired his vivifying presence among them.

In the spring of 1742 "old Frumps" died unexpectedly[1] also.[2] Bolingbroke and his wife were recalled to England. They had been at Aix in the spring of 1741. He hurried over to England on the tidings of his father's death.[3] At the end of July he was in a lodging, probably his agent's [Taylor], in Rathbone Place.[4] He was going to dine at Chiswick, and to stay a night with Pope at Twickenham. "Can you," he asks Marchmont, "dine with us to-morrow and carry me to Battersea in the evening?" He was to embark at Greenwich, after his business was done, three days afterwards. In August he again writes from Argeville, having lent Battersea for a time to Marchmont. In October he is still there. But by the beginning of 1743 he was again in London and dining with Chesterfield, while Bathurst was dining with him and Marchmont; and it was at this time, probably, that he reconciled Henrietta to her husband. The letter is dated "Wensday." ". . . I shall think myself," he says, "extremely happy if I am the instrument of finishing entirely and amicably an affair which it is important for you as well as her to finish and bury in silence."[5] In the summer he once more retraced his steps to his French abode. In May he returned to France, and in August he was once more on his road to Aix. "I," he writes from Brussels on August 25, 1743,[6] "am lame; my wife has lost the use almost entirely of one hand. We are going to the pool of Bethesda, and we shall soon see whether the angel will descend and stir the water for us." From Aix he again writes to Marchmont, when the sinking Walpole was clinging to the raft of the Pelhams. At Aix he remained till the beginning of October. On October 23,

[1] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 245.

[2] *Cf.* 34196, ff. 137-142. His will was dated Oct. 13, 1738.

[3] In April he was still in France. Marchmont Papers, ii. p. 273.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 279.

[5] 34196, f. 143.

[6] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 307. For these dates *cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 273-327, 336. B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 86; 34196, f. 143.

1743, he dates, homeward bound, from Calais. Thenceforward he corresponds constantly with Marchmont, though there is a gap in his letters to his sister, until August 1745. In the earlier part of 1744—after Pope's death in May[1]—he was once more in France, intending to have repaired to Aix and Argeville, but he suddenly changed plans and turned back from Calais, and stayed with Chetwynd on his return at the end of June before finally inhabiting Battersea. We must now recur, before closing this chapter, to the "Patriot King."

Much misconception has perverted the significance of this famous treatise, which is constantly regarded, like its author, in isolation from its period, and from its companion works.

Moreover, the surreptitious edition of its first shape, circulated by Pope, as we shall note afterwards, has never been consulted, though the only known copy of this edition, all of which but very few, Bolingbroke destroyed in 1749, is in the British Museum.[2]

Macaulay, in a celebrated passage from his second essay on Chatham, which has tinged subsequent judgments, regards Bolingbroke's remedy for the diseases of the state as "a vigorous use of the prerogative," in order to "break all factions and combinations," and asperses it as "childish," because he considers it as tending to defy parliament.

But what Bolingbroke desired was in truth simply what we now possess—a King at once popular and constitutional. Nobody will maintain that Bolingbroke's generation possessed such monarchs. In the delicate problem of adjusting the Revolution Settlement to monarchy, a power-engrossing minister had perverted the Revolution system into the buttress of a grasping oligarchy, flattering or coercing two successive and money-grabbing monarchs who had foreign ends to subserve. The King had sunk into being the favourite of a minister. When that minister fell, the mask fell with him, and the inherent rottenness of the position was exposed to view. The very men who had denounced the

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 333. [2] 279 B.

degradation which upheld Walpole, sought, in their turn, to batten on it. Parliament had been tainted at the head, by the corruption of a minister, and not, at the foot, by the decay of a people. That free and ancient people for more than twenty years it had ceased to represent. Bolingbroke believed that a sovereign's example could alone reform *parliament*, and, like Elizabeth's, regenerate the nation. Dispense with the corruption of ministers, and the free-play of the constitution would again be feasible. "The good of the people," he urges at a time when what is now a platitude was then a surprise, "is the ultimate and true end of government."[1] The sovereign alone can "reinfuse into the minds of men the spirit of this constitution."[2] "He will look on his own rights as a *trust*, on his people's as a *property*."[3] It was to redeem a debased parliament that Bolingbroke dreamed of a Patriot King, and of a "National" Party. In his final treatise, "Of the State of the Nation," written only two years prior to his decease, this aspect of reform is emphatically elucidated. In there discussing the economical salvation of the country, burdened with debts and lured by the bait of their illusory remission, he expressly assigns its sole possible achievement to "the delegated power of a minister under the legal prerogatives of a crown"; while he propounds "parliament" as its only efficacious channel.[4] He had always, as we have noticed in our first volume, denounced an arbitrary, and enforced a constitutional, exercise of the prerogatives which form the monarch's sole representative faculty.

The scheme itself he passionately protests to be "practicable" in an eloquent passage which will repay perusal.[5] In another he points out that "insanire cum ratione" appears on many occasions not to be the paradox it has been thought.[6]

Macaulay, again, seems to us misguiding and mistaken in adducing the example of George III. to demonstrate the foolishness of Bolingbroke's theory. George III., it

[1] Works, vol. vii. p. 128.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 131.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 131.
[4] Vol ix. pp. 373-4
[5] Vol. vii. p. 119.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

it is true, asserted his prerogatives at the outset, as he believed, after early study of Bolingbroke's essay, with patriotism. He was the first Hanoverian who was English. But, on his first trial,[1] he asserted it against the most *popular* minister we have ever had, and in support of almost the least popular. Bute was never minister by the grace of the nation. The fiery Pitt, who had rekindled the national glory and revived the national unity, was sacrificed to a stiff and narrow pedant; while the insult of a peerage and a pension, offered to gall a spirit as proud and unmercenary as Bolingbroke's itself, aggravated the contrast which embittered the populace. The whole point of the "Patriot King" is that he is to be the interpreter as well as the director of the nation. It is not to George III. but to Queen Victoria and Edward VII. that we must turn as illustrative of the "Patriot King."

Let us now state the commonplace cavils against the "Patriot King," and rebut them in their order. They are, in substance, two.

It is said, first, that it was the sophistical rhetoric of a soured partisan, and that its object was to reopen some door of admittance by flattery. Now, it was written in 1738, when Bolingbroke recognised the futility of all such hopes. It condensed and illustrated, not only his own life-long teaching, but the opinions, shared with him on these matters, as we have noted, by Chesterfield, Stair, Marchmont, and Swift, and propounded at the outset of the century by Dr. Davenant. It was not, therefore, a disconnected effort, nor an absurd riot of rhetoric. Moreover, it begins by a reference to the other letters which he had been writing to Lord Cornbury from France about the "*duties* which men owe to their *country*." These were partly some of the historical epistles; but the main reference is to the "Spirit of Patriotism," composed in 1736, treating directly of the "service of our country," which is "no chimerical but a real duty," dealing with the coalition of

[1] In his second trial of it with Chatham, for the brief spell preceding his eclipse, he was more successful; and in his third, with the younger Pitt, he would, we think, have triumphed in the popularisation of monarchy, had there then been other ministers fit to co-operate.

factions into a national party, the functions of present opposition to corrupt government, the "reformation of government" itself, and couched in eloquence, which has never been surpassed, in that crowning passage on eloquence itself, which we quoted in our first volume. The "Spirit of Patriotism" approached its theme from the standpoint of the *Citizen*. But the "Patriots" themselves had, as we have seen, despaired. Pulteney had relaxed his tussle with corruption: "all is little and low and mean among us"; "the more genius, industry, and spirit are employed to destroy, the harder the task of saving the country becomes." As in his historical reflections, speculation is only a school for action. Bolingbroke points a path to the resurrection of more generous ideals from the ruins of a selfish system of personal aggrandisement, which he struggles to doom: "we will suppose a man impudent, rash, presumptuous, ungracious, insolent and profligate in speculation as well as practice."[1] Bolingbroke never despaired even when he desponded. He therefore sought in the "Patriot King" to reapproach "the height of this great argument"—this time from the standpoint of the *Crown*. An ideal King might rescue—as William had and Elizabeth before him—when ideal citizens proved powerless. For ideal citizens were competitive creatures, and slipped from their ideals in the clash of contending interests. The prize to win was the national union. A monarch, worthy of the name, might still attain it.

Pope's alterations, in the printed copy which betrayed his friend, were designed partly to soften allusions which, under alien influence, he thought over vehement; Bolingbroke begins his own edition by repudiating the necessity for such mitigations. In Pope's copy, the concluding words run as follows:—

"It is this picture I presume to draw; and I will venture to say it is no chimerical one; but that it may not be so, I shall draw it on *that* ground on which only it can stand and on which only it can last—the *Reason of Things* immediately abstracted from the nature of them."

[1] Works, vol. vii. pp. 15, 22, 25, 29, 33, 34, 37, 38, 48, 59.

Bolingbroke in his final impression deemed no such apology wanted, though he too states that his principles are drawn from nature. "I am not one of those Oriental slaves," he protests, "who deem it unlawful presumption to look their kings in the face."[1] His aim, as so often before, is to breathe "the British spirit" into the "British nation," as Elizabeth had "inflamed" them both with one national enthusiasm. Liberty, he says, is health. The head may restore what the body politic is paralysed to perform. It is necessary to save England from "apathy and corruption." The King alone can re-inspire the spirit of a defaced constitution. "Stripped of the rights of a *British* subject, of all except the meanest of them, that of inheriting, I remember that I am a *Briton* still;" in private he might still run the public errand. "*In privato publicum negotium agit.*"[2]

But the theory of royalty must be based on the dictates of Reason, and purged of all excrescences and impositions. These dictates he finds in the eternal laws of the Creator, who has assuredly prescribed no special form of government for his creatures, but has, as surely, ordained that obedience to some government shall be the rule of service and of freedom, without which true social existence is impossible. He then repeats his constitutional principles, which are involved in a balance of the "orders of the State." The ideal of the King himself, his duties, his prerogatives, their application and their limits, we have condensed already in our first volume.[3] He must be trained from boyhood by real education, that so he may "begin to govern as soon as reign." He must "purge his Court." Such as "get into distress by one series of faults and out of it by another" he will remove; all such, too, as "make private court at public expense." Capable Ministers he

[1] *Cf.* Heine's—

> "Ich bin's gewohnt den Kopf recht hoch zu tragen,
> Mein sinn ist auch ein bischen starr und zähe;
> *Wenn selbst der Konig mir in's Antlitz sähe,*
> *Ich würde nicht die Augen niederschlagen.*"

[2] *Cf.* Works, vol. vii. p. 79.

[3] At pp. 251–255.

will seek out and exalt. "A new people will arise with a new King," compact, united, responsive. The colonies will be fostered and heartened. The navy, Britain's natural defence, will protect her empire and bring home her riches, nor be starved at the expense of a standing army for an imperial island.

Such is the picture, both practical and poetical. It was an "Idea," and it was a scheme. It was prompted by genuine, definite, and shared conviction; it was painted on a large canvas, in brilliant colours, by a master-brush. It shamed such political suggestions as we have just recapitulated from the Marchmont Papers. It was no freak of restless disappointment, still less of vague or visionary fancy. It has proved long and largely realised by our own Queen Victoria.[1]

The second objection which we hope to quell is, that the "Idea of a Patriot King" contemplates a partiless administration repugnant to the national genius and impossible of fulfilment.

In the first place, as we have pointed out in our first volume, parties now are "partiless" compared to parties then. No sovereign hereafter can identify himself with a faction. But, in the second, the work does *not* inculcate the absolute extinction of parties, though it does the ideal of a "national party," whether by fusion or any other means; an ideal which, we have maintained, Bolingbroke had consistently before his eyes from the time when he sought to realise it by "Toryism" to that when, as we shall soon see, he counselled Hardwicke, and aided the "Broadbottom Administration." "I speak," he says, "as if I could take my share in these glorious efforts. Neither shall I recall my words—Stripped of the rights of a British subject, of all except the meanest of them, that of inheriting, I remember that I am a Briton still. I have renounced the world, not in show, but in reality, and more by my way of thinking than by my way of living, as retired as that may seem. But

[1] Works, vol. vii. pp. 67, 68, 73-79, 83, 91, 138, 147, 153, 155, 160, 198, 211, 217.

I have not renounced my country nor my friends." The emphasis of the argument is throughout that *the King* must be no partisan. And he thus, in this essay, defines party: ". . . Numbers of men associated together for certain purposes and certain interests, which are not, or which are not allowed to be, those of the community by others."[1] "Shall the prince on the throne," he urges, "form a party by intrigue . . . ?" To prevent maladministration, the prince must join the "strength of the Crown" to "the concurrence of the people." The prince will "distinguish the voice of his people from the clamour of a faction." ". . . This a patriot King will do. *He* may favour the one party and discourage another, upon occasions wherein the state of his kingdom makes such a temporary measure necessary. But he will espouse none, much less will he prescribe any. He will list no party, much less will he do the meanest and most imprudent thing a king can do, list himself in any." If "Party" unites a people, well and good; but when it disunites them, away with it! ". . . The great object of a Patriot King is "the union of his people . . ." "A man who has not seen the inside of parties, nor had opportunities to examine nearly their secret motives, can hardly conceive how little a share principle of any sort, though principle of some sort or other be always pretended, has in the determination of their conduct."[2] "The prince," observes Bolingbroke in Pope's version, "may break the spirit of faction, if he cannot change human nature." Party *then* meant faction, and even now constantly tends to mean it. It was just on this account that, in the companion essay "Of the State of Parties," on which we have earlier so often and so largely drawn, Bolingbroke satisfies Lord Cornbury's express curiosity by giving an actual picture of the state of parties "at the accession of George I."[3]

Does this tally with the superficial criticisms alleged? Is it not serious and practical; applicable too to all con-

[1] The reader will remember Disraeli's "organised opinion."
[2] Works, vol. vii. pp. 78, 164, 170, 171, 176, 178, 183, 190.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 255.

junctures of our history, and perhaps not least to the present ?

The "Young England" movement was largely reinforced, through Disraeli and Lord Strangford (who has written that fine speech of popular and social reform which he places on Bolingbroke's lips in his "Historic Fancies"), by Bolingbroke's ideals. They confessed his lessons and pressed them home. What is inaccurately styled "Tory-Democracy" was Disraeli's method of nationalising Toryism, and acclimatising popular movements to ancient institutions, of levelling up instead of down. Bolingbroke has borne fruit.

All great men are the successive masks of permanent ideas. The ideas which animated Bolingbroke seem to us those of *personal independence* and *national unity*. In the first, Byron proved, in many respects, his lineal successor, with the same results. In the second, Chatham and Beaconsfield received his mantle, and worked their wonders under it. "He being dead yet speaketh."

THE OLD CHURCH, AND BOLINGBROKE'S HOUSE AT BATTERSEA.

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# CHAPTER VIII

## RETURN

BATTERSEA — BOLINGBROKE AND HARDWICKE — BOLINGBROKE AND PITT — BOLINGBROKE AND POPE — POPE AND WARBURTON—LAST ACTIVITIES AND LAST DAYS—[1743–1751]

On the south side of the river, neighbouring the rebuilt church where Bolingbroke was baptized, and in the vaults of which he and his wife repose, stand the remnants of the once Battersea Manor. A wing, abutting on the brink of the Thames and dwarfed by an adjacent manufactory, is all that is left, except a few outhouses, of the mansion formerly surrounded by great gardens and pleasant fields.

It was summer when we paid our pilgrimage, and the blue, which the muddy stream can no longer reflect, sparkled above; some flowers brightened the paved yard by which it flows. But inside the scene was restored. There still linger the grand staircase, the wainscoted corridor, and, above all, the cedar-panelled study, with its fluted columns and quiet glimpses of the busy current beyond. Tradition—alas! dispelled by dates—avers that here Pope rehearsed the "Essay on Man." But here Pope certainly conversed with Bolingbroke (it was his favourite room); for his first guest on his permanent return was Pope.[1] Here, too, Chesterfield saw him just before he died, and here the young Pitt visited him. It is haunted ground. It was, as Bolingbroke says, "an old and decayed mansion" even when he inherited the home of his forefathers; he repaired part, and improved it.[2] We fancied we could detect his fastidious taste in the decorated ceilings

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 327.

[2] In March 1745. B.M. Add MS., 35588, f. 49.

which still adorn some of its upper chambers, and the vogue for which is often mentioned by his sister in her correspondence with Shenstone.

"I go into my own country," he wrote in 1744, "as if I went into a strange country, and shall inhabit my own house as if I lodged in an inn."[1]

Great changes had occurred both at home and abroad since Bolingbroke scrutinised the situation of 1739 and 1740.[2] Walpole (now Orford) had fallen from place, but not from Court. As he said himself, he had "left his tongue in the House of Commons"; he was ousted but unsubdued. The phantasm of Wilmington usurped his seat at the Treasury board, until its nothingness faded into physical extinction in July 1743. Who was to succeed? Carteret was with the King at Hanover, and sanguine. Pulteney (now Bath) was urged to claim it, but his lifelong public professions against ambition for place made him hesitate. He had committed himself four years before by his speech which split the Patriots at the Fountain Tavern; and he knew that his weight in the Council waned as the corporeal weight of his presence grew. Pelham was silent but certain. Carteret was defeated by Pulteney, who was defeated by Pelham. When the blow fell, Pelham's brother, as usual, was the only Minister who was really surprised. Pelham had only the previous year propounded a "national Ministry" including the Patriots, so as to manage the House![3] But now, though Pelham reigned he did not rule. The condition of affairs abroad turned the King blindly to Carteret, while the fidelity of the Chancellor, Hardwicke, inclined George to trust and consult him at a time when the Cabinet displayed two rival camps—that of the timid Newcastle and of the audacious Carteret.

The Continental situation was as galling to England as it was welcome to George. In 1740 the Emperor Charles

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 337.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 11.
[3] *Cf.* Letters cited in our "Correspondence," Nos. cxxxiv.–cxlii.

had expired clasping the Pragmatic Sanction to his bosom. Everybody had come into it except the Bavarian Elector. It was the work of his life. Its ghost pursued his unhappy country after his death; and with it was coupled the spectre also of that other insane figment, Elizabeth Farnese's hankering after Italy for her son. Maria Theresa, who succeeded to her father's incoherent dominions, had wedded her cousin, the Duke of Lorraine. The second and third Treaties of Vienna still perturbed Europe, as Bolingbroke predicted they would. In 1740, too, Frederick, always the Great, ascended the throne, and tried conclusions with Maria in Silesia. It was owing to him, forsooth, that the French allowed the Hanover Neutrality in 1741. What so pleasing to George, who loathed his Prussian nephew for having injured him by burning his father's will,[1] and loved the house of Hapsburg! What so opportune as a chance, too, of humbling France who had interposed, in his own august person, and prancing about, as he did on the field of Dettingen! He had spent his time in routing up old pedigree claims, and trying to fight for them.[2] At one moment he was King of England; at another Elector of Hanover, and he played off one rôle against the other for his double emolument. Robert Trevor penned an amusing letter from The Hague to Horace Walpole, which he asked to be burned, on the two-headed sovereign who was starving England, and fattening Hanover.[3] The Hanover troops were fine fellows, kicking their heels for want of employment. They should find it now with a vengeance; and England should pay, while she gloried in her valorous king. England, however, did not see things in his light. Chesterfield came out with his Hanover Forces' pamphlet. Pitt and the Grenvillites urged their guerilla warfare in the House, and scornfully asked "whether other

[1] *Cf.* Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 19.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 35.

[3] Hist. Man. Comm. 14, Rep. App., Pt. ix. p. 14. We may take this opportunity of pointing out that the letters quoted by Coxe in his "Lord Walpole" are not only mistranscribed but sometimes so as to reverse their meaning; and thus fiction is transmitted under the mask of history.

troops were not to be procured in Germany, that great market for men." The toast of the hour was, "No Hanover troops." It was Bolingbroke who divulged to Pitt the manœuvre by which the Pelhams were ordered from Herrenhausen not to oppose separating Hanover from England, but to encourage it in the Opposition, and then agree with it; while Carteret had then never rested till the King changed his mind.[1] That eternal Spanish war languished, and all for Hanover. The Pelhams were uncomfortable in their official chairs where they were privileged to doze. The nation was up; it might mean that they would be out. They thought money would salve the situation, and a large subsidy to the Queen of Hungary for her hero, Prince Charles, was the consequence. She was a romantic figure. Surely the chivalry of Britain would not grudge its gold. But Carteret—the Figaro of Diplomacy—was in the seventh heaven. It was a miraculous moment, and he was a miraculous man. He would transform the map of Europe and laugh at his sleight of hand. He had followed his master's footsteps, admiring his prowess, and manœuvring the Treaty of Worms, two years after that of Breslau had projected a sensible "regulation with Prussia."[2] Had it not been, he thought, for those asses, Pelham, Harrington, and Hardwicke, he would have brought off his darling scheme of Hanau, with its fresh subsidies and secret clauses, by which the Netherlands were to become Austria's.[3] John Bull was more furious than ever. To lose his money on the Austrian tables, while both Austria and Prussia were probably in connivance[4] with France, was intolerable. Carteret was pro-Prussian, pro-Hanoverian, anything, for the moment, but a pro-Briton. The Continental sharpers were fleecing John Bull. It were better surely that Hanover

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 73.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 54.

[3] *Ibid.*, 51. Hardwicke told Bolingbroke in 1744 that we paid in subsidies £750,000 annually. *Ibid.*, p. 65.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 55–60.

should be separated from England, round whose neck it was becoming a millstone;[1] but family pride prevented the Prince of Wales from playing that card. The intrigues abroad were as intricate and self-seeking as those at home, though their weavers were not so incompetent. Even Pulteney went about saying that, while Cobham was indifferent and Pitt mad, he would form a party of sober-minded patriots to save the country.[2] It was only the panic at the Pretender's complots with France and the projected French invasion that roused the rulers to follow the people.

During these occurrences Bolingbroke was in frequent communication with Hardwicke, with Chesterfield,[3] and with Pitt.

Hardwicke had been good to Bolingbroke, and remained loyal to the Pelhams. He was opposed to Carteret. Even Horace Walpole admits that "he was true only in not being false to the falsest of mankind" (Newcastle). Just before he quitted Argeville, Bolingbroke had written to him with gratitude and affection;[4] and in January 1742 he deprecated the renewed scene of family ambition, which he traced to the Quadruple Alliance, and which was opening on Europe with the war of Austrian Succession. As soon as he returned to his home at Battersea he became a constant caller at Powis House.[5] He entreated his interest for protégés. He discussed Continental and home affairs. He sent him important information. He gave him rare books. He entrusted to him his own written works to read. "If I did not live constantly at this place," he writes from Battersea in July 1744,

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. i. p. 59.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 45. Chesterfield spoke of Pulteney as "false to his party." Works, vol. i. p. 308.

[3] In 1743 he calls Chesterfield his "itinerant friend." Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 206.

[4] Add. MS., 35587, f. 74.

[5] The second Lord Hardwicke has endorsed on the first of these letters (Oct. 19, 1743) appointing a visit: "At this visit I was present for an hour, the only time I ever saw Lord B." *Cf. ibid.*, f. 186.

"and visit London as seldom as it becomes one to do who is marked out for having the cloven hoof, I should seek more frequently the opportunity of paying my respects. . . ."; [1] and he writes in 1743, ". . . I will swallow down then the dregs of life as quietly and as calmly as I can." [2] Bolingbroke's view of the foreign situation that we have sketched was that Carteret was a dangerous madman, transported by the relaxation of Walpole's rein, who must be dismissed; that the profusion in subsidies (which he compares to "Limberham" in the play) was useless to the real interests of the country; that the shortest way to have ended in one stroke the German, Italian, and Spanish wars, would have been to have thwarted the French while meditating the siege of Vienna, and to have obtained the best composition possible for Maria Theresa; he also considered not only that Prussia should be utilised to save the Dutch, but that Frederick's alliance had become requisite for England. He discerned that the old war of Spanish Succession had alienated the empire from England, and that France was still profiting by her "wall of brass," as she had done before, even when the Rhine League subsisted; that she was now bent on adding to it a preponderance in Italy. In this Austrian Succession conflict itself he deplored that, while we were unprepared when Spain had at length provoked the inevitable struggle, we had shifted (1744) the seat of war from Germany to the Netherlands with great advantage to France, and against the will of the Dutch, whose own system was "in a state of dissolution"; that we were consequently "beat on every spot on which my Lord Marlborough had conquered"; that we had sacrificed ourselves for the ungrateful and plundering Court of Vienna to drive the French and Spaniards out of Lombardy; that we had thrown the Genoese into the arms of France and Spain, justly indignant against us for the Worms Treaty; that we actually lost the benefit of the battle of Placentia, though we

[1] Add. MS., 35587, f. 271.

[2] To Marchmont. Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 284.

persevered in the sham siege of Genoa and our harmless invasions of Provence and Dauphiné; that, while to serve the avarice and brutality of freebooting Austria, we defrayed her huge subsidies, we foolishly hardened ourselves in 1744 against the most excellent chances of peace. He further foresaw the impending struggle with France, and urged national thrift to meet it; while he recognised that "into Spain were poured the treasures of the Indies." He earnestly realised that above all things peace was now necessary,[1] and that the Dutch should be persuaded to it by a man of capacity; it could easily have been secured while the Dutch and Austrians were so faint-hearted.

D'Aremberg was a general who preferred dinners to sorties and a siesta to command. Noailles, Bolingbroke's intimate, was eager to improve the occasion for an arrangement now that Louis XV. was vowing amendment and promising to dismiss his petticoat dictatresses. In this last regard he made definite efforts by supplying Hardwicke with secret information as to the disposition of Louis XV. after his crucial illness, and the pacific inclinations of Noailles.[2] "Quiet is what we want," he wrote some years afterwards, "economy is necessary; but the one cannot be had without the other."[3] And finally, in 1745, he wrote as follows to Hardwicke, of Carteret's faction: ". . . The other side are composed of Drummers and Trumpeters principally. Let them trumpet and drum on in public, and whisper elsewhere. If you don't desert yourselves, they cannot hurt you. . . ."[4]

Windham's death had scattered the Patriots and brought Pitt and the Grenvillites to the fore. Gower was incapable of leadership. But some of the "old corps" still combated the Pelhams despite their advances to them. Among these Bolingbroke's "Black Will" was fierce in his struggle

[1] These views are urged in his "On the State of the Nation," Works, vol. ix. pp. 356–389; and *cf.* Marchmont Papers (Diary), vol. i. pp. 15, 21, 28, 55, 67, 75, 92; vol. ii. pp. 300, 315, 319, 323, and *cf.* pp. 278, 288, 311, 314. Add. MS., 35588, ff. 1, 7, 11, 15, 18, 22, 35; 35587, ff. 74, 288, 304.

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. 388.

[3] Add. MS., 35588, ff. 1, 9, 11, 18, 35.

[4] *Ibid.*, f. 23.

against Hanoverian interest and for a coalition administration. In 1743 occurred his duel with Horace Walpole, to whose brother an "indemnity" had been denied. Horace used the word "indemnify" in a debate. Chetwynd approached him angrily behind the Speaker's chair. Horace retaliated that Chetwynd and his friends would "have hanged him and his brother last year," and Chetwynd answered, "I would still have you both have your deserts." They went out and fought; Chetwynd was within an ace of being run through the body when a clerk of the House parted them. Horace returned and spoke on the "Cambric" debate with composure—*unruffled*, as was said by a wit of the time.[1]

With Pitt—George the Second's latest *bête noire*—Bolingbroke's relations were friendly, though he found him "extremely supercilious,"[2] and confessed that in his own youth Seymour and Musgrave had "heard him with more deference." Before the "Broadbottom Administration"—which "dished" Carteret and to which Bolingbroke's advice materially contributed—was formed, Pitt frequently consulted with him. Pitt said "that the Ministers who seemed desirous to form a concert with the opposition were weak men and incapable of it, and in all their steps insincere, and that he thought any union with them impossible." The Cobhamites were furious, and dissociated themselves from their colleagues. Pitt feared lest treasonous measures might attend their introduction into the Ministry. Bolingbroke answered "that he saw no other means, but if any other could be proposed he should rejoice at it; that he could not conceive what other object the opposition could have, than saving their country by a junction with some of the old corps, who therefore were not to be exasperated; that Mr. Pitt was a young man, and should not mingle passions with business, nor act out of anger to one

[1] "H. Walpole's Letters," vol. i. p. 233. The account is less accurately given by Coxe in his "Lord Walpole," vol. ii. p. 68.

[2] Burke long afterwards said of him: "His forte was fancy; his foible ignorance."

or to another man; . . . that, as to preserving the coalition, neither Chesterfield nor Mr. Pitt had formed it, *but he himself*, and it was done to unite all people in the interest of their country. . . . Mr. Pitt said they would only oppose the war and cry out against Hanover; and that he hoped his lordship would assist them to make their conduct systematical. Bolingbroke replied that as he had friendship with the Chancellor and Mr. Murray and a great regard for Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pitt, he would talk to them, as he thought, on the business of the day as on a newspaper, but he would go no further; . . . that they might beat Mr. Pelham out of the pit, but that they would lose the question, and be laughed at by the majority next day; that, as Mr. Pitt agreed, they had no hopes of ever becoming the majority, he did not see where we should end but in confusion, which Jacobitism would mix with, and make the pot boil with greater force."[1]

All this is very characteristic both of the waning and of the rising statesman. Bolingbroke, intent on the realisation of his dream, which, when the fusion of parties at length came, failed only because the form degenerated into an expedient which lacked the spirit of his ideals. Pitt, passionate, and bent on hewing the mediocrities hip and thigh, ambitious to be Secretary of War, though he had eventually to rest satisfied with an Irish office; yet even now proclaiming, what he did in 1756, that he wanted "no Ministry, but *a plan and a system.*" As for "Jacobitism," Bolingbroke was tenacious of his contempt and aversion. When he heard the news of the meditated French invasion, he wrote to Marchmont: ". . . The crisis is terrible—much to be feared—little to be hoped. God keep us!"[2] and when Prince Charlie was actually on his way he wrote to Lord Hardwicke: "The moment is

[1] Marchmont Papers (Diary), vol. i. pp. 70–75. *Cf. ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 340, where he mentions Pitt attending the House. ". . . It is time, indeed, to resolve either to govern or to abandon men who mean nothing, or who mean confusion."

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 327.

critical, indeed, and every measure that may slacken preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the war is to be carefully avoided. . . ."[1] Every one remembers the collapse of that vigorous enterprise; the raw and ragged regiments at Edinburgh,[2] the dearth of enthusiasm even among the Papists; the dramatic execution of the bravado, Balmerino, and his brave accomplices.

In 1746 Bolingbroke stayed at Cornbury, where, besides the host, Pitt again, Murray, and Chetwynd were the only guests.[3] His close association with Pitt has hitherto escaped notice, and, if fresh papers come to light, may be found even closer than we have proved it to have been.

The "Broadbottom Administration," completed at the beginning of 1745, was largely the work of Bolingbroke's secret conferences with Chesterfield, Murray, Pitt, and Hardwicke, though the latter reaped the glory from the outside public.[4] It included men of all shades of opinion, and afforded Pitt his first chance of responsibility. Bolingbroke's co-operation is evidenced not only by the Marchmont Papers, but by an important letter from the Hardwicke Manuscripts, part of which we transcribe. It is dated January 14, and it refers to the intrigues of the excluded Pulteney (Bath), and struggling Carteret (Granville), which afterwards prevailed on the King to grant that three days' interregnum, which is the most ridiculous in our history, when, in 1746, the Pelhams and Pelhamites were as anxious to surrender their places as they had been to obtain them, and Carteret and Pulteney ran laughing down the royal stairs up which they had hoped to climb to power.

". . . I beg your lordship to lay even more weight than you did on what I said concerning the intrigues that are carried on among both parties.[5] They have effect, and more than I apprehended, especially among your new

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 355.
[2] *Cf.* an interesting account in Add. MS., 35587.
[3] Add. MS., 35588, f. 18.
*Cf.* Lord Raymond's Letter to Hardwicke. Add. MS., 35587, f. 327.
[5] *i.e.* Carteret's and the Pelhams'.

allies.[1] That great distributor of employments[2] is working the most unworthy part possible, in my sense, with regard to public good and private honour; and he, who is not capable of doing any good out of the sphere of faction,[3] does much hurt in it. I fear a schism this session, which it is in your power to prevent easily and cheaply enough, if it be prevented in time; and give me leave to say that the affair of justices of peace, made palatable by proper representations to your old corps, is an expedient that would be very effectual. Gain time for God's sake. A schism will happen, but if it is kept off for some time, I shall like it rather than fear it. As you have to do with some ill men, and some weak ones, you have to do with others that have sense and courage. They will serve you to the utmost. Serve yourselves and them and your country. My freedom will deserve the more excuse, because among the most moderate you will find no man who has so small pretensions as myself. . . ."[4]

Bolingbroke, as we find in many passages among his later letters, felt that he had not long to live. He descried in the coalition which was to form the "Broadbottom Administration"—"Tory branches grafted on a Whig trunk"—the sole prospect of realising his ideals. The so-called Jacobites, under "honest" Shippen, had aroused his genuine indignation when in 1741 they had refused to support Sandys' motion for Walpole's removal.[5] The Pelhamites, unbraced by patriotic reinforcements, were incurable. Carteret was fast growing insufferable. It was the last chance, and its furtherance may be called Bolingbroke's last charge. Save for the charade of the "thirty-six hours' administration," glanced at above, it lasted till 1754, and smoothed the way for the great Pitt's co-operation with the small but perpetual Newcastle in 1757.

In May 1744 died Pope, and shortly afterwards the

[1] Pitt, Lyttleton, &c.
[2] Newcastle.
[3] Bath.
[4] Add. MS., 35588, f. 7.
[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 246. ". . . Laugh I cannot, and my heart is already so full of indignation and grief that there is scarcely room for more."

Duchess of Marlborough. During the last few years of their lives they had been intimate, and their association did neither of them honour. The Duchess was as eager to annihilate her foes in print as she had been some thirty years before to destroy them in person. Hooke had been her amanuensis. He converted her to Pope; but she expelled him for trying to convert her to popery. Pope accepted a gratuity not to publish his famous character of "Atossa."

Bolingbroke had been deeply and frankly attached to Pope ever since Swift brought the young poet to the patron of his "Iliad." He made no doubt of his reciprocal devotion. At the great satirist's death-scene he shed the only tears of which we have record.[1] Pope's last words were the praise of friendship and virtue; and Bolingbroke's comment had been—". . . To be sure, that is the whole duty of man!" Bolingbroke regarded Pope as the poeticiser of his thoughts. Pope included Bolingbroke in his eighteen classical prose authors.[2] We shall see shortly what a mean misuse Pope had been making of this friendship, though, as we shall also see, his own feelings were not, we think, deliberately insincere. Bolingbroke and Marchmont were his executors, and no peruser of the Marchmont Papers will fail to recognise Bolingbroke's handsome treatment both of the Duchess and the bard in his management of the "Atossa" insertion. Warburton was by Pope's will the proprietor of his poems. ". . . Alter it he cannot by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? Or should her Grace's friends say, as they may from several strokes in it, that it was not intended to be her character? And should she despise it?"[3] To Warburton we shall presently recur.

All Bolingbroke's works, as we have noted, except those previously published by him, were designed for his immediate friends, and not necessarily (except his historical

[1] *Cf.* Spence, p. 243.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 235.

[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 335; and *cf. ibid.*, p. 332—"I scorn to keep copies when I destroy originals."

disquisitions) even for posthumous publication. But, if there were two works which he jealously and expressly guarded from the public more even than others, these were his Philosophical Letters to Pope, which were to animate the poem, and the "Patriot King," which was to await the consummation of his hopes, and which had been composed "at the request and for the sake of some particular friends and without any design of making them public."[1] In 1742 he had written that he had "cautioned" Pope as to the first. ". . . If I had any fondness to appear in the world as an author I could content myself to insinuate truth and to put on the fashionable garb of error; but, were I sure of applause, I could not resolve to purchase it at this rate; and, on the other hand, I should be sorry to shake even error, which it is useful to maintain in society, for no reason but this, that it is established, and which, however, for this reason deserves at least an outward regard."[2] He foresaw that his attacks on Pauline theology and Platonic metaphysics, as well as on the historical evidences of facts, as opposed to teaching in the Old Testament, would expose him to virulent misconstruction; and that he might be taxed with having assailed the Church and even Christianity, as he had been taxed with having assailed his King and even his country. As regards the second, Martha Blount averred that Pope in his later days spoke of a work which Bolingbroke "designed to suppress," but which was "too valuable to the world to be so used," and which "he would not suffer to be lost to it."[3] Pope, in his last epistle of the "Essay on Man," altered or toned down several passages, as he had of course a right to do. But he also added a passage on "Faith," which contravened Bolingbroke's tenets, and which was doubtless directed by Warburton.

Bolingbroke, when he committed the first draught of the "Patriot King" to Pope, had exacted a promise from

[1] Advertisement to "Patriot King," 1st ed., 1749.
[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 285.
[3] Spence, p. 272.

him, which was willingly accorded, that they should "never go into any hands except those of five or six persons, *who were then named to him.* . . . In this confidence the author rested securely for some years; and though he was not without suspicion that they had been communicated to more persons than he intended they should be, yet he *was kept by frequent assurances* even from suspecting that any copies had gone into hands unknown to him. But this man was no sooner dead than *he received information* that the entire edition of 1500 copies of these papers had been printed; that this very man had corrected the press, and that he had left them in the hands of the printer to be kept with great secrecy till further orders. . . . By these copies it appeared that the man who had been guilty of this breach of trust had taken upon him to divide the subject and to alter or omit passages according to the suggestion of his own fancy. . . .[1] What aggravates this proceeding extremely is, that the author had told him on several occasions, among other reasons why he would not consent to the publication of these papers, that they had been writ in too much heat and hurry for the public eye, though they might be trusted to a few particular friends. He added more than once that some things required to be softened, others perhaps to be strengthened, and the whole most certainly to be corrected. . . . There is scarce a man in the world more detached from it at this hour (1749) than the author of these papers, or more indifferent to the censure of most people in it, having nothing to expect, nor anything to fear from them. He might therefore *in his way of life and in his disposition of mind, . . . not have known that scraps and fragments of these papers had been employed to swell a monthly magazine, and that the same honourable employment of them was to be continued. . . .*"

[1] This is fully borne out by Pope's edition. It is arranged in heads: on p. 28 occurs this passage, which is certainly not Bolingbroke's: "For as the reality would ruin, the very suspicion will lessen him in the opinion of mankind; and this opinion of mankind, which is *Fame* after death, is superior *Strength* and Power in *Life.*"

Now let the reader note several important facts. Dr. Heberden was informed by Bolingbroke, as late as 1751, that Pope had altered others of his compositions confided to his keeping.[1] Bolingbroke's trusted sister contributes a proof even more damning. "I saw to-day," she tells Shenstone in June 1749, shortly after Bolingbroke's own edition of the "Patriot King" had been reluctantly necessitated, "I saw to-day in the London *Evening Post* a letter which reflects on my brother Bolingbroke in regard to Mr. Pope's treachery. . . . I have often wondered he could so long stifle the abominable usage he met with from Pope in printing his work, which he had intrusted him to review, intending that it should not be published till after his own death. *The letters between Pope and the printer, bargaining for the price, were found by Lord Marchmont,* whose business it was to look over his papers jointly with Lord Bolingbroke." And she complains bitterly of "Pope's baseness to *the best of friends,* without whom he had never shone in the 'Essay on Man.'"[2] It is surprising that this passage should have escaped observation.

Bolingbroke, then, was aware of Pope's breach of trust soon after his death, but we have documentary evidence that his intention was to forbear, and that it was Warburton who necessitated his own edition and the advertisement[3] to it. Writing to Mallet in July 1745, Bolingbroke says: "They say that Warburton talks very indecently of your humble servant, and threatens him with the terrible things he shall throw out in a Life he is writing of our poor deceased friend Pope. I value neither the good nor the ill-will of this man; but if he has any regard for the man he flattered living and thinks himself obliged to flatter dead, *he ought to let a certain proceeding die away in silence,* as I endeavour it should." To this Mallet answered that "he never took the slightest notice of Warburton's impudent and silly

[1] Hardwicke's Diary, quoted in Harris' Life, vol. ii. p. 440.
[2] Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, p. 104.
[3] Advertisement to 1st edition, 1749.

menaces. . . . The man I abhorred, a head filled with paradoxes, improved and unproveable, a heart overflowing with virulence and the most slanderous malice. . . ."[1]

The facts that we have revealed put quite a different complexion on the received version, itself distorted and exaggerated. It was this galling condition of things that led Bolingbroke, in 1748, to prepare the final edition of "The Idea of a Patriot King," which appeared in 1749. The "Advertisement," from which we have excerpted, cast great obloquy on Bolingbroke's memory, and necessitates a few observations; for it involves an analysis of the two characters.

We yield to none in our admiration for Pope's genius and his better side; but it must be admitted that there was something crooked, as well as hectic, in both his physical and moral organisation.

Both he and Bolingbroke were distinguished by good and ill qualities in keen contrast, which supplemented the virtues and defects of each. A discernment of their temperaments will assist. Bolingbroke, despite the self-discipline which succeeded his catastrophe, never quite subdued his temper, but he never also nursed his wrath; he was easily angered, and easily appeased. Pope's temper was naturally far evener, but he could be spiteful: he coddled his antipathies as he coddled his ailments—and he did both by stealth. Bolingbroke detested mystery; as he once said, "Je ne suis pas homme à mystère." He was outspoken and confiding to a fault. Pope lived on mystification. He stole his own letters to create a stir. Even in 1731 he affected that his correspondence was lost or burned.[2] *Réclame* was the breath of his nostrils. Eloquent as he was for tranquillity, he was "attracted by London bustle, like a porpus in a storm."[3] Pope was vain; Bolingbroke was proud. Pope, besides mystery, loved mysticism. Like animating fire, it continually throbs

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, f. 91.
[2] Orrery to Pope. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 277.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 195.

beneath the polished marble of his verse. Bolingbroke abominated it. He had no gaze for the ecstatic vision. Bolingbroke was independent and self-reliant to the verge of being opinionated. Pope was most easily influenced by others. He was even hysterical in his likes and dislikes. As Martha Blount admitted, he was "duped" into excessive esteem.[1] He gushed and gibed by turns. He worshipped Bolingbroke. He grew to quail before Warburton. Bolingbroke's wrath was in the light of day. Pope's malice in the darkness of his study.

Again, bearing in mind the payment we have shown that Pope received for his depredations, and other adduceable instances, Pope was as fond of money—despite his protestations to the contrary—as Bolingbroke and his sister were contemptuous of it.

Once more, Pope, in his own phrase, was the most "writative" of men.[2] He wrote in "folios." Bolingbroke, in a writing age with which ours holds no comparison, was comparatively reticent. Not only were the superior spirits always corresponding, but they were nearly always ill, so that each wrote, so to speak, as the secretary for his own hospital. This habit of talented men, who despised most of the herd around them, intensified through morbidity the outpouring of their hearts, until they believed by repetition what was more than their hearts contained. It caused a sort of inner, sentimental language common to them all. As often happens with enthusiasts above their kind, the stale maxims of antiquity (for Rome borrowed from Greece) became almost a cant on their lips. As Carlyle puts it in his essay on "Diderot:" ". . . How unspeakably good it is to be virtuous, how pleasant, how sublime! In the devil and his grandmother's name, *be* virtuous; and let us have an end of it."[3] Now let us consider Warburton.

Warburton was a clever adventurer who throve by paradox. Coarse but vigorous, he assumed an acrimonious

[1] Spence, p. 272.
[2] Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 77.
[3] "Essays," vol. iii. p. 236.

omniscience. All his theories were prompted by audacity, as Isaac D'Israeli has well demonstrated. The son of a town-clerk, successively an usher and an attorney, he did not take orders till he was twenty-five. He was very industrious, and we think very unscrupulous. In 1737 he came out with the first part of his "Divine Legation," which professed to prove revelation by its improbability. This was too much for Bolingbroke; but the Church-world was gratified and impressed. In 1738 he became, as we have seen, the prince's chaplain. At this time he barely knew Pope, but affected to contemn the "Essay on Man"; as indeed did the close-fisted Mallet, who was so anxious that Warburton should include him in his "Life of Pope," and who exploited Bolingbroke at his agonised latter end. Warburton, however, lost no time in replying to Crousaz' strictures on the "Essay," and a grateful friendship was the designed result. Pope employed Warburton to rake up travesties of Bentley, who declared of Warburton that he had a "monstrous appetite" but a "bad digestion." He was with Pope at Oxford when he took his degree, because Warburton's had been refused. The intimacy was lucrative. Pope introduced him to Ralph Allen of Bath. Warburton married Allen's niece and netted a fortune; and it was Allen again who, in 1757, procured from Pitt the Bristol Deanery which led to Warburton's Gloucester bishopric. But Warburton could not bear a rival anywhere. His arrogance was envious; and the result of Pope's kindness was that Martha Blount and Pope himself were slighted in Allen's house, while Warburton was caressed. As he advanced he grew more insolent. He determined to annex Pope from Bolingbroke. He tried to pervert Pope from his religion. Pope proved a Protestant, and Bolingbroke an Atheist, would, he hoped, crown him with glory. He begged Pope to present him to his philosopher and friend; and Pope, in 1742, besought Marchmont to bring Bolingbroke with him in Pope's chaise from Battersea to Twickenham. Pope proceeded in fear and trembling to betray his trust and to show Warburton in secret both

the "Letters of History" and the "Philosophical Epistles," as well as the "Patriot King." He made Pope alter lines and passages in his "Essay"; he criticised Bolingbroke's application of historical evidences to the Old Testament. He was probably genuine in his wish to reform and strengthen Pope's faith; but he certainly steered it for his own ambitious objects. It is highly probable that he induced Pope to twist and turn the "Patriot King"; for Pope styled him "the greatest general critic I ever knew, and the most capable of seeing through the *possibilities* of things," in the very passage where he avers his resolution to rescue a work of Bolingbroke from intended destruction. While Bolingbroke was at Argeville in 1742, Pope sent him out Warburton's strictures on his historical method applied to the Scriptures in the third Historical Letter. Bolingbroke was incensed;[1] Pope, distracted. Not long before he died, Pope arranged a meeting between Warburton and Bolingbroke at Murray's. A violent altercation at the dinner-table ensued. Warburton had dared to storm the citadel itself; but the citadel was impregnable —by Warburton. Warburton was now infuriated, and his fury was heightened, when Bolingbroke and Marchmont, after Pope's death, declined to let him publish the offensive edition of the "Moral Essays," which was part of the bequest from his deceased victim.

It was under these circumstances that we think Pope schemed to save the work of his old friend from the rage of his new tyrant. No sooner had Bolingbroke published his own revised edition than out came Warburton with his "Letter to the Editor of the Letters," which Bolingbroke demolished by his "Familiar Epistle to the Most Impudent Man Living."

Warburton was ingenious and assiduous, but he was a blusterer and a bully. He advertised himself by smirching celebrities. He was one of "Heaven's Swiss who fight for any god or man." Bolingbroke termed him the "chimney

[1] *Cf.* the passage (Bolingbroke's Works, iv. p. 332): ". . . You have, I know, at your elbow a very foul-mouthed and a very trifling critic," &c.

sweep," because to combat him was to begrime yourself with his soot. Violent controversy was his food; and it is related that on one occasion his wife, provoked by his silence, threw a book at his head with the speech, "If you won't answer *me*, you'll answer a *book*." He mistook abuse for argument, and rudeness for repartee. Burly and brawny, his outward figure resembled a bargee's; and an intellectual bargee he remained in all his endless quarrels and pretensions. Had Atterbury been a plebeian, he would, we think, have resembled Warburton. Warburton was an uncouth, a less lettered, a more learned, an even more truculent, though not a more domineering, Atterbury. One less remembered fact should, however, be mentioned to his credit. He denounced the slave trade in 1766.[1]

Bearing all previous considerations in mind, and remembering that both Pope, when he did the deed, and Bolingbroke, when he denounced it, were in miserable health—while the latter, as we know from his last letters to his sister, became hardly able to hold the pen and reduced to reliance on a secretary, whose avarice took advantage of his helplessness, and who betrayed his own trust, not even as an erring friend, but as a callous hireling—we can understand this wretched sequel to a lifelong attachment. What the one perpetrated in weakness, the other, in weakness also, was forced to expose; and, at any rate, we do not consider the tone of the "Advertisement" beyond the limits of justice to the injury of the wrong.

In 1745 died Swift, silent, withered, saturnine, and eclipsed, and went thither where that indignant "heart could ne'er be further torn." Bolingbroke's oldest friends, except Bathurst, Chetwynd, Matignon, and a few more on both sides of the Channel, had vanished; so had all his ambitions, most of his hopes, and half his health. He felt himself "de plus en plus isolé." His wife grew daily

[1] The principal authorities for the foregoing are the Marchmont Papers, vol. ii., Spence's "Anecdotes," Isaac D'Israeli's "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," the article in the "National Dictionary of Biography," and Clayden's "Early Life of Samuel Rogers."

worse. He was, he assured Hardwicke in this year, in a letter echoed by another of his sister, ". . . fitter for abstraction than action, and to live with the dead than the living."[1] "Resignation," he wrote to Marchmont five years afterwards, just before the dreaded blow of his wife's decease, "is a principal duty in my system of religion." "I do not affect stoicism," he had written to Marchmont five years before.[2] In both cases, what he preached he practised.

He had surrendered Lydiard to his brother Jack in the hopes that he would improve and maintain it; Lady St. John's avaricious inhospitality disappointed his desires that the family name would be welcomed by the neighbours to its seat. To his sister, who had sent him from her Warwickshire dairy "the best cheese I ever ate," he writes in the August of this year:[3] ". . . It is true that I have not failed in friendship, to my knowledge, to any who have not failed to me; and that so many have done so has been one of the greatest mortifications I have met in a life that has been full of them. . . . You will soon know more of gardening with Millar's help than any of the gardeners know, and the culture of mushrooms is particularly easy. . . ."

Henrietta's passion for landscape-gardening at Barrels, caught from his, is particularly interesting when we remember her long admiration of, and association with, Shenstone at the Leasowes.

The second Lord Hardwicke asserts, in a manuscript note to the last of Bolingbroke's letters to his father, that in 1746 Bolingbroke "went into connections with Leicester House, and when the Prince of Wales died, was one of his first Ministers," and he then compares him favourably with Lord Egmont. Of this premiership we find no trace. It is likely that Bolingbroke still visited his brother's friend. We know that he recommended Scott to succeed Ayscough as tutor to the future George the Third,[4] and that the

[1] Add. MS., 35588, f. 160.
[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 256, 386.
[3] Corr. No. clxxxv.; 34196, f. 147.
[4] H. Walpole's "George II."

poetaster Mallet forsook Frederick the Little to manage affairs at Battersea. It is probable that Bolingbroke would be consulted on education. It is equally probable that he would frequent a circle which Chesterfield, Lyttelton, and Pitt still attended.

Yet even still he jests at his illnesses, and condoles with his brother on the very loss of the wife whom he detested—"she had sense and cunning, but I never knew a creature so avaricious, more selfish, or more false."[1] He received their son Frederick into his house to tend and educate. He afterwards despatched him with a French tutor to Caen; but he, also, to fill his cup, proved as bitter a failure as the son of Chesterfield—and this has been misrepresented—proved a success. Chesterfield was so fond of Bolingbroke that he begged his own heir to inherit the friendship for the heir of his friend.[2]

About the year 1746, Bolingbroke was cheered by a visit from the sister whom he never ceased to cherish, and who, it is to be regretted, did not accede to Shenstone's request of writing her illustrious brother's life. It was not only the Bolingbrokes who welcomed Henrietta at Battersea. Her close ally, now Duchess of Somerset, speaks, during her last sad visit to the home of her ancestors, of her pleasure in encountering "old faces full of gratitude" to their benefactress. A few years later—in the autumn of 1750—she had hoped to welcome Bolingbroke at Barrels, and to have persuaded him to share her "hermitage."

In 1748 Bolingbroke lost his brother "Jack," who died at Naples, and Lydiard passed into the hands of the nephew who embittered Bolingbroke's last moments. He was indeed under that "evil star" which both he and his sister so often deplored, and whose malign influence became yet worse by the cruelty of Lord Luxborough, who detained her children, prejudiced her son, and bullied her daughter.[3]

[1] Corr. No. cxcvi.; 34196, f. 149. [2] Memoir, p. 200.

[3] For the above facts *cf.* Hull's Select Letters (1778), vol. i. pp. 62, 174, 156, 151, 109, and Lady Luxborough's Correspondence with Shenstone, pp. 199, 224,

Bolingbroke never slackened his interest in new things, new men, or new movements. He went to hear Whitfield. He absorbed himself in the scholarship and disputes of Dr. Conyers Middleton, who adds another link to that of the Mallets, the elder Gibbon's friends and neighbours, in the chain of Bolingbroke's posthumous influence on Gibbon himself. Middleton had suffered injuries from churchmen and had combated the received notions on prayer and miracles, though Warburton was censured for complimenting him as a "formidable adversary of the Freethinkers." He was the friend of Gray, whose "Elegy" Lady Luxborough was to praise before its authorship was avowed. He trained his first wife's god-daughter, Mrs. Montagu. His disquisition on Prayer Bolingbroke kept, but he dissuaded him from publishing a Latin dissertation—once again on "Heterodox miracles." He immersed himself in Middleton's "Cicero"; and one of Bolingbroke's last letters preserved[1] breathes an indignant sympathy with the scholar as against his publisher.

His fine and final pamphlet, "On the State of the Nation," he published when the Aix Treaty achieved too late something of what he had long counselled. France relinquished all her Netherland conquests. Silesia was dismembered. Parma and Placentia fell to the share of Don Philip. Sardinia received the Milanese. Glatz was guaranteed to the King of Prussia. Bolingbroke was justified in asserting of the Aix peace that, "if the Ministers had any hand in it, they were wiser than he thought them; if not, they were luckier than they deserved to be."[2] Nevertheless the Government immediately afterwards spent huge sums in subsidies in compassing the election of Joseph, Maria Theresa's son, as King of the Romans. Their pro-Austrian policy failed.[3] Of this Treatise, from

250, 328, 80. It is interesting to find allusions in many of Henrietta's letters to those in our "Correspondence," addressed by Bolingbroke to her.

[1] B.M. Birch Papers. [2] Cooke's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 231.

[3] In January 1745 Bolingbroke had written to Hardwicke: ". . . For God's sake, my lord, let us not take it into our head to make an Emperor. Let us be

which we have so often quoted, it suffices to say that it re-echoes his lifelong views on British policy.

On March 18, 1751, fell the sorest blow he ever sustained. That wife whose understanding heart, perceptive head, unfailing affection, graceful tact, and constant companionship had made for him the rough places smooth and the crooked straight, quitted him for ever, far from the France she sighed to revisit, and was interred in the vault so soon to receive him also.[1] With a watchful devotion, animating every line of his letters to Marchmont of this date, he had taken her to London for medical supervision, and tended her to the end. To her memory he raised the beautiful inscription which attests in faultless English her worth and his loss. Her French servants, old dependants, like Taylor and "Parson Clarke,"[2] remained. Chetwynd too was there. But only his sister, perhaps her husband, and Marchmont were left to whom he could unburden his heart. The first speaks to Shenstone of her brother's "vast affliction."[3] To the last he had written, just before she died, breathing desolation and resignation; to him he again wrote in July 1750, transported with pleasure at the birth of his heir.[4] To his sister, who was now Lady Luxborough, he wrote in the April of next year. The missive is written in a secretary's hand. "I am glad you have received the seeds,[5] and hope you will like the fruits. The world, dear sister, may very well spare a man as useless in it as I am, and I do assure you I can as

content to follow the disposition of Germany in concert with Holland." 35588 f. 11. He thought the disputes as to the succession between Bavaria and Lorraine might have long before been adjusted by the secularisation of the ecclesiastical principalities entitled to vote.

[1] The Battersea Parish Registers contain no record of her funeral. She was probably buried with Roman Catholic rites.

[2] The vicar of Battersea, whose name is preserved in the Parish Registers. Bolingbroke seems to have been a regular attendant at church. In one of his letters to Marchmont, he asks him to buy a big prayer-book befitting the family pew.

[3] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 199.

[4] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 387.

[5] They were "rare" melon-seeds. *Cf.* her mention of them in her correspondence with Shenstone, p. 251.

easily spare the world. I can do it so easily that I think not only of retreating from it, and of excluding it from my retreat, which is to die civilly before I die naturally; but that this thought gives me more comfort than any other, and that I hasten to put it into execution."[1]

Fresh vexations crowded around him; the Montmorins, his wife's kinsmen, contested her will, and on the odious ground that her marriage had been invalid.[2] The case eventually went in favour of him and justice. In July he once more tells his sister: ". . . My health is never good, for infirmities increase with age, and mine do so apace. Montmorin is a strange example of ingratitude and injustice, and his suit is as plain an example of what chicane can do against the plainest right. . . . Your nephew is going to the Academy at Caen, where I think he will improve as little as he has done with me. . . . I expected to make him the comfort, and he has been the plague of my life. I speak freely to you. To others I say little about him, for, though I have been able to do him no good, I should be sorry to do him any harm . . ."[3] What this nephew was appears from his own letters preserved in this collection[4] while he was on the grand tour in 1753. Italy with her classical antiquities "amused," but failed to interest him, because the "society" was not up to his mark. "I look," he wrote, "on the article of frequenting good company as the most important one." At twenty he was as morose and sullen as a roué of fifty. He was ill-humoured and ill-bred, bored and a bore.

The stale story of Chesterfield's visit some time before the death of Lady Bolingbroke, and his description of the "Philosopher" peevish and irritable at trifles, has been furbished into the fray against Bolingbroke's old age—

> "For there was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache patiently."

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[1] Corr. No. ccx; 34196, f. 151.
[2] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's comments in her Letters, p. 262.
[3] Corr. No. ccx.; 31496, f. 153.
[4] *Ibid.*, ff. 156–159.

That Bolingbroke "writ the style of gods," and "made a push at chance and sufferance," is equally true. It would be more opportune to recall Chesterfield's eulogy of his friend in his letters to his son[1]—too long for citation—but one piece of which we must quote: "He is himself sensible of his past errors: those violent passions, which seduced him in his youth, have now subsided by age; and take him as he is now, the character of all-accomplished is more his due than any man's I ever knew in my life. . . . His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast."

The sands of his life were now fast running down. A humour on the face, at first not considered fatal, and to the last minimised by Bolingbroke,[2] was pronounced cancerous. Walpole had committed himself to a quack. So did Bolingbroke. It was a feature of the time;[3] and it is curious that his great ancestor had been the protector of the astrologer and empiric, Dr. Napier.[4]

On August 10 he dictated a piteous letter to his sister, which reached her ill in bed, but resolved to be with him.[5] It is sealed in black:—

"Dear sister, I cannot tell you how much I was affected by your letter of the 12th. One way or other we will try to be mutual comforts, to ease our infirmities, and to soften our afflictions. I am at present under a painful and troublesome cure for a cancer in my face. The remedy has succeeded in a multitude of cases, which I have had examined and verified. I should be therefore even more unfortunate than it belongs to me to be if it failed in my case alone. It makes it impossible for me to stir from home, or to see anybody at home except doctors, surgeons, and those with whom I am entirely intimate. There are some other con-

[1] Letters, vol. i. pp. 515–518. [2] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 289.

[3] *Cf.* Captain Dover, who professed a specific for small-pox, and had under his care two Duchesses and four titled ladies. Portland MS., vol. v. p. 616.

[4] For Dr. Napier, *cf.* Lyson's "London," vol. i. p. 303.

[5] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 287. For her grief *cf.* Hull, vol. p. 64.

siderations which I cannot mention in a letter, but shall explain to you fully when we meet. . . . If therefore you can come hither, the sooner you come the more comfort you will give me, and I will send a coach or a set of horses to meet you when and where you shall appoint. Let me have your answer on this head by the first post. . . . Adieu, dear sister. Far from being able to write, I am scarce able to dictate any longer."[1]

Shortly before, Chesterfield asks his son in Paris to inquire of Matignon if there are any packets for Bolingbroke.[2] Shortly afterwards, he tells him that while Paris is "all over festoons and astragals," with gaiety and Scudéry, "here there is nothing but mourning." The Prince of Wales and Bolingbroke were dead.

Early in December Chesterfield paid him his last visit. Bolingbroke was in pain, but his tortures began the day after. Bolingbroke embraced and bade him farewell, while Chesterfield was deeply moved. The last words that Chesterfield heard from his lips were, "God who placed me here will do what He pleases with me hereafter, and He knows best what to do."[3] After paroxysms of torture he became unconscious. On December 12[4] he ceased to breathe. On December 18 he was interred by Clarke in the vault of his ancestors. His own epitaph, like his wife's, issued from his pen. They are musical, terse, and stately.[5]

Although Horace Walpole remarks that Bolingbroke was as out of fashion as the murderess, Sarah Malcolm, his death created a vast impression, and recalled the public to the past. Even his opponent, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was to howl against his Philosophy in 1754, eulogised—

> ". . . The vast capacious soul,
> No part sufficed him but the whole."

And Shenstone, writing to Bolingbroke's sister, then at

[1] Corr. No. ccxii.; 34196, f. 155.
[2] Letters, vol. ii. p. 180.
[3] Chesterfield's Works, vol. i. p. 200.
[4] Cooke wrongly gives the date as the 15th.
[5] *Cf.* Cooke, vol. ii. pp. 238, 246. For his will *cf. ibid.*, p. 446. It

Battersea, compares him to Cæsar who "had lived long enough either in regard to Nature or to Glory.[1]

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laments that his straitened fortunes disabled him from leaving the legacies he desired. We subjoin both epitaphs:—

"Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN,
In the reign of Queen Anne,
Secretary of War, Secretary of State,
And Viscount Bolingbroke:
In the days of King George the First and King George the Second
Something more and better.
His attachment to Queen Anne
Exposed him to a long and severe persecution;
He bore it with firmness of mind,
The enemy of no national party,
The friend of no faction;
Distinguished (under the cloud of a proscription
which had not been entirely taken off)
By zeal to maintain the liberty,
And to restore the ancient prosperity
Of Great Britain.
He died the 12th of December,
1751, aged 73."

"In the same vault
Are interred, the remains of
MARY CLARA DES CHAMPS DE MARCILLY
Marchioness of Villette, and Viscountess Bolingbroke,
Born of a noble family,
Bred in the Court of Lewis XIV.
She reflected a lustre on the former,
By the superior accomplishments of her mind;
She was an ornament to the latter,
By the amiable dignity and grace of her behaviour
She lived,
The honour of her own sex,
The delight and admiration of ours:
She died
An object of imitation to both:
With all the firmness that reason,
With all the resignation that religion,
Can inspire.
Aged 74 the 18th of March,
1750."

The medallions are by Roubiliac. Near them are busts of two of the St. Johns of Bletshoe; opposite, the tablet to Holles St. John, erected by Henrietta Knight.

[1] Hull's Select Letters, vol. i. p. 156.

The world of letters mourned the greatest master of prose style since Milton; the world of politics, the most eloquent of her sons; decried talent, a protector; Hardwicke, a prop; Pitt, a counsellor; Marchmont, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield, a friend.

Thus died Henry St. John, first and most memorable Viscount Bolingbroke. He was a great man on a big scale. Like Byron, he typified a violent reaction against meaningless artificiality and hollow cant.[1] The stars in their courses fought against him; his own wrestle with fate was as strenuous.

These pages have been written to little purpose if they have shed no light on his consistency of thought and pertinacity of action. We have followed him closely, step by step, from his brilliant youth with its "storm of pleasure"[2] to his desolate austere age with its hail of troubles. We have neglected no available clue. We have striven to be scrupulously exact. We have omitted little, disguised nothing.

That our sympathies are with him must be manifest. We believe that history is best served by a candid presentment based on original research, and steeped in the colours of an author's mind. It is only, we think, by, as it were, shaking hands with the past that dry bones are made to live. One more such presentment from a contrary standpoint, and the judge can strike the balance.

We found the portrait of Bolingbroke filmed by time and blackened by prejudice; cloaked too with a thick varnish of contemporary detraction, to which the fresh dirt of succeeding generations obstinately adhered. We have endeavoured to restore it with what success our own many failings might allow. If that portrait still remains deformed, the fault is ours. It has been a "Love's Labour"; may we venture to hope that it has not been wholly "Lost"?

Bolingbroke was the spoilt child of adversity; and it

[1] *Cf.* especially his letter to Marchmont. Corr. No. cxxxiv.
[2] Chesterfield.

was his main misfortune that power preceded discipline: when he was fittest for authority, he was excluded from it. Headstrong and even lawless, though even then pensive and studious, he was Secretary of War at twenty-seven, and Secretary of State at thirty-two. Eminent even more than prominent, he was rendered rash by events as well as by temperament. His masterful adjustment of the Utrecht Peace proves that the mind could be calm in the closet that grew heated in the clash of arms. After his fall, he disciplined his powers and controlled his will. In his meridian he was apter to govern than any of the mediocrities who "made their account" with faction, and lulled a great country into a low stagnation. In his strange chronicle the course of career was inverted. "Second-hand knowledge, and middling talents," wrote Chesterfield, "carry a man farther at courts and in the busy part of the world than superior knowledge and shining parts."[1] True enough. Character is the touchstone. But character needs ideas, and, in Bolingbroke's maturity, to foresight and ideas character was added also. Of those ideas we have spoken much and long. The ancestral alliance of the Crown, the Church, and the People. The continuity of the constitution. The true duty and policy of an island-empire abroad, the maritime and colonial mission of England, the ideals of liberty remonstrant, and friendship persuasive. We have insisted that Bolingbroke signifies *personal independence* and *national unity*.[2] He signified something more. To the last he struggled for the dignity, even the majesty, of a degenerating Parliament; nor could he ever forget the one assembly which he had charmed and led triumphant, or that other, before whose doors he never ceased to demand admittance.

Great faults were his, and great virtues; but a man must be judged by the sum of his being. He transcended his own times, and our times have hardly transcended him.

[1] Letters, vol. ii. p. 173.

[2] His passion for a "national party" is perpetuated even in his self-written epitaph.

So many-sided, yet so one-sided a combatant with conventions, such a friend of genius,[1] with such a genius for friendship, so marked a forerunner of mighty movements and large discoveries, deserves a statue rather than a sneer.

Despite all his blemishes, his turbulence, his petulance, his impatience of co-operation, and his excesses, the ambition which urged him was never base or mean :

*Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.*

Despite misconception,[2] despite cavil, despite clamour, despite calumny, despite prejudice, he stands a superb figure at the gates of history.

[1] From Swift in youth to Pitt in age.

[2] A typical instance has just occurred. The *Edinburgh Review* for January 1902, in a courteous notice of our first volume, adduces a letter from Bolingbroke to Atterbury as evidencing that Bolingbroke was Jacobite on Shrewsbury's acceptance of the staff at the close of July 1714. The reviewer must have quoted some misreference to this letter without verification. It was expressly written *a full month* after the Queen's death, and it was prompted by Bolingbroke's deprival of the seals, which it mentions with the characteristic comment, "The manner of my removal shocked me for at least two minutes." It echoes his other utterances in saying, "I see plainly that the Tory party is gone. . . . The measures of the pursuit must, I fear, be altered" (*cf.* Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 651 ; and our note to p. 181 of this volume). Again, the reviewer hints that the way was paved for "restraining orders" to Ormonde in the May of 1712 by the creation of new peers, which happened at the very close of 1711, and before any such step could have been even contemplated.

# SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS

# CHAPTER IX

## BOLINGBROKE'S "PHILOSOPHY" AND MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S CRITICISM[1]

WE desire to speak of Mr. Stephen with respect. He is acute, he is compact, he is critical. But in dealing with Bolingbroke, in a work which comprises the thought of a whole century, he has not read him through carefully; he has not appreciated his striking significance, he has continually mistaken his drift, and he has blamed him for what he has not said, but what others have said that he said. Were his knowledge of Bolingbroke's Works closer, he would not have neglected some passages and have misconstrued others. Apart from Bolingbroke's physical and anti-metaphysical bias, his historical illustrations have furnished Gibbon with much that Mr. Stephen adequately recognises in the historian; while some of the doctrines that he appreciates in Tindal accord with part of the attitude which Bolingbroke in some respects assumed; though he differs materially from all other English Deists, and is not to be confused with any of them.

That Mr. Stephen has not perused Bolingbroke's philosophical works thoroughly seems probable from a specific fact, as well as from the whole tenor of what we are to say. He admits, in his note to his remarks on the keynote of Warburton's "Divine Legation" (Warburton's assertion that the Deists made a point of the absence in the Old Testament of future rewards and punishments), that he is ignorant to which English Deist Warburton alludes.[2] He alludes to Bolingbroke, who

[1] "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i. pp. 177–184.

[2] Stephen, vol. i. p. 356.

notices the point in at least two passages.[1] To whom but the target of his coarsest abuse would Warburton be likely to allude?

Bolingbroke's striking significance as a thinker may be best illustrated by three passages which we subjoin from the latest product of modern German experimental and anti-metaphysical philosophy—"The Social Question and the Principle of Solidarity," by Dr. Gustav Tiring,[2] who neither mentions Bolingbroke nor, probably, ever heard of him:—

"The error of theologians and metaphysicians springs from this: that they raise *à priori* postulates, and assert the correctness of their conclusions because they base them logically on a preconceived dogma. Science, on the other hand, first raises principles. . . . metaphysicians do not realise that their conclusions can be *subjectively* true, because logically grounded on their dogmas, but nevertheless *objectively* false, because grounds fail for their establishment in experience."

". . . We do not mean the absolutely empirical method which only applies itself in a realistic sense to words, but the method which, springing from the knowledge of Nature, pursues things according to experience, and attains a positive, exact result, without excluding spirit (*geist*) and abstraction, much rather co-operating with spirit, but in aspect and mind ever united with actuality."

". . . The progress of the individual and of society are mutually dependent. It thus happens that the latter represents more and more the place of man in Nature, although it constantly assumes a character more and more dissevered from the primitive community; since it is just Nature that makes him what he is both in his historical development, and as he shows himself to us to-day. . . ."[3]

These three modern thoughts in a remarkable work are

[1] Bol. Works, vol. iii. pp. 207–8; vol. iv. p. 122.

[2] *Die Soziale Frage und das Prinzip der Solidaritat.* Pierson's Verlag: Leipzig, 1901.

[3] Tiring, pp. 26, 28, 32.

precisely and identically Bolingbroke's, as we shall soon see. The German author's theory of "Perception" and of "Apperception" (ch. v.) tally with Bolingbroke's of instinct, sensation, and reason; the former's theory of man's difference from lower conscious forms of being matches Bolingbroke's differentiation of man from beasts in his special power of forming "general ideas"; and his "Necessity of the Historical Standpoint in Sociology" (ch. vii.) is precisely Bolingbroke's notion of the philosophical uses of History; while the derivation and evolution of "Altruism" chime with Bolingbroke's theory of "Social Self-Love." Dr. Tiring is an Atomist, which Bolingbroke was not. Bolingbroke was a scientific, *à posteriori* Deist, agnostic often towards Revelation, which we are not. But the significance of these excerpts lies in Bolingbroke's method and ideas, both far in advance of his age, hardly realised, and grossly resented by it.

There are some preliminaries, indicative of Bolingbroke's difference from the speculation of his time, relative both to its orthodoxy and to its free-thought, which must be considered. For our own part, we hold that enlightened faith in Revelation is the sole foundation for Christianity; but it must be faith ratiocinative. Bolingbroke himself states this attitude in a forcible passage.[1]

Now, faith is exactly what the eighteenth-century *savants* more or less ignore. Locke insisted on it, but he qualified it. Berkeley possessed it, but it was in a metaphysical region. Clarke and Hoadley, no less than Collins and Tindal, neglect it. Bolingbroke, it is true, has accounted for his disregard. ". . . To whatever sect," he says, "we addict ourselves, if we are to be saved, it must be on the faith of man, it cannot be on that of God, for the pure Word of God neither is nor ever has been the sole criterion of orthodoxy."[2] Much as we deplore Bolingbroke's occasional confusion of faith with credulity, we think that much of the faith of his time excused it. Nor can we regard his contempt for "Artificial Theology"

[1] Works, vol. iii. pp. 258–59. [2] Vol. iv. p. 94.

as ill-founded. *À priori* metaphysics, too, have often perplexed science by their imaginary world. Bolingbroke has termed them "intellectual mythology,"[1] and "the dotage of philosophy," "the frantic mother of a frantic offspring";[2] he means, of course, the sophistry, not our science, of metaphysics; for Schopenhauer has truly called such metaphysics "what lies behind nature, and makes it possible." Theology, it must also be conceded, has too often confused religion by the same fabrications.[3] Both, in perversion, can prove the cobwebs concentric on the tree of knowledge; whereas, says Bolingbroke, "Christianity is easy and the burden light." But if theology has "lengthened the Creed, it has shortened the Decalogue."[4]

Again, most of these eighteenth-century "philosophers" blended ethics, metaphysics, and evidences. Conduct, speculation, and criticism are combined with unrecognised boundaries! The Church writers are in the same chaos. "Naturalism" is their note, yet metaphysics are intermixed. Here Bolingbroke diverges from the throng. For him the ethics of revealed religion are directly discoverable by reason applied to observation. "Benevolence," the vague cant of his contemporaries, he directly defines by the Golden Rule,[5] just as in the Gospels he finds a complete accord with "natural religion."[6] Metaphysics and metaphysicians he discusses only to expose or explode. "Evidences" are introduced subsidiarily, and by way of criticism. Like Locke, he starts by examining the facts around him; like Kant afterwards, by examining also the conscious within him, and "Religion within the bounds of pure Reason."[7] "I will follow no man," he says, "out of the highway of plain common-sense."[8] "Experiment is the pillar of fire which can alone conduct to the

[1] Works, vol. iv. p. 2.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 4, 5.
[3] *Cf.* as to this a remarkable passage in Voltaire, vol. xxxiii. p. 316.
[4] Works, vol. iv. p. 281.
[5] Vol. i. p. 116.
[6] Vol. iii. pp. 144-47, 245.
[7] *Cf.* Kant's observations in his preface to his "Streit Der Facultäten," which chime wholly with Bolingbroke's position.
[8] Vol. i. p. 160.

promised land."[1] "This world, which is the scene of our action, is the scene of our knowledge. We can derive none that is real from any other, whatever intellectual worlds we may imagine."[2] He inveighs against "logical cant" and "ignorant learning," and declares that "men passed for naturalists without any knowledge of nature."[3] For him Plato, as the greatest mystic, is the prime offender in metaphysics, as St. Paul in "artificial theology." Genuine Christianity, he says, was taught by God, theological Christianity invented by men,[4] but he prefers the Platonic system of intermediate existences up towards, yet not reaching, God, to those "of some other theologians in which God confers familiarly with men and acts a part, not only in the most important, but in the most trifling scenes of our human farce. . . . That there is a gradation I doubt not upwards, as our senses inform us that there is one downwards. But such a gradation by which finite approaches nearer and nearer to infinite is inconceivable; the distance and disproportion will be still infinite."[5] And, again, "He pretended to raise a mystic ladder on which we might not only clamber up by dint of meditation to a region of pure intellect, wherein alone is knowledge, and leave sensible objects behind us, concerning which nothing better than opinion is to be had, but find at the head of it incorporeal essences, immaterial forms, and spiritual beings. And perhaps the Logos, or second God, as the supreme God is supposed to have been at the head of the ladder Jacob saw in his dream. Angels went up and down one. Philosophers were to go up and down the other."[6] Leave Plato and his followers therefore to their imaginary world. Of St. Paul he has, among others, the following remarkable passage. After admitting that St. Paul does not inculcate "anything directly opposite to the law of nature, as the commands of God to man, though his writings abound with mysterious refine-

[1] Works, vol. i. p. 48. [2] Vol. iv. p. 283. [3] Vol. i. p. 48.
[4] Vol. ii. pp. 327, 328, 375; vol. ii. p. 359.
[5] Vol. i. p. 144. [6] Vol. ii. p. 359, and *cf.* vol. iv. p. 129.

ments that savour strongly of the pharisaical school, and of the "Mirabilia" and "Inopinata" of the Portic, a school not unknown to the former," he proceeds: "In all cases . . . the Gospel of Christ is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of benevolence, and of universal charity. . . . Upon the whole matter a Christian, who takes his religion from the Gospel, and not from systems of theology, far from being under any obligation of believing, is under the strongest of rejecting every law, whether perpetual or occasional, whether given to the Jews alone, or to them and to others, *that is evidently repugnant to the law of nature and of right reason, to the precepts of the Gospel, to the example of Christ, to the practice of His first disciples, and to the genuine spirit of the religion they taught.*"[1] "Men have believed implicitly when they should have reasoned in laying the grounds of faith, and they have reasoned dogmatically when they should have believed implicitly."[2] "The spheres of Revelation and of Reason must, for the purposes of inquiry, be kept asunder." Early Christian theologians, he maintains, under the influence partly of Greek metaphysicians, partly of particular ambitions, have corrupted the Christian teaching, the ethics of which accord with those of reason. "Now, since metaphysical divines have wandered thus so many thousand years in imaginary light and real darkness, they are not surely the guides we should choose to follow. That a degree of knowledge to which I cannot attain is therefore unattainable by them it would be impertinent to conclude. But I may conclude reasonably and modestly that a kind of knowledge whose objects lie above the reach of humanity cannot be attained by human creatures unless they are assisted by supernatural powers, which is a supposition out of the present case. I could not have discovered, as Newton did, that universal law of corporeal nature which he has demonstrated. *But farther than that he could go no more than I, nor discover that action of the first cause by which this law was imposed on all bodies, and*

[1] Works, vol. iii. pp. 144-47, and *cf. ibid.*, p. 245. [2] Vol. iii. p. 112.

*is maintained in them. It is the kind and not the degree of knowledge that is concerned and to be compared.* Let us return, therefore, out of this scene of illusion into that of human knowledge, nor flutter, as Hobbes expresses himself, like birds at the window, while we remain enclosed. . . *Experimental knowledge of body and mind* is the fund our reason should cultivate. . . . Men might have learned to consider body more instead of doubting whether it exists, and to consider their own minds more, *from which alone they can acquire any ideas at all of mind*, instead of dreaming, like Malebranche, that they interrogate the divine Logos."[1] We may add that this passage prefaces the most brilliant summary of Pagan religious thought yet written. Hear Bolingbroke once again: "God has proportioned in every respect our means of knowledge to our station here, and to our real wants in it. The bodies that surround us operate continually on us; and their operations concern not only our well or ill being, but our very being. We are fitted, therefore, to acquire by the help of our senses, properly employed by experiment and industry, such a degree of human knowledge about them as is sufficient for the necessary uses of life and no more. In like manner the knowledge of the Creator is on many accounts necessary to such a creature as man; and we are made able to arrive, by a proper exercise of our mental faculties, from a knowledge of God's works to a knowledge of His existence, and of that infinite power and wisdom which are demonstrated to us in them. . . . This degree, this sufficient degree, of knowledge concerning God is a fixed point, on one side of which lies Atheism, and metaphysical and theological blasphemy too often on the other."[2]

Bolingbroke is, therefore, both by method and in the province of his inquiry, opposed to the *à priori* rationalism of his contemporaries. Throughout he contemplates theology, including Pauline Talmudism,[3] as contrary to the Gospels themselves, and metaphysics as

[1] Works, vol. i. pp. 283–84. [2] Vol. ii. pp. 25–6.
[3] Vol. ii. pp. 322, 337; vol. iv. p. 98.

opposed to physical or natural philosophy.[1] "Thus ignorance and learning conspired to turn the plainest religion that ever was into a chaos of theology. . . . God drew light out of darkness: men have drawn darkness out of light."[2] Throughout he protests against founding the principles of morality ". . . not on our knowledge of what the Creator has done, but on our knowledge of what He knows."[3] His empiricism follows though it sometimes diverges from Locke's. His ethics are original. In both he differs from the thought of his contemporaries.

He differs from them also in his habit of investigating the meaning of vague ideas by the *historical* association of words. "Inspiration," for example, "Force," and "Chance" he examines, not only etymologically, but in connection with classical thought.

Before we rebut Mr. Stephen's specific assertions, there are two further considerations which we must emphasise as showing Bolingbroke's divergence from his own day, and in the second case, his divergence from ours.

The one is with respect to the claims of the Scriptures themselves.

Spinoza had pointed out long before that the Scriptures, in all their miscellaneous varieties, agree only in their claim to reveal the will of the Eternal as to "righteousness." They arrogate no "revelation" for their speculative or ontological pronouncements. The various figures under which God Himself is presented is alone a proof; and further, as Spinoza also observed, it is necessary for their true interpretation to consider the real meaning of the words used, at the time of their employment, and by the persons employing them. Thus the real meaning of "justification by faith" appears from the Vision of the Watchman in Habakkuk—a protest against materialism; the good man shall live by his hold on the unseen and eternal; the "just" means the "righteous." Something of

[1] *Cf.* vol. iv. p. 348.

[2] Vol. iv. p. 106. This occurs in his historical review of the corruption of Christianity both by the East and West.

[3] Vol. iv. p. 348.

this Bolingbroke discerned. We shall quote a portion of the passage.[1] He is speaking of Father Simon's tenet, that scriptural authenticity and divine inspiration "extend no further than to matters purely of doctrine, or to such as have a necessary connection with these: ". . . Upon the same, and even a stronger principle of reason, we may assert that, as the sacred writers have no claim to inspiration when they write on other subjects, so neither have they when they write anything on these which is evidently inconsistent with right reason. . . . I say that the law of Nature is the law of God." While in another he wisely observes: "*The Scriptures are a sure criterion of orthodoxy when they are applied no farther than they were designed to be such;* and they could be designed to be such no farther than they are intelligible and plain."[2] Had Bolingbroke studied Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, he would have found it laid down that the old Jewish law is to be received as one only of civil polity and not as any universal enunciation of the divine will.

But our second point is one missed both by Bolingbroke and his contemporaries. It is that our Lord's special message was one of "selflessness"; that, all barriers and monopolies of class and of caste being abolished,[3] all men under the Christian dispensation were to sacrifice themselves in imitation of the Perfect Sacrifice. This is a message different to one merely of natural "benevolence" based on social self-interest, and which indeed is at variance with the internecine competition of Nature herself; although this struggle, "groaning, and travailing" may eventually itself contribute to the ultimate supremacy of self-sacrificing goodwill. It differs wholly from that of the divines of the eighteenth century, whose position was thus epitomised by Bolingbroke: "That the Christian law is nothing else than the law of Nature enforced by a new revelation, every friend to

[1] Vol. iv. pp. 147–48. [2] Vol. iv. p. 270.

[3] Something of this Bolingbroke did perceive in his arguments on the universality of natural religion, vol. iii. pp. 277 *et seq.*

Christianity admits, and the worst of its enemies dares not deny, though he denies the reality of the revelation."[1] Bolingbroke's "critique"—for such it essentially is, as we have shown in our sixth chapter—displayed to the Church the logical results of the position her latitudinarian ecclesiastics had taken up.

And now let us address ourselves to Mr. Stephen's condemnations. He begins by the well-worn tag about "Mallet" and "his blunderbuss against religion and morality," "which had been loaded by Bolingbroke." Mr. Stephen does not explain why people were scandalised by the eloquent work of an *à posteriori* rationalist. The real reason has just been suggested. The Church had become latitudinarian to the core. That latitudinarianism, which was partly due to a servile court to Queen Caroline in the first instance, was exposed in glaring colours and startled from a remunerative torpor. The persistent effort to "rationalise" (a phrase, by the way, first used by "Orator" Henley) the Scriptures, and yet retain the dogmas of the Articles, was an "organised hypocrisy." The Church, to repeat Bolingbroke's innuendo in his comments on the failure of Constantine to eradicate Arianism, played with words so dexterously as to "adopt Athanasian terms and Arian opinions."[2] But the Church, however equivocal, resented being told so; and Warburton, who had begun as a club-spouter for "free-thought" and had now his own ecclesiastical preferment to subserve,[3] championed Church latitudinarianism more than the Church when he squirted his ink over a posthumous book, ill and hastily edited by the grasping Mallet. Our own "Broad Church"—more logical and less lethargic than their precursors in the preceding century—did not itself like to be told "no dogmas, no deans."

In this sense Bolingbroke is a protest against theological rationalism. Voltaire expressly hints that this was so, though he also, in a work falsifying Bolingbroke, emphasises Bolingbroke's respect for the English Church

[1] Vol. iii. p. 25. [2] Vol. iv. p. 162. [3] *Cf.* our remarks in Chapter viii.

as a national institution.[1] "Die Anderen" (says Schopenhauer, criticising rationalism), "suchen alles Eigenthümlich hinaus zu Exegesiren"—to stone the heart out of it by exegesis; and, he adds, the residuum is at best a whittled Pelagianism.[1] The "flimsy optimism" which Mr. Stephen derides, together with Voltaire, is not Bolingbroke's, which is based on the duty of resignation to general laws, but that of Church latitudinarians. This is not Bolingbroke's category. He belongs rather to those next mentioned by Schopenhauer: ". . . Uber dies versetzt der Versuch eine Religion aus der Vernunft zu begründen, sie in der anderen Klasse der metaphysik, in die welche ihre Beglaübigung in sich selbst that, also auf einem fremden boden, auf den der philosophischen systeme, und so nach in den Kampf den diese . . . aufeinander fahren, unter das gewehr-feuer des Skepticismus, und das schwere geschütz der Kritik der Reinen Vernunft." He does not rationalise religion, he religionises reason.

Mr. Stephen seems satisfied with Warburton's refutation. He seems easily satisfied. Let us repeat Bolingbroke's previous view of his posthumous reviler—the "dogmatical pedant":—

". . . You have, I know, at your elbow a very foul-mouthed and a very trifling critic, who will endeavour to impose upon you on this occasion, as he did on a former. He will tell you . . . that by going about to destroy the authorities of the Fathers and the Church, which I reject, I go about to destroy the authenticity of the Gospels which I admit . . . be pleased to give him this answer: that I do indeed admit the Gospels, not on the testimony of the spirit, like Calvin, but on that of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, who not only bear this testimony separately, but, assembled in a Council at Laodicea, rejecting many other Gospels, made a canon of these; and yet, that his objection may be impertinent, since I may receive the Gospels on the

[1] Voltaire's Works, vol. xxxiii. p. 8.

[2] Schopenhauer, *Uber das Met Bedürfniss des menschen.*" Works, vol. iii. pp. 184–85. The whole of this powerful passage should be consulted.

credit of these men, of whom I think very little better than I do of him, for authentic Scriptures, just as well as he receives the books of the Old Testament, concerning which he has started so many idle paradoxes, for such, on the credit of the Jews, though he rejects their oral law and the fabulous traditions of their rabbins."[1]

Mr. Stephen seems to endorse the Johnsonian fulmination[2] "against religion and against morality."

None who have thoroughly perused the "Philosophy," the "Letter to Mr. Pope," and the Third Letter "Of History," will agree with Mr. Stephen. There is not a syllable against the strictest morality throughout, although a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* had the effrontery to trump up a scandalous, scurrilous, and baseless charge.[3] Nor is there one word against religion, but only against dogmatic religion which the Church was illogically discarding. For Bolingbroke, religion was revealed in nature. He was not spiritual enough to feel the necessity of any special revelation. Both Pope and Swift shared to some degree Bolingbroke's opinions, apart from his enormous influence over the "Essay on Man," directly modelled on Bolingbroke's "Minutes of Essays," as well as on others of Pope's works, which we have minutely investigated in our sixth chapter, and respecting which Mr. Stephen's few remarks seem somewhat mistaken. Pope wrote to Swift expressly that the "triumvirate" had the "same sentiments in religion"; and in the autumn of 1733, Pope, then under the spell of this very "Philosophy" which Mr. Stephen belittles, assures Swift, with direct reference to Bolingbroke: ". . . The day is come which I have often wished, but never hoped to see, when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politics and religion."[4] If Bolingbroke was so depraved as Mr. Stephen would have us

[1] Bol. Works, vol. iv. p. 332.

[2] On Johnson's lips intelligible; for he was a High-Church Tory, whose exhilarating and splendid character was far in advance of his intellectual perceptions. In this domain he was constantly, in Landor's phrase, "a deaf adder in a bramble of prejudice."

[3] Its refutation is to be found in vol. iii. p. 104.

[4] Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 220.

believe, how comes it that men like Pope, Swift, Bathurst, Cornbury, and Marchmont, in their confidential correspondence and after 1735, when no private political end was to be subserved by him, continue to treat him not only with affectionate admiration, but with moral and intellectual deference? Such contemporaries are surely, in such matters, truer guides than uninformed or misinformed opinion swelled by political venom, and largely also derived from the popular aversion to Voltaire, who used and added to Bolingbroke's criticisms on the Old Testament, but imported into his caustic commentaries a trenchant levity peculiarly his own.

Further, Mr. Stephen minimises the stir made by the work on its appearance (though this does not touch its intrinsic worth); and he fails to perceive the cause of the little dust raised, except that of controversy. He attributes it partly to "the general flagging interest," but also in great measure to the "windy and incoherent nature of the so-called philosophy." The real reason is simpler. Writing in 1742, Horace Walpole remarks, "Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm, and old Marlborough are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren who had never heard of them."[1] He was out of vogue in a bric-a-brac generation. But can any one doubt that Gibbon's second volume, which succeeded it by no long interval, and which, as we shall show, embodied much of Bolingbroke's historical criticism on the primitive Church, the early Fathers and Councils, and the influence of Platonism on dogma, failed to create a sensation? In such matters fashion is a more potent stimulator than thought.

As for the "windy style," that is a matter of taste, of opinion. The best authorities have been the most enthusiastic for it. Pope was inspired by it; Swift praised, Chesterfield extolled it; Burke, as we shall tell, borrowed it. And Voltaire says of these very essays: "Le plus eloquent, le plus profond, et le plus fort qu'on ait

[1] Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. ii. p. 104.

encore écrit contre le fanatisme."[1] Mr. Stephen proceeds: ". . . Bolingbroke is monstrously diffuse, he is rhetorical where he ought to be logical." If he will honour us by consulting our sixth chapter, he will find it proved by many references, to which we add more below,[2] that Bolingbroke's design was to reproduce and illustrate his rambling discourses with his friends. In his original Letter to Mr. Pope, as well as in others, he expressly disclaimed any pretensions to a formal system. Bolingbroke left the "Minutes" that were to prompt the poem with Pope in 1735, requesting him to burn them if he chose. They were to recall their conversations; to give him ". . . the right of following the matter as it rises before me. . . ." This occurs in his first volume. The same occurs in his last, where he is confuting Clarke, and avers that he "will slide or leap from subject to subject, or revert to the same a second or third time, in these ill-connected minutes, as I used to do in the conversations they are designed to recall."

Bolingbroke, with Pope in view, employed the figurative style in a manner, we think, singularly apt, chaste, and enlightening. That style he has himself characterised.[3] After remarking that figures compose common discourse more than is popularly supposed, although poets enjoy their monopoly, "It must needs be hard," he proceeds, "to keep up an exact precision and propriety of ideas and words, when two sets of each are concerned. . . . It is hard for another reason, because imagination, whose talents are neither precision nor propriety, not the former at least, is employed in the application of one of these sets of ideas and words to the other, and because it rarely happens that great heat of imagination and great coolness of judgment, that happy association which forms a genius . . . go together, and

[1] Preface, *Examen Important.* Works (ed. 1784), vol. xxxiii. p. 3. To these should be added the late Chief Justice Lord Coleridge and the Lord Justice Bowen.

[2] Vol. v. p. 56; vol. i. p. 145.

[3] Vol. i. pp. 124–28.

keep pace with one another. . . ." He then instances Bacon: ". . . I will say of rhetoric in general, the practice of which I esteem much the theory little, that it applies images framed or borrowed by imagination to ideas and notions which are framed by judgment, so as to warm the affections, to move the passions, and to determine the will." And he next shows that it may be employed also "to facilitate and propagate knowledge."

He passes to false and fraudulent eloquence; "But," he continues, ". . . there is false and fraudulent reasoning too without eloquence. . . . Rhetoric may be a powerful instrument of deceit and error, and so may logic too. Both of them are impertinent when they are reduced into arts, and are cultivated and followed as such. But if Rhetoric were banished out of the world, and Logic with it, eloquence and reason would still remain." We have no space to transcribe the whole of this magnificent example of his style, nor to point out the interpretative value of his many similes, metaphors, and illustrations, some of which linger in Pope's verse as we have shown, while of some others we subjoin a list.[1] Throughout, he justifies what Voltaire said of his style: "Strong thought and strong speech."[2]

We have said enough to show that Bolingbroke never professed his "Philosophy" to be a formal treatise when he wrote it for his friends. In pursuance of his design, he exhibits force, originality, penetration, ease, and erudition.

Is he illogical, if diffuse? Is he incapable of strict argument because he despises pedantic affectations? Read (for space forbids us to quote) his criticism on Bacon's contention that final causes are the object of metaphysical, not physical research.[3] Read again his narrower and more technical argument on Locke's postulate that "complex ideas" are "archetypes." These, reasons Bolingbroke, are derived from facts and must be in conformity with existence before

[1] Vol. i. pp. 89, 136, 233, 238; vol. iii. p. 303; vol. iv. p. 193; vol. v. p. 70.
[2] Dedication to "Brutus."
[3] Vol. i. pp. 67–75.

they can be thus called;[1] or the telling proofs by which he explodes Warburton's championship of an original contract between the Church and the State;[2] or, in the same field, the sound argument by which he impairs "traditional authority" by proving that a belief in the millennium was a cardinal doctrine of the first five centuries;[3] or the chain of reasoning to contravene Locke's assertion that "simple ideas" are "real essences," since our very ignorance of the "essences" of "substances" proves the imperfection of our "simple ideas";[4] or that by which he shows that brutes cannot generalise ideas "without which there can be no ratiocination."[5] Take again his fine passage, which furnished Pope with another, against holding that the world was made for man.[6]

Take again, in the really wonderful historical criticisms of this book—a portion which Mr. Stephen quite ignores—the main cause singled out as exhibiting the ascendency of the early Western over the early Eastern Church—the tendency to monarchy through Patriarchates;[7] and he goes on to trace how the early nominal primacy developed into a sole primacy after the transference of the empire to Constantinople; or, finally, take his argument against Transubstantiation, after evidencing from St. Augustine that it was not a doctrine of the primitive Church.[8]

We will concede that Bolingbroke is most in his element and at his ease in oratorical argument; but it is argument, and lucid argument, limpidly as well as livelily expressed. On this tide he swims; and we cannot allow Mr. Stephen to asperse it, as he does in an unhappy metaphor, as "a shifting quagmire of speculation" where "no solid ground of thought can be found." The only constant element that Mr. Stephen can descry is "an indiscriminate hatred of all philosophers and divines." Does Mr. Stephen contend that Locke and Hobbes, Père Simon and Cud-

[1] Vol. i. pp. 100–2. [2] Vol. iv. p. 53. [3] Vol. iv. p. 35.
[4] Vol. iv. p. 359. [5] Vol. iii. pp. 4, 5.
[6] Vol. v. p. 37; and *cf.* the equally close reasoning in vol. iii. pp. 275, 379.
[7] Vol. iv. pp. 195–201. [8] Vol. iv. p. 284.

worth, are never appreciated? And, after comparing Bolingbroke's abuse with Warburton's, which is incomparable, his conclusion is that he "succeeds in calling everybody who differs from him fool, knave, or madman." This is a charge which will mislead none conversant with the controversial amenities of the eighteenth, or even of the succeeding century. Mr. Stephen himself calls Bolingbroke hard names, and the occasional abuse by Bolingbroke of theologians whom he considered as chicaning, or of metaphysicians whom he held to rave, need be taken in no very violent sense.

In Bolingbroke's criticism on Clarke, he asks: "Is there not sufficient reason now to assert that natural religion has been corrupted, and shook to the foundations of it, by artificial theology?" and thus proceeds:—

"Sociability is the great instinct, and benevolence the great law of human nature, which no other law can repeal or alter; and yet, when men have accustomed themselves to think of the Supreme Being as of an human legislator, and to ascribe to the all-perfect Being the same sentiments, affections, and passions that they perceive in themselves, they may easily come to imagine, or to make others imagine, Him as intent to preserve the outward forms of His court as the most essential laws of His government. . . . They may think and they may represent themselves to be His favourites, and they may treat even His best subjects as rebels, by virtue of laws which His ministers make, and which He is supposed to authorise. This allusion to the abuses of civil government gives a true image of those which have always prevailed in the spiritual kingdom of Christ to the subversion of its original constitution. . . ."[1]

The sense of the passage and its place in Bolingbroke's argument, bring us, by a natural transition, to the last head of Mr. Stephen's indictment. "His favourite assertion," asserts Mr. Stephen, "is the existence of a tacit confederacy between atheists and divines. It is connected with a

[1] Vol. iii. pp. 256–57.

peculiar doctrine as to the evidences of a divine ruler, which, though it shifts into varying shapes, has perhaps a certain meaning at bottom. His theory is that we can demonstrate the 'natural,' but not the 'moral' attributes of God. We can recognise, that is, the power and wisdom, but not the goodness or justice of the Deity. . . . The doctrine is perhaps a natural conclusion from an empirical theology. . . . He attacks again the inevitable anthropomorphism of divines. . . . God, he says elsewhere, is in their notion of him nothing but 'an infinite man.' But he will not lose the advantage of asserting the necessary goodness of God. . . . When he is anxious to assert the goodness of God against divines, he regards the moral attributes as 'absorbed in the wisdom,' or as being 'modifications' of the physical attributes. He wishes in fact to establish the goodness of God sufficiently to justify his favourite optimism, and yet to be able to denounce the divines for presuming to identify human and divine attributes. This radical inconsistency . . . gives Warburton a very fair triumph. . . . Warburton's reply is simple and plausible. The whole of the 'chimerical conspiracy,' he says, comes to this: that divines and atheists hold a principle in common, but in common, too, with all the rest of mankind, namely, that there are irregularities in the distribution of moral good and evil. . . . The fact is (comments Mr. Stephen), that Bolingbroke had really a meaning, though he blundered egregiously in explaining it." We may condense the "blunder" by saying that Mr. Stephen blames Bolingbroke for not pushing home against divines that the material universe does not prove the goodness of God, when, like Wollaston, they declare the world a scene of misery, or, like Butler, that God punishes the innocent for the guilty. "In your haste to attack the Deists you have cut away the foundations of your own creed." It is a hypocritical position which Bolingbroke does not assail. Bolingbroke is inconsistent, because "he is a mere partisan in the dress of a philosopher."

The statement is a superficial account of Bolingbroke's

broad attitude, nor is Bolingbroke's reasoning put to Mr. Stephen's dilemma.

The root of Bolingbroke's argument is that the *à priori* divines and metaphysicians must either invent a "goodness" purely human for Him, or deny Him as the moral governor of the universe. The *à posteriori* reasoner for whom he pleads is put to no such choice. He concludes from sensation and reason, with which revelation, stripped of *à priori* perversion, chimes, that there is an Author of Nature, ". . . a first intelligent cause of all things, self-existent, and the fountain of all existence, all perfect, and the inimitable original of all perfections."[1] He proceeds to conclude that all he has done is "right" (not "good").[2] "But the reasoners *à priori* have never been thus confined; as soon as they had proved to themselves the existence of a first intelligent cause, . . . they abandoned it, and having assumed that divine and human intelligence are the same, in kind at least, they proceeded in all their reasoning about the nature, moral attributes, and will of God, not only without regard to the phenomena, but in direct contradiction to them. In short, no true Theist ever asserted with greater assurance this undeniable truth *that everything which God has done is for that very reason* RIGHT, than these false Theists have asserted the repugnancy of many things in the constitution and government of the world to the moral attributes, and even to the wisdom of God. . . .[3]

The word used by Bolingbroke, who at the outset postulates that the tokens of ideas should be clear before they pass from hand to hand and are bandied about from age to age, is "right." It is the expression borrowed by Pope; it is the very point of what Mr. Stephen is pleased to call his "flimsy optimism." In speaking of "goodness," Bolingbroke recognises that it is an ambiguous term. He complains that we arraign the Deity by its attribution, because "goodness" means *our* goodness which flows from the social state, which is God's will for man. Instead of

[1] Vol. iii. p. 290.

[2] So Pope, "whatever is, is RIGHT.

[3] Vol. iii. p. 296.

correcting our goodness by God's "rightness," we redress His "rightness" by our goodness. He says that "the will of God is not determined sometimes by one moral attribute and sometimes by another like that of man; but by a concurrence of them all with his wisdom in every act of it. . . . He does always that which is *fittest* to be done. . . ."[1]

Bolingbroke was well aware that, in attacking this problem, he was dealing with hair-splitters and "word-catchers"; he says that "artificial theology" pretends to connect *à priori our* moral attributes with God's "physical" ones;[2] and, again, "the atheist and the divine argue from what they do not know against what they do know."[3] None the less, however, with these he had to deal, and in doing so he lays stress on "what is *just and good* IN ITSELF"[4] [*i.e. right*]. More than this, not only does Bolingbroke deny to the *à priori* reasoner his claim to confound human with divine "goodness," but he seeks in many instances to disprove that the "goodness" with which they invest God is even human "goodness"—"a heathen moralist would have taught them better."[5]

The real problem raised is ancient as the Book of Job: Why should the righteous suffer? and Bolingbroke's answer remains at bottom the Scripture's: "Is God a man?"

Mr. Stephen tries to brush away any consideration of Bolingbroke's "First Philosophy." Let us sum up its system.

"First" means "simple"—the reduction to primary elements. The fact of one all-perfect and self-existent cause is derivable from reflection on our environment.[6] "Revela-

[1] Vol. iii. p. 300. He adds that what is "fittest is always just and good" (*i.e.* good—however remote from human goodness).

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 305, 340.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 296. The whole passage should be consulted.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 299.

[5] *Cf.* the whole passage, vol. iii. p. 318, and *cf.* the striking passage, *ibid.*, p. 312, and as to the subject of immortality there broached *cf.* vol. i. p. 271, where he does not hold the immateriality of the soul provable, nor a necessary concomitant of its immortality.

[6] Pagan Polytheism he attributes to the policy of early legislators. Vol. i. p. 310.

tion" is acceptable when in accord with the conclusions of "right Reason" from Nature. Our prayers are to be consistent with that "resignation" to God's general laws which, with "social benevolence," forms the whole duty of man; they are not to be "as if we informed omniscience or expostulated with omnipotence;[1] for "all that God has done or does is right." Nature is uniform and "throws out all her operations at once." In the same manner society, for which man is manifestly, and by experience, intended, must have unity and solidarity. On society, ethics depend, and all our notions of goodness and justice flow from it, even those which we attribute to God outside His evident power and wisdom. Experiment and experience are our guides; the more we learn through science, the better shall we comprehend God. The doctrine of final causes is repugnant to the nature and laws of God. The plain and simple teaching of Christ has been corrupted by artificial philosophy, headed by Platonic influence, and artificial theology, prompted by an often misread St. Paul. But "every man who receives the law of nature" receives one independent of "tradition and history." It "is a perpetual standing revelation always made and always making."[2] "Christianity," he observes, "as it came out of the hands of God, if I may use the expression, was a most simple and intelligible rule of belief, worship, and manners, which is the true notion of religion."[3]

Bolingbroke is by no means, as Mr. Stephen imagines, a materialist, nor certainly a determinist. He believed in relative free will. Against necessitarianism and fatalism he has at least twice definitely protested;[4] and he has also directly refuted it.[5] He says himself that he "pursued the study of nature in the same *method* as the materialists," though "he asserted an intelligent First Cause which the others denied."[6] He further notices that the early Christians, under Platonic influence, believed in a *material*

[1] Vol. iii. p. 31. [2] Vol. iii. p. 24. [3] Vol. iv. p. 24.
[4] Vol. i. p. 40; vol. v. p. 30.
[5] Vol. ii. p. 255 (note). [6] Vol. i. p. 73.

soul.[1] His whole theory of the gradation of beings upwards militates against materialism. In immortality he desired to believe, but failed to see its evidences in nature. Even a non-immortal soul might be possible. "Let others be solicitous about their future state. . . . Let the tranquillity of my mind rest on this immoveable rock, that my future, as well as my present state, are ordered by an Almighty and All-wise Creator. . . ." This was no empty boast. His last recorded words re-echo it. The "Fiat voluntas tua" which he inculcates in his book occurs in one of his letters to Swift.

The reader must judge who is the "flimsiest," Bolingbroke or his dead and living detractors.

"What shall we say now?" he ejaculates; "is the cause of Christianity too bad to be defended? or is it defended badly? I think neither. I have too much respect for revelation to think the one, and too much charity for the least charitable man alive to think the other. . . ."[2]

What is there so shocking in these pronouncements? how are they at war "with religion and morality"? and do not many of them anticipate modern science and modern criticism; as to the reign of law, the uniformity of nature, the social evolution; as to the critical and unmetaphysical exegesis of the Scriptures; as to the mundane policy of the early Popes and later Councils; as to the demand that faith should accept or adore what is repugnant to reason as distinguished from what has not yet been observed in experience; as to his most acute discrimination between "personal" and "social" equality?[3] We may add that his masterly criticism on the varying authority of the several Gospels might have found a place in "Essays and Reviews," and, in more than one point, supplements the now accepted distinctions,[4] while his refutation of Bacon's classification of Final Causes as "metaphysical," instead of relegating them to the domain of "Physics," is equally modern. Mr. Stephen has not studied Boling-

[1] Vol. i. p. 40.
[2] Vol. iii. p. 280.
[3] Vol. iii. p. 68.
[4] *Cf.* vol. iv. pp. 16 *et seq.*

broke's career minutely. He asserts that he was a gambler and a rake. May we venture to hope for his attention to our book. He was never a gambler, as Swift testifies,[1] and his "raking" ceased after 1719.

Now let us for one moment turn to Mr. Stephen's pronouncements on Tindal's "Christianity as Old as the Creation." "The main argument of the book," writes Mr. Stephen,[2] "may be stated in half-a-dozen lines. God is infinitely wise, good, just, and immutable. Therefore the law which God lays down for men will be perfect and unalterable. . . . Unable or unwilling to deny the reality of a revelation, he substantially argues that it was superfluous, or rather that it is a mere duplicate of the original document as written upon the hearts of men. . . . Tindal vigorously presses Clarke with his assertion of the clearness and sufficiency of the Law of Nature. . . . Tindal's final conclusion is sufficiently indicative of his position. There are, he says, some things whose internal excellence sufficiently proves their divine origin; there are others which, though of no intrinsic value, are useful as means to an end, and they must necessarily be left to human discretion, and vary according to circumstances, And finally, there are some things so essentially indifferent as to be useful neither as means nor ends, the observance of which, as a part of religion, is highly superstitious."

Tindal, then, argued from God down to man; Bolingbroke conversely. But, barring the doctrine of "attributes," what distinguishes the whole of Tindal's teaching as to revelation, and part of Bolingbroke's? And does Mr. Stephen reprobate Tindal? The fact is, that Bolingbroke was a traditional image of offence, and Mr. Stephen perhaps thought that he might as well fling his stone also.

Further, in commenting on the weakness of Tindal's argument of the ubiquitous identity of religion, Mr. Stephen mentions the absurdity of Clarke's argument of corruption after the fall, and Tindal's irony that, if so, God had left mankind for four thousand years without

[1] *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 51. [2] Stephen, vol. i. pp. 134 *et seq.*

sufficient lights for duty.[1] These arguments Mr. Stephen considers triumphant over Church rationalism. Are you aware, asked (he says) some disputant that the necessary inference from your argument is so-and-so. Yes, replied his antagonist, but I don't draw it. Tindal insisted upon drawing it, and was reviled accordingly.

Bolingbroke, too, insisted on drawing it, and was reviled accordingly. He drew it with infinitely more charm, resourcefulness, and ingenuity. The student and historian may find in his pages a treasury of pagan thought and of early ecclesiastical history, as well as of learning as regards the inadequate commentaries on both. His arsenal holds weapons of a variety and a temper of which Tindal never dreamed. And yet Mr. Stephen allots twelve pages of scrutinising sympathy to Tindal, and only seven of peremptory contempt to Bolingbroke! We believe that if Bolingbroke himself be heard, he will no more thus be stricken.

We shall now indicate how much Gibbon was anticipated, is corrected by, and was, we believe, indebted to this extraordinary and undervalued genius. But for that task a separate chapter will be necessary.

[1] For Bolingbroke's criticism on portions of the Old Testament imputing cruelty to God, *cf.*, *inter alia*, vol. iii. pp. 173 *et seq.*

# CHAPTER X

## BOLINGBROKE AND GIBBON

We shall first investigate the resemblances between these two great writers, and then discuss the probability of Gibbon's acquaintance with Bolingbroke's Works. We shall find that the earlier author often supplements the later, while the later constantly illustrates the earlier. "The natural effect of religion is to help reason to subdue our passions, and of theology to help the passions to subdue reason and religion both, not only by indulgence to them, but by irritating the most furious of them. . . ."[1] This might well stand as a motto for the fifteenth and following chapters of Gibbon's work. It embodies his central idea, it adumbrates his attitude, and it is couched somewhat in his manner; for, indeed, Gibbon's style, "pacing with slow and measured tread the unventilated portico of his rhetoric,"[2] is, as it were, a gouty edition of Bolingbroke's.

To trace their coincidences to common fountains of information will not hold good as an objection, because in both cases similarities of evidence and of opinion repeatedly recur, although in most cases based on different authorities.

Bolingbroke, in ascertaining the motives of Constantine for promulgating Christianity,[3] asserts that they were to revive a religious spirit in the Empire, and thus attach it to his authority. The same motives are instanced by Gibbon.[4] Bolingbroke further, which it was beyond Gibbon's province to inquire, points out that it would have been better

[1] Bol., vol. iii. p. 312.
[2] Savage Landor.
[3] Vol. iv. p. 73, and *cf.* p. 83.
[4] "Decline and Fall," vol. iii. pp. 6 *et seq.*

for the peace of the world had Constantine himself united the civil and ecclesiastical primacies without himself becoming a priest, as in pagan times "the Emperors kept the title, wore the robe, and executed some of the powers at least of supreme pontiffs."[1] He further shows, however, that the necessity of Constantine's pagan pontificate excluded his Christian pontificate. Of Constantine's Donation, Bolingbroke holds that it was forged "long before the tenth century."[2] Gibbon himself places it in the eighth;[3] while both insinuate the same motive for it.[4]

Bolingbroke draws attention to the exaggeration both of the numbers and frequency of the persecutions.[5] So does Gibbon. Gibbon, again, remarks that pagans were insulted and persecuted by victorious Christianity.[6] So does Bolingbroke.[7] Gibbon, too, details insults to pagans under Constantine's toleration;[8] Bolingbroke also derives "Paganism" etymologically just as Gibbon does.[9] Further, on this head, both advert to the "Romances of the Martyrs."[10] But Bolingbroke adds the instance of Metaphrastus, as well as, in motiving persecution, the avarice of Decius.[11]

Of Gibbon's five famous reasons for the spread of Christianity, Bolingbroke adduces two, while one, he adds: "the apparent sanctity of those who professed this religion, the courage of those who died for it, and the zeal of those philosophers and rhetors who were converted to it."[12] A third, the miracles, he discusses, as we shall see elsewhere; and a fourth, organisation and discipline, he has already discussed. Both Gibbon and Bolingbroke insist on the contempt of the early Christians through their identification with the

[1] Bol., vol. iv. p. 79, and *cf.* vol. iv. pp. 45 *et seq.* He comments on the clergy's incapability for civil magistracies, while the Emperor was excluded from ecclesiastical; although he concedes, as does Gibbon, that Constantine presided in Synods, &c. *Cf.* Bol., vol. iv. p. 80. He eventually infers an "imperium in imperio."

[2] Bol., iv. p. 229.

[3] Gibb., vol. vi. p. 161.

[4] Bol., vol. iv. p. 61; Gibb., vol. ii. p. 199.

[5] Bol., vol. iv. p. 74 (note).

[6] Gibbon, vol. ii. pp. 283–84.

[7] Vol. iv. p. 75 (note).

[8] Vol. iii. p. 98.

[9] Bol., vol. iv. p. 72; Gibb., vol. iii. p. 100.

[10] Bol., vol. iv. p. 31; Gibb., ii. p. 244.

[11] Bol., vol. iv. p. 62.

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 69.

Jews.[1] Both, too, point out that, up to the time of Sulpicius Severus, none but Jews occupied the Episcopal chair of Jerusalem.[2] But Bolingbroke adds that Hadrian's edict of Jewish banishment from Jerusalem favoured the non-Judaising Christians. Bolingbroke further supplements Gibbon's reasons with a sixth—the conviction of an approaching millennium.[3] But, respecting this doctrine, he is infinitely more learned than Gibbon. He points out, which Gibbon does not, that St. Paul, according to Origen, expressly mentioned an "Apocalypse of Elias,"[4] as he expressly mentions a "gospel" of his own. Gibbon only notices the rejection of one Apocalypse by the Laodicean Council.[5] Bolingbroke instances that of several others, and of several Gospels.[6]

Both authors again lay considerable stress on the testimony of the Fathers themselves to the luxury and corruption of ecclesiastics.[7] Bolingbroke, however, while he adds the strange instance of St. Augustine vindicating the "right of the faithful to the property of the whole world,"[8] shows, as Gibbon does not, that St. Paul's institution of episcopal tribunals was to prevent recourse to heathen courts—a purpose unjustifiable when the supreme power became Christian; Bolingbroke further gives St. Jerome's reason for this institution,[9] though St. Jerome's authority in another passage is only invoked by Gibbon in a note.[10] Bolingbroke, too, alone notes that it is after Gratian that we first find the definite episcopal supremacy;[11] while neither of them remembers the plainer reason for the appointment of "overseers" in the Acts—the care of the widows and the orphans.

[1] Bol., vol. iv. p. 70; Gibb., vol. ii. p. 231.
[2] Bol., vol. ii. pp. 347, 20; Gibb., vol. ii. pp. 158, 159, 161.
[3] Bol., vol. iv. p. 61.
[4] Bol., vol. iv. p. 38.
[5] Gibb., vol. ii. p. 175.
[6] Bol., vol. iv. pp. 30, 34, and ff. and 80.
[7] *Cf.* Bol., iv. pp. 61, 69, with Gibb., vol. i. p. 196, and vol. iii. pp. 32 and ff. Bol. quotes St. Cyprian, vol. iv. pp. 164–5; Gibbon, Damasus, vol. iii. p. 255.
[8] Bol., vol. iv. p. 59.
[9] Bol., vol. iv. p. 107: "Because there would otherwise be as many schisms as priests," &c. In this passage he etymologises "Heresy."
[10] Gibb., vol. ii. p. 192.
[11] Bol., vol. iv. p. 80.

Again, Bolingbroke is never tired of emphasising the originally essential simplicity of Gospel Christianity. Gibbon, quoting Eusebius[1] (whom Bolingbroke knew by heart and cordially detested), observes: "They corrupt the simplicity of the Gospel by the refinements of human reason"; and in another volume,[2] citing Arminianus, he repeats the censure, and the words "plain and simple."

In exploring the initial theological and metaphysical corruptions, the two authors are curiously alike. Treating of the "Gnostics," both dwell on Zoroaster's influence.[3] Again, Bolingbroke, one of whose leading ideas was that "Platonic artificial theology" led to pagan scepticism,[4] while its influence on Christianity was the reverse, since, "instead of commentating Platonism by Christianity, they commentated Christianity by Plato," chimes in this respect also with Gibbon's views of the Platonicians, and the Neo-Platonics.[5] Another kindred and central idea of Bolingbroke's—that of the opposition between "genuine and traditional Christianity," and "the spirit of Christianity, as well as the name of Christian"[6]—permeates page after page of the great historian. Both of them mention, and cite Jamblichus as to, the Egyptian Trinity's import on the Nicean dogma.[7] With regard to the whole Arian controversy, the Nicean Council, and the conduct of Athanasius, they agree. "A metaphysical argument," observes Gibbon, with a sententiousness redolent of Bolingbroke, "became the cause or pretext of political contests." But Bolingbroke evinces the finer scholarship, inasmuch as he expressly discriminates the ethereality of Plato from the dogmatism of "the latter Platonicians."[8] Bolingbroke, too, alone

[1] Gibb., vol. ii. p. 216. [2] Gibb., vol. iii. p. 67.

[3] Bol., vol. ii. pp. 347–48; Gibb., vol. ii. pp. 161–63, and ff., and *cf.* vol. iii. p. 229.

[4] Bol., vol. iii. p. 229.

[5] *Cf.* Gibb., vol. ii. p. 105, and, for the influence of Plato on Julian's natural philosophy, vol. iii. p. 140.

[6] Bol., vol. iv. pp. 328, 331.

[7] *Cf.* Bol., vol. iv. pp. 124, 129, 162, with Gibb., vol. iii. p. 45 and ff., p. 50, 52.

[8] Bol., vol. iv. p. 123.

shows that the Nicean Council consisted of 2048, of whom 318 only were unanimous.[1] He quotes the passage, "Nec inter se concordes, nec in fide suâ." Gibbon follows suit,[2] though the Latin is translated into the sense. "It was necessary," further comments Bolingbroke, "to the design of Constantine that the decision of a party should pass for an œcumenical decision."[3]

In their estimates of that Council's results both in thought and fact, they are also allied. "The Athanasian Creed," says Bolingbroke, "is such a rhapsody of jargon as talapoins and bonzes would hardly be brought to avow;[4] and though Gibbon has disproved Athanasius' authorship, he also, if more mildly, condemns him.[5] Bolingbroke, too, like Gibbon, has portrayed the recrudescence and inextirpability of Arianism: ". . . A succession of princes like Valius would have made the whole Roman Empire Arian. A succession of princes like Julian might have made it Pagan again."

And there are many minor allusions which they unite in making. Such are the evidences of Jerome's duplicity;[6] and their joint references to Appolonius of Tyana,[7] that Pagan Antichrist, whom Newman has celebrated; as well as the testimony of Justin Martyr that Platonism preluded his conversion.[8]

But Bolingbroke has supplied much omitted by Gibbon. He explores Plotinus.[9] He has a remarkable criticism on the harmony of the four Gospels[10]—one anticipatory of the most modern conclusions. He lays stress on the fact that St. Paul was "of the school of Gamaliel"; and that "the Pharisees added an oral to a written law"; that "the Gospel of Christ is one thing, the Gospel of St. Paul, and of all those who have grafted after him on the same stock, is another." Then, again, in Gibbon's own province, he

[1] Bol., vol. iv. p. 150 and ff. [2] Gibb., vol. iii. p. 357. [3] Bol., vol. iv. p. 161.
[4] Bol., vol. v. p. 198. [5] Gibb., vol. iii. p. 69; vol. iv p. 198.
[6] Bol., vol. iv. p. 43; Gibb., vol. iii. p. 255.
[7] Bol., vol. ii. p. 213; Gibb., vol. ii. p. 222 (note).
[8] Bol., vol. iii. p. 3; Gibb., vol. ii. p. 215.
[9] Bol., vol. iv. p. 23. [10] *Ibid.*, p. 18.

directs attention to the frenzies of Simon Magus, honoured only by a cursory implication in Gibbon; to the inscription *Semoni Sancto* which misled antiquarians; and to Montanus, the pseudo-Paraclete of the third century.

In the later history there are also concordances between the two. "The Croisades," says Bolingbroke old-fashionedly, "were a conspiracy of the religious against the civil power of Europe."[1] This epitomises Gibbon's attitude towards them in his seventh volume.[2] Gibbon's account, too, of the rise of the Papacy's temporal power in Volumes v. and vi., and in the latter part of Volume viii., tallies with Bolingbroke's, though Bolingbroke accentuates, while Gibbon omits, the crucial decree of Boniface VIII., afterwards incorporated into the Canon Law, pronouncing subjection to the Pope as "necessary to salvation."[3] And there is, further, a complete analogy between Bolingbroke's account both of the effects of the Reformation and of the differences of the reformers concerning the Eucharist.[4] Part, lastly, of Bolingbroke's consideration of miracles is on the same lines and to the same end as Gibbon's. Gibbon employs the phrase "the invariable order of nature" in this connection.[5] But a portion of Bolingbroke's criticism is characteristically dissimilar. Gibbon, who laid his fat and icy fingers on the historical aspect of the marvellous, refused to ponder over aspects less manifest. It was enough for him that, by common consent, there must have been some period—though the precise period is lacking—when miracles stopped. But for Bolingbroke the whole world is a lamp for "natural revelation," "the mundane system being," as he expresses it, "in a very proper sense an aggregate of miracles."[6] He therefore argues that whenever a miracle is pressed into the service of a creed for a purpose unapprovable by "natural reason," it should be rejected as repugnant to that natural revelation of God's purposes,

[1] Bol., vol. iv. p. 259. [2] Pp. 184, 345. [3] Bol., vol. iv. p. 266.
[4] Bol., vol. iv. pp. 298-305; Gibb., vol. vii. pp. 59-62.
[5] Bol., vol. iii. p. 213; Gibb., vol. ii. p. 181. [6] Bol., vol. iii. pp. 213, 279.

which must, he says, control our judgment. All other miracles, he allows, should remain concerns of faith and objects of reverence: these cannot so remain.

We have urged enough to establish a striking likeness—often, as we said at first, grounded on differing authorities—between these two authors. At the expense of being tedious, we might have urged more.

Was, then, Gibbon indebted to Bolingbroke. Had he read him? And, if so, what are the probabilities?

We have noted in our history that it was from a perusal of the famous Dr. Middleton's work that Gibbon became a freethinker. Middleton was very intimate with Bolingbroke in his later days. Gibbon, in his "Memoir," informs us that after he quitted Magdalen he was "domesticated" at Putney with the Mallets, his father's "most useful friends." That father had been Prior's colleague in the commission of customs, had been known and praised by Bolingbroke, and had been also, to his South Sea ruin, acquainted with their mutual friends, Craggs and Knight. Mallet, of course, was Bolingbroke's secretary during his latter time at Battersea, and became his literary legatee and the careless editor of all his Works in 1754. Under Mallet, Gibbon pursued a course of philosophical and Deistic study. It is, therefore, most possible that Gibbon had perused Bolingbroke's Works, which had appeared shortly before he was under Mallet's tuition.

In Volume viii. of his History he excerpts, in a note, a passage from Bolingbroke's "Study of History," which he cites with approval; yet in the "Memoir" he somewhat inaccurately observes: "Lord B. may have published in French a sketch of his 'Reflections on Exile,' but his reputation now reposes on the address of Voltaire, 'Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.'"[1] As a matter of fact, the "Reflections," as, too, the Letter to M. Pouilly and the

[1] The compliment comes from his preface to "Brutus," which fixes the date, and refers not only to Bolingbroke's work with Pouilly and Alari, but to his previous political correspondence with De Torcy, and of course to his conversation with his second wife, as well as Voltaire himself and Montesquieu.

tract on innate moral principles, were composed in French and translated by their author.

Is it disingenuous ?

We do not think it wholly so, if at all ? In our opinion, while we scarcely doubt Gibbon's early acquaintance through Mallet with Bolingbroke's thoughts, while, too, there is a passage from the "Study of History," which we have adduced in our first volume, as not improbably prompting the desire for that great design, the scheme of which was inspired on the Capitol, yet it is quite on the cards that Mallet himself might have given Gibbon some of Bolingbroke's substance without acknowledging it ; and, in any case, it is unlikely that Gibbon had, since his youth, refreshed his memory or consulted the volumes which Mallet edited.

We thus think for two reasons.

In the first place, had Gibbon done so, he would surely have included much of the powerful and supplementary matter which has escaped him. In the second, when Gibbon began his History, the name of Bolingbroke was gibbeted. Gibbon's memory, however, was nigh as retentive as Bolingbroke's ; and we incline to believe that much in his pages is drawn from the works of a man he would shrink from openly honouring, and yet was not wholly, in literary conscience, bound to avow.

# CHAPTER XI

## BURKE AND BOLINGBROKE

YET another great name associates itself with Bolingbroke. How few who admire Burke's principles are aware that they are derived from the very source which Burke despised! How few who have perused his earliest work—"A Vindication of Natural Society"—published two years only after Bolingbroke's Works appeared, and itself a contemptuous travesty of their tenor, are aware that Bolingbroke had himself furnished in advance a complete refutation to its misconstructions!

Burke's performance is pardonable as the *début* of a young man emerging into notice. It is grossly unfair. It took advantage of the general execration, the reasons for which we have reviewed. The preface gloats over the absence of "Philosophy" in the compilation ushered "in full body and with great pomp." It affects to discover in them only ". . . every mode of religion attacked in a lively manner, and the foundation of every virtue and of all government sapped with great art and much ingenuity." The perusers of our preceding chapters will know that they contain nothing of the kind. The preface further continues in denunciation: ". . . Do they pretend to exalt the mind of man by proving him no better than a beast? Do they think to enforce the practice of vice and of virtue by denying that vice and virtue are distinguished by good or ill fortune here, or by happiness or misery hereafter? Do they imagine they increase our piety and our reliance on God by exploding His providence and insisting that He is neither just nor good?" What nonsense! It was a popular text. At this rate Burke might as well have

impugned Pope's "Essay" as blasphemous to the Creator, and injurious to the creature. But his superficiality is more marked when we come to consider his argument.

It is briefly this. The same abuses which Bolingbroke has attached to systems of civil government may be urged against divine. Therefore religion should be abolished. But Bolingbroke never argued from abuse to subversion, and therefore Burke's analogy breaks down. He argues from a minor premise to a false conclusion. Let us hear Bolingbroke himself. ". . . But as government is not to be abolished out of society and anarchy to be introduced because government, instead of securing the peace and procuring the happiness of states, is often the cause of all these disorders, and of their final subversion, *so neither is religion to be banished out of government, because instead of strengthening and supporting, it serves often to weaken and to dissolve those that are most firmly established.*"[1] Burke, if he read Bolingbroke, must have read him to little purpose, if he did not perceive that the necessity of a religion, and the expediency of a State religion, are among his cardinal maxims, and perfectly consistent with his aversion to "artificial theology." We may also mention a further misconception in Burke's mock-argument. He assumes to make Bolingbroke argue from the consequences of artificial society.[2] In no case did Bolingbroke's "Philosophy" ever argue from *consequences*, but rather from an analysis of *processes*. On the following page he actually causes him to fulminate against the constitution. This is at complete variance with every place, public or private, where Bolingbroke has mentioned it. The "constitution" was his hobby. Then further,[3] he makes him say that, "on considering the strange and unaccountable fancies and contrivances of artificial reason, I have somewhere called this earth, the Bedlam of our system." What Bolingbroke really said was that scholastic sophists resembled "vener-

[1] Bol., vol. ii. p. 287; and *cf. ibid.*, p. 302, already quoted.
[2] Burke (Bohn's "Brit. Classics"), vol. i. p. 37.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 42.

able Bedlams." Burke even ironically quotes a passage from Pope,[1] that is really derived from Plato. It would have been more to the truth, though perhaps less to Burke's purpose, had he cited that far finer passage from the "Essay on Man," where Pope, summarising Bolingbroke, sings—

> "But all subsists by elemental strife,
> And passions are the elements of life."

To pursue the absurdities, however, of the parody, would be wearisome. We shall only remark that the style —called by Burke "that rapid torrent of an impetuous and overbearing eloquence, and the variety of rich imagery for which that writer is justly admired"—is nowhere better imitated than in the paragraph[2] opening with: "I need not excuse myself to your lordship, nor, I think, to any honest man, for the zeal I have shown in this cause, for it is a good cause." But we must regret that Burke should have inserted an actual and unacknowledged quotation from Bolingbroke in a wrong context. It is the sentence, "A good parson once said that when mystery begins religion ends," and it comes from "A Letter to Mr. Pope."

"Who now reads Bolingbroke? who ever read him through?" demands Burke in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" ". . . I do not often quote Bolingbroke, nor have his Works left any permanent impression on my mind. He is a presumptuous and superficial writer." And he, who imputes superficiality, then proceeds to misquote a paragraph from the "Patriot King." Burke need not have been at such pains to disclaim any "permanent impression" from the Works of a man he admittedly had not read thoroughly. But, indeed, the whole treatise on the "French Revolution," as well as his earlier "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," is one long concordance with Bolingbroke. Take the following from

[1] Burke (Bohn's "Brit. Classics"), vol. i. p. 45.
[2] Vol. i. p. 32.

the "Dissertation upon Parties."[1] ". . . Absolute monarchy is tyranny, but absolute democracy is tyranny and anarchy both." Might not this have been penned by Burke? It is, of course, Bolingbroke's. Take the sequel. "It is by this mixture of monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical power blended together in one system, and by these estates balancing one another, that our constitution has been so long preserved inviolate." This might well have emanated from Burke's "Reflections." It comes from the "Dissertation upon Parties." Take once more the two following sentences, the first from Letter x., the second from Letter ix. of Bolingbroke's same work: "Parliaments are the true guardians of liberty. . . . To govern a society of freemen by a constitution founded on the eternal rules of right reason . . . is the noblest prerogative that can belong to humanity." These are Burke's very keynotes. But in some respects, and especially regarding France, Bolingbroke, prognosticating the great upheaval which arose forty years after his death, proved wiser than Burke. He showed that in England, what Burke afterwards advocated as "Whig principles" were burlesqued by a faction under Queen Anne. He showed that the institution of the Civil List deranged the ancient order. It is curious to note how Burke himself used identically the same language about the "monied interest" in France that Bolingbroke did about them in England.[2]

But we pass to more important details. We purpose to show how much Burke appropriated from Bolingbroke in his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs."

Not only does it revive the sense, it also recalls the style. We will cite one passage alone in this latter regard. ". . . Let the plenipotentiary sophisters of England

[1] Burke did not know that Bolingbroke had smarted under the rise of the "New Whigs" of Queen Anne; though he lived to smart under those of George III. Burke says that the old Whigs had been the same at the Revolution, under Anne, and at the accession of George III. (vol. iii. p. 43). This is not the case.

[2] Burke, vol. ii. pp. 380, 381–82. In France Bolingbroke showed that the one element consistently unrepresented was the popular. *Cf.* "Dissertation upon Parties," Letter xv.

settle with the diplomatist sophisters of France in what matters right is to be corrected by an infusion of wrong, and how truth may be rendered more true by a due intermixture of falsehood."[1] This is far nearer to the original than anything in Burke's professed parody.

The argument that "everything republican which can be introduced with safety . . . must be built upon a monarchy, not a nominal monarchy, *as its essential basis*, that all such institutions, whether aristocratic or democratic, must originate from the Crown, and in all their proceedings must refer to it; that, by the energy of that mainspring alone, those republican parts must be set in action, and from thence must derive their whole legal effect (as amongst us they actually do), or the whole will fall into confusion . . ." re-echoes the "Patriot King,"[2] and it is amusing to find Burke himself, who would have ridiculed the argument in Bolingbroke, remarking shortly that a theory concerning government may become as much a cause of fanaticism as a dogma in religion.[3]

In his Burlesque, Burke misrepresents the keenest champion as a sworn foe of the constitution. But in his "Appeal," he himself draws directly from Bolingbroke a reflection, now a truism, but when Bolingbroke harped on it by no means obvious or recognised.

". . . In the British constitution," writes Burke, "there is a perpetual treaty and compromise going on, sometimes openly, sometimes with less observation," and he quotes "Alte terminus hærens."[4] Let any impartial reader peruse a large portion of the seventh to the tenth Letters in Bolingbroke's "Dissertation," he will find this very reflection urged with superior illustration and not inferior skill. In discussing the united efforts of Whig and Tory leaders to effect the Revolution, Bolingbroke says: ". . . Both had sacrificed their country to their party. Both sacrificed on this occasion their party to their country. . . . The cause

[1] Burke, vol. iii. pp. 17, 18.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 37; Bol., vol. vii. p. 98.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 98.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 110.

of liberty was no longer made the cause of a party. . . . The revolution was a fire which purged off the dross of both parties, and, the dross being purged off, they appeared to be the same metal and answered the same standard."[1] And, once more: ". . . The constitution of England had been seen in two very different lights for almost a century . . . so that there is no room to be surprised at the great opposition that appeared . . . between principles which, as opposite as they were, each side pretended to establish on the nature of one and the same constitution. . . ."[2] Burke includes a passage which Bolingbroke might well have written: "This British constitution has not been struck out at a heat by a set of presumptuous men, like the assembly of pettifoggers run mad in Paris:

> "'Tis not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.'"

He proceeds to praise Montesquieu (Bolingbroke's friend, frequently quoted by him). But a perhaps directer transference from Bolingbroke occurs in Burke's remarks on the House of Lords. He calls it "the great ground and pillar of security of the landed interest, and that main link by which it is connected with the law and the Crown.[3] Bolingbroke, at a time before the constitution had crystallised, insists on the same point. "I have spoken," he remarks, "of this second estate in our government, as of a middle order that are properly mediators between the other two"; and again, "There cannot be a greater solecism in politics than that of a nobility under monarchical government, who suffer the liberty of the commons to be taken away."[4] His own political aim in these matters he summarises, under classical disguises, in his "Spirit of Patriotism": "The safety of the commonwealth depended in that critical conjuncture on a coalition of parties, the *senatorian* and the *equestrian*. . . ."

Burke denies that "the sovereignty constantly and inalienably resides in the people." He justifies the Revolu-

[1] Bol. Works, vol. x. p. 104.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 124, 132.
[3] Burke, vol. ii. p. 69.
[4] Bol. Works, vol x. pp. 228, 229.

tion by "a breach of the original contract implied or expressed. . . ."[1] This is precisely the position defined by Bolingbroke in the ninth Letter of his "Dissertation"; and from it flows Burke's indignant remonstrance against a government by numerical majorities, and his protest that "a people is not a nation." "In all things this grand chorus of national harmony ought to have a mighty and decisive influence."[2] Once more, Burke's convictions that a State religion is even a political requisite, and that the government is the "trustee" of a nation[3] are identical with Bolingbroke's; nor could Bolingbroke's position as a moral and political philosopher be better condensed than in Burke's enthusiastic quotation from Persius—

". . . Quem te deus esse
Jussit? et humanâ quâ parte locatus es in re."[4]

Nor is Burke's style less founded on Bolingbroke's. We will cite but few specimens; were it necessary we could pluck a basketful.

"One set is for destroying the civil power through the ecclesiastical; another, for demolishing the ecclesiastical through the civil."[5] ". . . They were not *umbratiles doctores*, men who had studied a free constitution only in its anatomy and upon a dead system. They knew it alive and in action."[6] ". . . As yet, notwithstanding the strutting and lying independence of a braggart philosophy, Nature maintains her rights, and great names have great prevalence."[7] "Art is man's nature"[8]—a thought itself of Bolingbroke. ". . . To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely."[9] ". . . We have not, as I conceive, lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century, nor as yet have subtilised ourselves into savages."[10] ". . . These Theban and Thracian orgies, acted in France, and applauded only in the old Jewry, I assure you, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds but of very few people

[1] Burke, vol. iii. p. 45. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 87. [3] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. pp. 364–65.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 81. [5] Vol. ii. p. 87. [6] Vol. iii. p. 44.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 108. [8] Vol. ii. p. 86. [9] *Ibid.*, p. 50. [10] *Ibid.*, p. 358.

in this kingdom, although a saint and apostle who may have revelations of his own, and who has so completely vanquished all the superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a venerable temple by a holy sage and not long before nor worse announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds."[1] ". . . King James was a bad King with a good title";[2] and finally, what could be more Bolingbrokeian in sense and sound than these? "War is the common harvest of those who participate in the division and expenditure of public money. The proportion of liberty enjoyed in England is just enough to enslave a country more productively than by despotism."[3] It sounds the very note of Bolingbroke's earliest appeal in the *Examiner*. So does its pendant: "There is no other way of keeping the several potentates of Europe from intriguing distinctly and personally with the members of your assembly, from intermeddling in all your concerns, and fomenting, in the heart of your country, the most pernicious of all factions, one in the interest and under the direction of foreign Powers;"[4] while the remedy propounded by Burke is that very limited and constitutional prerogative for which Bolingbroke was so zealous a pleader.

The fact that both authors had studied the same classical models does not explain away their peculiar resemblance in style; and that very resemblance is an argument for Burke's acquaintance with some of Bolingbroke's Works. The further objection that Bolingbroke borrowed "Whig" opinions we have answered in our preceding volume. The "new" Whigs of Queen Anne aired an opportunist creed of their own. The old "Whigs" became identified with the "new" Tories when once practical Jacobitism had been removed, the Church, purged of mediæval, political prepossessions, the navy, recognised as England's native power, and the principle established that Britain should

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 344–45.
[2] Vol. ii. p. 297.
[3] Burke, vol. ii. p. 68.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 474.

never interfere abroad, save when her own or the general European interests demanded it.

We yield to none in our homage to Burke. We do not accuse him of deliberate plagiarism, but we convict him of unconscious assimilation. None would have been more surprised than Burke himself to find how saturated he was with the ideas, opinions, and language of one whom he was taught to slur and condemn. That such, however, was the case, nobody who dispassionately compares our instances will be likely to doubt.

It is a fresh example of how greatly genius suffers under moral mistrust ; and how the misconceptions of prejudice and aversion propagate themselves with redoubled authority, and absorb the true fountains both of inspiration and of initiation from age to age.

# CHAPTER XII

## A NOTE ON BOLINGBROKE AND VOLTAIRE; AND ANOTHER ON DISRAELI AND BOLINGBROKE

Of Voltaire's personal relations and intellectual debt to Bolingbroke we have furnished many glimpses from time to time in our history. Of the last Mr. Churton Collins has given a general account in his essay.[1] We intend here, very concisely, only to draw attention to a few of Voltaire's falsifications of Bolingbroke's meaning, a theme hitherto unhandled; for these are largely responsible for the impression, in after ages, that Bolingbroke was an assailant of true Christianity.

In his *Examen Important de Milord Bolingbroke*, Voltaire professes to give a "précis" of Bolingbroke's "doctrine" collected from his posthumous works. He starts by ridiculing local religions. "Shall I be Christian merely because I am in London or Madrid; Mussulman because I am born in Turkey? My main interest is to choose a religion . . . adore a God through your own reason."[2]

This is not Bolingbroke's "doctrine." As we have seen, he distinguishes between the spheres of "reason and revelation"—a distinction which Voltaire himself notices, in the *Defense de Milord Bolingbroke*.[3] And while Bolingbroke restricts himself to the former, he accepts the latter in its ethical teaching from the Gospels, and, on many occasions, declares that the two are in concord. Voltaire, further, misleads by using English allusions in this treatise. ". . . It is mine, to discuss the arguments of Wollaston and Clarke, but I need only believe my own

[1] Pp. 142–43. [2] Voltaire's Works, vol. xxxiii. p. 1. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 163.

reason"; and he then, appropriately, makes Bolingbroke defend the Church of England against the *Whig Independent*. One who had not perused Bolingbroke would therefore believe the passage derived from his Works. It may have been from some half-remembered conversation. In the criticism (Chapters i.-ix.) of the history of the Old Testament he follows Bolingbroke, but far more flippantly. In Chapter x., however, "Of the Person of Jesus," he does not follow him at all, for Bolingbroke abstained wholly from the subject, save in scattered and uniformly reverent allusions. Nor in the succeeding chapters, where Voltaire discusses early Christian and mediæval history, does he follow Bolingbroke's learning. He seizes his drift but wields it as an argument throughout against "fanaticism" and not against "artificial theology." More than this, in mentioning Bolingbroke's scathing indictment of Gregory the First, he says he has omitted a letter to the Bishop of Cagliari ordering him to force the Pagans of Sardinia into conversion. Bolingbroke does not omit it.

Voltaire also professes to translate the substance of a letter from Bolingbroke to Cornbury, and Cornbury's answer to Bolingbroke. The former attacks Pascal and Grotius. The latter is written in a sceptical strain. Where are the originals of these letters? We know that Cornbury was shocked by the third Letter on History, assailing the historical evidences of portions of the Old Testament. Voltaire employed the name and the formulæ of Bolingbroke to recommend his own more superficial slashes against priests and creeds. But in his *Defense* he has an eloquent vindication of his old acquaintance against the imputation of being a debauchee as well as a philosopher. If he was, he says, the fact might impugn his life, but not his philosophical opinions. "The adversaries," he remarks, "treat him as debauchee because he communicated his thoughts on history to Lord Cornbury. One does not see what relation this charge can bear to the book." A usurer treating of usury, he continues, an Apicius of gluttony, a tyrant or rebel denouncing the laws, might be

blamed! "But a statesman . . . living in philosophical retreat, and bringing into service his immense knowledge of literature to cultivate the mind of a noble worthy of such instruction, certainly does not deserve that any man entitled to be proud of decency should impute his past disorders to works essentially the fruit of reason illuminated by profound study.[1]

We will now turn for a brief moment to Disraeli. His admiration for Bolingbroke displayed in his earlier novels is familiar. Of Bolingbroke's influence on the regenerative ideals of the "Young England Movement" we have discoursed elsewhere.[2] Many of his telling phrases, as we have already noticed, are derived from Bolingbroke. His constitutional theories, originally derided as fantastic, are Bolingbroke's; so were his foreign and fiscal policies. His attitude towards the Ministry during the muddles of the Crimea, denouncing the war but supporting the supplies by which alone England's honour could be vindicated, was that of Bolingbroke and the "Patriots" of 1729. His magnificent speech too of July 1864 on the question of Denmark, encouraged and then disappointed by Lord Palmerston—a speech too little familiar, but deserving every statesman's deep attention—is conceived in the spirit and couched in the language of Bolingbroke. ". . . By the just influence of England in the councils of Europe," he said, "I mean an influence contra-distinguished from that which is obtained by intrigue and secret understanding; I mean an influence that results from the conviction of foreign Powers that our resources are great, and that our policy is moderate and steadfast. . . . We will not threaten, and then refuse to act. We will not lure on our allies with expectations we do not expect to fulfil. And, sir, if ever it be the lot of myself, or any public men with whom I have the honour to act, to carry on important negotiations on behalf of this country, I trust we at least shall not carry them on in such a manner that it will be our duty to come to Parliament to announce to the country that we have no allies, and then declare that

[1] Works, xxxiii. p. 165. [2] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, July 1901.

England can never act alone. . . . I lay this down as a great principle which cannot be controverted in the management of our foreign affairs. If England is resolved upon a particular policy, war is not probable."[1] Bolingbroke's whole outlook on foreign affairs was never more pithily expressed than by Disraeli's phrase "British interests abroad." And when at length it fell to his lot to "carry on important negotiations" in 1878, it is impossible to doubt that, at Berlin, he figured to himself Lord Bolingbroke in 1712 and 1713 negotiating that great Peace which, in another speech on reciprocal tariffs, he characterised as the most "enlightened" of modern times, and which he wished to follow in the system of reciprocal tariffs which was once called "Free Trade." In one of his earliest, he stigmatised Walpole's Excise as "most odious, laid not only on the luxuries but on the necessaries of existence to the people." On another occasion, he praised Bolingbroke's conciliation of France. In his High Wycombe speech of 1832, after praising Windham, he observed: ". . . Lord Bolingbroke, one of the ablest men who ever lived, was a firm and uncompromising Tory, and he advocated triennial Parliaments. He said that without this, there was no security for the people, no integrity for the constitution . . . and yet I am 'a destructive Radical.' So much for consistency!"

In 1846, when he was prophesying the results (which have happened) of "unrestricted competition," of displaced labour, and of neglected land, he closed a fine oration by these words: 'If we must find a new force to maintain the ancient throne and immemorial monarchy of England, I, for one, hope that we may find" it "in the invigorating energies of an educated and enfranchised people."[2] The whole speech is in the spirit of the man who first discerned that, up to Walpole, trade had followed the land; that afterwards the land was divorced from trade, and that the national dominion, farmed by an oligarchy, became thus alienated. Read again his Aylesbury speech of 1847.

[1] Speeches, vol. ii. pp. 121, 126, 123. [2] Vol. i. p. 143.

Just as Bolingbroke's contention throughout had been, that the professors of the Revolution principle did not rightly represent the popular principles of the constitution, so Disraeli contrasted "Liberal opinions" and "popular principles." ". . . The Church is founded upon popular principles, not upon liberal opinions. . . . Liberal opinions are the opinions of those who would be free from certain restraints and regulations, from a certain dependence and duty which are deemed necessary for the general or popular welfare. . . . They ensure enjoyment, and are opposed to self-sacrifice." While, again, Disraeli followed Bolingbroke in only asserting Britain's force where her duties or interests were concerned, he also followed him in a sense of her imperial responsibilities. As early as 1848 he urged: ". . . You turned up your noses at East India cotton, as you have done at everything colonial or imperial." [1] He pressed both these lessons long afterwards in his two great speeches on Conservative principles, enforcing the duties of national and individual responsibility in 1872. As early as 1849, he said, repeating in his speech a pet phrase of Bolingbroke: ". . . The wealth of England is not merely material wealth. . . . We have a more precious treasure, and that is the character of the people. . . . I know of nothing more remarkable in the present day than the general discontent which prevails. . . . The *English spirit*, which was called out and supported by your old system, seems to have departed from us." [2] In 1851, again, he quoted Lord Clarendon, who was quoted by Bolingbroke on " the old good nature of the people of England," and in the same speech he quoted Bolingbroke's citation of *Imperium et Libertas*. ". . . And all this too not by favour, not by privilege, not by sectarian arrangements, not by class legislation, but by asserting the principles of political justice and obeying the dictates of social equity." [3]

We could multiply instances as striking, but we shall conclude by quoting one less familiar, directly bearing on

[1] Speeches, vol. i. p. 197. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 242.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 323 (on agricultural distress).

Bolingbroke, and illustrating the mission of both these great leaders. It occurs in the long Letter to Lord Lyndhurst, which "Disraeli the Younger" composed and published, in the manner of Bolingbroke, in 1835,[1] and it attests both Bolingbroke's and Disraeli's restoration of Toryism from debased forms to "primitive elements":—

". . . Thus, in the present day, Whigs have become 'Reformers' and Tories Conservatives. In the early part of the last century the Tory party required a similar reorganisation to that which it has lately undergone; and as it is in the nature of human affairs that the individual . . . required shall not long be wanting, so, in the season of which I am treating, arose a man remarkable in an illustrious age, who with the splendour of an organising genius, settled the confused and discordant materials of English faction and reduced them into clear and systematic order. This was Lord Bolingbroke.

"Gifted with that fiery imagination, the teeming fertility of whose inventive resources is as necessary to a great statesman, a great general, as to a great poet, the ablest writer, and the most accomplished orator of his age, that rare union, that in a country of free Parliaments and free Press, insures to its possessor the privilege of exercising a constant influence over the mind of his country, that rare union that has rendered Burke so remarkable; blending, with that intuitive knowledge of his race which creative minds alone enjoy, all the wisdom which can be derived from literature, and a comprehensive experience of human affairs; no one was better qualified to be the minister of a free and powerful nation than Henry St. John; and Destiny at first appeared to combine with Nature in the elevation of his fortunes. Opposed to the Whigs from principle, for an oligarchy is hostile to genius, and recoiling from the Tory tenets which his unprejudiced and vigorous mind had taught him at the same time to dread and to contemn, Lord Bolingbroke, at the outset of his career, incurred the commonplace imputation of insincerity and inconsistency,

[1] "A Vindication of the Constitution, in a Letter to a noble and learned Lord."

because, in an age of unsettled parties with professions contradicting their conduct, he maintained that vigilant and meditative independence which is the privilege of an original and determined spirit. *It is probable that in the earlier years of his career, he meditated over the formation of a new party*, that dream of youthful ambition in a perplexed and discordant age, but destined, in English politics, to be never more substantial than a vision.[1] More experienced in political life, he became aware that he had only to choose between the Whigs and the Tories, and his sagacious intellect, not satisfied with the superficial character of these celebrated divisions, *penetrated their interior and essential qualities*, and discovered, in spite of all the affectation of popular sympathies on one side and of admiration of arbitrary power on the other, *that this choice was in fact a choice between Oligarchy and Democracy*. From the moment that Lord Bolingbroke, in becoming a Tory, embraced the national cause, he devoted himself absolutely to his party; all the energies of his Protean mind were lavished in their service; *and although the ignoble prudence of the Whig Minister restrained him from advocating the cause of the nation in the Senate*, it was his inspiring pen that made Walpole tremble in the recesses of the Treasury; and, in a series of writings, unequalled in our literature for their spirited Patriotism, their just and profound views, and the golden eloquence in which they are expressed, eradicated from Toryism all those absurd and odious doctrines which Tories had adventitiously adopted, clearly developed its essential and permanent character, discarded *jure divino*, demolished passive obedience, threw to the winds the doctrine of non-resistance, placed the abolition of James and the accession of George on their right basis, and in the complete reorganisation of the public mind, laid the foundation for the future accession of the Tory party to power, and to that

[1] This is what Disraeli meant when long afterwards he said, "England does not love coalitions." For the sincere stress that Bolingbroke laid on coalition in 1736, *cf.* the letter to his brother-in-law in our "Correspondence." Letter No. cxxv.

popular and triumphant career which must ever await the policy of an administration inspired by the spirit of our free and ancient institutions. . . ."

Such was Disraeli's view; such has throughout and independently been ours. In this same tract Disraeli defines an "estate" as "a popular class established into a political order," and observes: "The King of England may make peers, but he cannot make a House of Lords"—both sentences breathing the spirit of Bolingbroke.

Our task is now achieved. We can only entreat the reader closely to scrutinise the facts excavated, and to compare them with the language cited; to disregard second-hand pronouncements, and re-echoed errors; to test superficial and loose generalisations by ascertained realities; to ponder the course and the drift of Bolingbroke's thought and action. He will find in Bolingbroke an idealist, a man inspired by ideas the virtue of which is neither exhausted, unneeded, nor transient.

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[1] For this date, despite that of 1720 in the headpiece, *cf. ante*, p. 149, note.
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The reader should bear in mind that Grimoard (p. xiii) calls Mallet's edition of Bolingbroke's works, "Une édition pretendue compléte."

[1] St. Lambert says (without authority): "By Order of the Prince of Wales."

[2] With the motto "Mihi autem non minori curæ est qualis respublica post mortem meam futura sit, quam qualis hodie fit."—*Cic. in Læl.*

ERRATA

The British Museum number to "Moral Principles" applies to translation of the French Edition of "Letter to Windham"; its lettering should be H.

The reference to Pope's copy of the "Patriot King" should be 279 B; that given applies to Millar's first edition.

COLLECTED AND SELECTED

# CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# LORD BOLINGBROKE

(WITH HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS)

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1715 AND 1751

CHIEFLY FROM MS. ORIGINALS, AND INCLUDING THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS SISTER HENRIETTA, AND WITH LORD ESSEX

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY

W. SICHEL

# PREFACE

AFTER our detailed preface to our volume of chronicle but few observations are here needed. Our aim has been to reveal the man by his continued and collated correspondence extending over thirty-six years. The Letters to his half-sister Henrietta (herself a romantic figure), to her husband, and to his friend Lord Essex are given for the first time, and have been transcribed from the original manuscripts; so have some to George Clarke and Lord St. John. Those to Lord Hardwicke — also transcribed from the manuscripts but recently available at the British Museum—comprise many of the first importance, few of which are included in the published Hardwicke papers. Those to Alari and Madame de Ferriol come from Grimoard, and are here inserted in their context. So are those from the Egremont and Townshend Collections out of Coxe's Appendix, from the "Suffolk Letters," and from the "Marchmont Papers," which form the best illustration of Bolingbroke's political and social ideals. Those to Swift and to Pope—so largely cited in our history—are not included, as they are readily accessible.

W. SICHEL.

My Lord y^r L^ps
Most Dutyfull Daughter
H Knight

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# PREFATORY MEMOIR OF

# HENRIETTA ST. JOHN

## HALF-SISTER OF LORD BOLINGBROKE

HENRIETTA ST. JOHN, whose half-brother's correspondence with her is here transcribed for the first time, is a singularly interesting figure. She forms yet another instance of that devotion by a great man to a gifted sister of which Byron, Macaulay, Mendelssohn, and Heine have been conspicuous examples. She was high-spirited, romantic, sentimental, sensitive, talented, and unhappy. Her brother trained her to be half a scholar. She was an affectionate wife and mother, even after the rupture with her husband which estranged him, and cruelly separated her children from her for no less than thirteen years. Her misfortunes wisened and steadied her; and the picture of her closing years portrayed in her correspondence with Lady Hertford, as well as that with Shenstone (which Horace Walpole, malignant to her maiden name, called "insipid," because, we suppose, it is equally artless and charitable) yields a touching spectacle of self-resource, of courage, and of cheerful resignation to enforced monotony. To her illustrious brother she was intensely and faithfully attached, from the moment when as a girl she sympathised with his exile, to that when, as he lay dying, she was eager to leave her own sick-bed for the journey from Warwickshire to Battersea, that they might, in his own words, be a mutual solace, and that he might for the last time gaze upon one who remained his "only consolation."

The surviving traces of her career have not been adequately followed, even by the "National Dictionary of Biography." Besides her brother's correspondence, here reproduced, there exist in the same collection letters of her own, and letters of her family respecting her. There is the correspondence with Lady Hertford embodied in

Hull's publication. There are her later letters, as Lady Luxborough, to Shenstone. There are allusions in his works, in Thomson's, and her protégé Somervile's. Of these, and of other hints in Lyson's "Environs of London" as well as elsewhere, we avail ourselves in this necessarily brief abstract.

Henrietta St. John seems to have been the youngest child but one of Sir Henry St. John, in 1716 Viscount St. John and Baron St. John of Battersea, by his second marriage with Angelica Magdalena Pelissary, a French lady of good connections. The precise date of her birth is unknown, but it must have been about 1700, because when her brother quitted England in 1715 she was already able to appreciate and interchange ideas with him. We have searched the Battersea Parish records, and the absence in them of entries for this year substantiates our conjecture. The day of her birth, however, we know to have been July 15—St. Swithin's Day.[1] Her eldest own brother, George, died, as we have noticed in our "Bolingbroke," prematurely in 1716. The next, "Jack," in 1742 succeeded to the Viscountcy, while his unworthy son, Frederick, united it to Bolingbroke's in 1751. Though "Jack," as we shall note, proved by no means a tender brother, his death at Naples in 1748 afflicted her sorely. Her youngest brother Holles—fat, unwieldy, and, like them all, turbulent—was much attached to her, and made her his residuary legatee on his early death in 1738. He lived to be equerry to Queen "Carolina" (as the name stands inscribed on the tablet which she erected to his memory still extant in Battersea Church). By his death she became proprietress of shares in Covent Garden Theatre.

Of her early days we only know that her governess was a Mademoiselle Haillé, who, like herself, often stayed with the Bolingbrokes in France, and was much beloved by Bolingbroke himself. Through Lady Roxburgh, the daughter of her step-uncle, the Earl of Nottingham, the Battersea household was specially honoured by the new King who had at once ennobled it, and who (as we have already chronicled in a note) much relished Lady St. John's annual gift to him of brandied apricots from her garden. George the First was accustomed, soon after his accession, to divert himself by water-parties at Chelsea, and he would doubtless have extended his condescensions to Battersea.

[1] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 82.

This royal favour doubtless accounts for the beginning of George's good inclinations towards Bolingbroke, which were frustrated by the malice of Walpole, the weakness of Sunderland, and the caprices of Carteret. George the Second had also honoured the St. Johns as Prince of Wales, but he seems to have kept aloof from them after his accession. Frederick, however, dined there three years after his father reluctantly sent for him in 1727 from Germany,[1] and he seems to have admired "Jack's" wife, Anne St. John, the selfish and stingy daughter of Sir Robert Furness.

From 1718 onwards Henrietta corresponded regularly with Bolingbroke. He vows his unfailing gratitude to her for her sympathy in the day of his trouble. He counsels her studies, which included some Latin, some "philosophy," and much Italian. He cheers and rallies her by turns. He sends her presents. He displays the charming relationship of a much elder brother's admiration for a trustful and darling sister. Many of his outlooks on life she shared. Both (as we know both from this correspondence and the Shenstone letters) regarded friendship as an ideal, and had no higher praise for acquaintance than that they were "capable of being a friend." Both were unconventional. Both abominated the fashionable formalities of their day where friendship was concerned. Both thought "nothing so terrible as parting with friends." Both disliked the same formality in literature; and Henrietta makes use many years afterwards of almost the same expressions about Fénélon's brocaded prose as her illustrious brother employed in one of his letters. Both concealed their sorrows and disliked "the pomp of grief." Both had the keenest literary interests, and both were most fastidious in their taste; though Henrietta averred herself a better appreciator than critic to Shenstone. Both were averse to allegory. Both wrote verses—not over-successfully. Both were contemptuous of money to a fault. Both admired the philosophic light-heartedness of the French. Both respected the functions of the National Church, while they despised the practice of some of its dignitaries.[2]

[1] B. M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 72.

[2] Henrietta in one of her letters to Shenstone says the clergy have the greatest opportunity of doing good but too often abuse it. In another she speaks of "the little oily man of God"—an expression in her brother's manner, and well applicable to Stratford. But Henrietta was a regular church-goer, and in her latter days four of her most intimate friends, Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Jago (through whom she first knew Shenstone), Mr. Allen, and Mr. Hall, were country parsons.

Both became enthusiastic gardeners, persistent seed-collectors and intermittent farmers. Both, by a singular train of catastrophe, lived to become—in the words of each—"almost buried civilly before naturally." Both bewailed that unlucky star which seemed to be fatal to almost all who loved them. For both March was a disastrous month. Henrietta died in it. We can hear Bolingbroke in his sister's refrain of "*Banissons la mélancolie*," the very song on which Prior had improvised in 1713. From Bolingbroke his sister caught her many allusions to the theory of "self-love"; with Bolingbroke she shares the complete mastery of French. From him too she derives — though far more occasionally — that rich simplicity of expression which fascinates us so in his style. We will cite but one example. Writing to Shenstone from her "*ferme negligée*" towards the close of her brother's career, she has a graceful passage about the effect of the seasons on the trees. In autumn, she says, "It is no more than changing their dress from a plain green gown to a rich brocade, mixed with ten thousand shades."

To Henrietta, Bolingbroke first confided his new and happy association with the Marquise de Villette. His actual marriage, the date of which Henrietta states after the Marquise's death in 1750, was delayed as we have shown, for reasons of delicacy, until 1722.[1] The second Lady Bolingbroke continued a lifelong regard for Henrietta, and at the very close of her days, when she was tormented with illness, beguiled the monotony of Barrells by gifts of French books and plays. At the outset of their intimacy she presented the young girl with Paris frocks and headgear; and the two became close allies during Lady Bolingbroke's three visits to England between 1722 and 1724.

At La Source, whither Bolingbroke repaired at the end of 1719, the correspondence grows very interesting. Bolingbroke imparts glimpses of his life, with its literary activities and educational experiments, to his "dear child" and "dearest girl"—the "Heriott" whom he adored. She preaches him a little homily, and he teases her by a playful retort. Sadness mingles with his fun. Both he and the Marquise are already ailing. He is nearing that "sombre valley whence there is no return." And the delay and suspense respecting his protracted restoration are palpably

[1] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 253.

displayed. He sighs to think how long it may be before they meet again. Even the Paris gaieties depress him; but there is no word of his activities in the Schaub affair of 1723–1724. In 1723—the year of his pardon—they met, but only for a space. The year 1725 witnessed his partial restitution and his recall home—as the statesman, the thinker, the great writer.

In one of his early epistles he had bantered Henrietta on her choice of a husband. He yearned to see her happily married. Her choice was after his own heart.

Robert Knight was a young man of parts and promise; a staunch friend, an energetic patriot, an amiable companion. He sprang from an old Essex family. His father, the cashier of the South Sea Company, who was bidden to abscond on the crash, and who thenceforward, till his return in 1742, resided with his second wife (a connection of Craggs) in France, had built Luxborough House near Chigwell. It was then forfeited and sold to Sir Joseph Eyles, but it must have repassed to his son, for he disposed of it in 1749—an event which caused some annoyance to the then separated Henrietta.[1] One of his sisters was Mrs. Soames,[2] and her husband's family was intimate at Battersea, as subsequently at Barrells. Another was a Mrs. Page.[3] Robert Knight became active in Parliament as member for Sudbury. He shared Bolingbroke's patriot opinions, which fill Bolingbroke's affectionate letters to him; but for him they proved auspicious; he was elevated to the Irish peerage, under the appropriate style of Luxborough, in 1746; and seven years after his wife's death received the earldom of Catherlough. Henrietta, passionate and impulsive as she always remained, was in transports of affection. It was wholly a love-match, and the wedding took place in June 1727. Very shortly after it, however, she was, to her chagrin, summoned to manage the household of her fretful father-in-law (whose wife was an invalid) in Paris. There Knight from time to time rejoined her, when his parliamentary duties allowed. But the absence from her home was most irksome, and she constantly deplored the tedious round of profuse gaieties, by which her father-in-law sought to attain his restitution, and over

[1] Lyson's "Environs," vol. iv. p. 117. Lady Luxborough's Letters, under date 1749, *passim*, which contain covert allusions to her husband's dealings with landed property.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 99. Sir Peter Soames visited her in the Shenstone period, a Miss Soames resided with her father. *Cf. ibid.*, ff. 110–115.

[3] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 115.

which she was called upon to preside. Bolingbroke counselled patience and preached duty. He used his best endeavours to find her a house for her return, and he manifested interest in the slightest detail affecting her. The birth of her first child—a boy christened "Harry" after Bolingbroke, who maintained the warmest concern in his welfare—brought her home for a space, and the happy pair stayed with Bolingbroke in June 1728 at Dawley, where they were always welcome. But by the end of July she was condemned to cross the Channel once more. Brinsden, her brother's secretary, visited France at this time on the Dunkirk affair, and carried Bolingbroke news of her. She returned again at the close of 1729, but by April 1730 she had to flit again. Lady Bolingbroke was at this time very ill—to Bolingbroke's intense anxiety—in Paris, and Henrietta found a solace in tending her. Another child—a daughter—had appeared, and the two children were left under the charge of Lady Hertford, Henrietta's greatest friend except her brother. Of Lady Hertford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset), the intellectual patroness of Thomson and afterwards of Shenstone, the collector of Italian sculpture, the carver in wood, the connoisseur of art and literature, the future devotee of Whitfield, the pietist correspondent of Selina, Lady Huntingdon, we have spoken in our work. She will again be mentioned subsequently. Henrietta's attachment to her endured increasingly ardent despite the trials in which she was largely concerned. To the last she proudly calls her "My Duchess," distinguishing her from the silly throng of thoughtless noblewomen. Not the least pleasant of Bolingbroke's letters at this period are those of solicitude for Henrietta's children. He played with them in their nursery. With their hostess and her husband—for they seem to have alternated between town and country—he was charmed. In 1731 Henrietta was able to be free again, and while she was in the country, Bolingbroke resumed his nursery visits. She was in London—sending her brother "Barbadoes water"—in 1734. April 1735 saw his departure for Chantelou.

In 1735 she was again reluctantly pressed into the service of Knight the elder, and the brother and sister were able to meet occasionally again, though "La Planchette," Knight's country-house, was far distant from Touraine. In 1736 she and her husband were back in England once more.

We have now reached the most critical period of her life, and the most vexed problem in it.

About 1736, the events occurred which led to her separation from her husband.

What these really were it is difficult to determine. Horace Walpole is responsible for the scandal that it happened through "a gallantry" with Dalton, "the reviver of 'Comus,'" and the handsome tutor to the young Lord Beauchamp in the Hertford mansion. Horace Walpole's gossip about anybody related to Bolingbroke is always venomous, nor can a better instance be adduced than this same passage where he depicts Henrietta, high-coloured and "lusty," with a big bush of black hair, in which she wore her husband's miniature, "from whom she soon was parted." It was nine years before the parting came, and she may well have worn the miniature long afterwards, till his closing cruelty embittered her. Henrietta long afterwards detailed to Shenstone the tragic death of this same Dalton, presumably through a romantic duel or suicide, which occurred in June 1751. She speaks of "the untimely death of poor Mr. Dalton, who had all the merit a man can have, and is murdered by his friend," and she adds in her postscript, "I think I never could forgive myself if I had been the cause (though the papers call it innocent) of Mr. Dalton's death, as Miss G—n was by her foolish action in giving the snuff-box *he had given* her to Mr. Paul. Mr. Dalton's father had but one other child than this which is now killed, and he was drowned last year in a ship that sunk in bringing him from abroad. This (whose death is now recent) *was a young man of great learning, great good nature, great honour and sobriety*, and a most genteel behaviour. It was he who acted so well the top part in the play Miss Patty and Mr. Meredith[1] acted at London."[2] It is evident then that fifteen years after the occurrence, whatever it was, that severed Henrietta from her husband, the Hertfords' own relations were friendly to him, although Lady Hertford's name had also been linked with his in the scandalous chronicle. Lady Hertford's husband was now dead, but to the last he had loved his wife and esteemed her sworn intimate—as we glean from the latter's correspondence with Shenstone. And moreover, although this correspondence is reticent as to her family affairs, Shenstone is evidently aware of the

[1] Relations of Lady Hertford's husband.

[2] Lady Luxborough's Letters, pp. 271–3.

causes that had isolated her; for, in her long discussion with him as to the shape of the monument erected in her garden to the honour of the dead poet, Somerville, in 1749, she explains as one reason for having "the whole seem plain and not costly," that it means "no more than my esteem for him as a worthy man and a good poet, who had honoured me with his friendship; *but I would ward against the foolish and the censorious, who might be capable of forging several such ridiculous reasons* (*notwithstanding his age and every other circumstance*) *that might draw on a reproach upon me for paying this tribute to his memory; and although I am in no sort afraid of unjust censure, yet I have suffered too much by it not to be cautious. . . .*"[1] And in another of these letters she afterwards ejaculates: "We are all born to suffer affliction, and I have had a large share, but I sincerely protest that none has ever been felt by me so much as those which have befallen my friends, and, as if that were well known to my evil star, it sheds its influence over most of those persons I have an affection for; I pray God it may not reach you!"

The prevailing note of this correspondence is absolute candour. Is it likely that in face of her advancing years, and to such a recipient, she would have addressed such evidently heartfelt assurances, if this unfortunate affair had been unexaggerated by the gossip of malicious tongues. As early as 1728, "that rascal" Lovel ("Tom Coke") had spread evil rumours about her, which her brother characteristically advised her to repel by contempt. Her brother Jack writes in the June of 1736 to his brother-in-law with after-wisdom.[2] "It gave him greater occasion than surprise"; "It must have been pritty (*sic*) publick," and so forth. Bolingbroke himself was pained and ashamed. He several times addresses his brother-in-law with great reserve, but in the most sympathetic strain. Whatever the mysterious indiscretion may have been, its exaggeration, or perversion, had become the talk of the town. His great desire was to avoid an *éclat*.

But he also exhibited the warmest interest in his unfortunate sister. His father consulted him as to whether she should be allowed to visit her dear aunt Cholmondely, who longed to see her before she died,[3] or her husband's kinsman, Sir Peter Soames. Bolingbroke was against either course. It would only set the scandalmongers talk-

[1] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 176.
[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 99.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 125.

ing again, and revive the disgrace. Meanwhile one of her daughters had been entrusted to that father's care. "Old Frumps,"[1] as his family irreverently named him, with his feigned maladies, his hysterical ill-temper, his annual tyranny of birthday feasts, and his octogenarian avarice, was not likely to behave well. "For what," irreverently ejaculates Jack, "signifies an old fool being wrong-headed!" After a few months he declined the charge on the plea of his great age.[2] He afterwards quarrelled even with Knight about the money matters involved in the separation; and both these occurrences excited Bolingbroke's just indignation. Henrietta, despite this maltreatment, mentions him with loving respect. She thanks him for the "pint of citron water" and "usquebaugh"[3] (the Battersea folk seem to have been great at recipes, for Bolingbroke had long before mentioned the "pickled melon"). She is "his most dutiful daughter." In the same letter she has offered to receive her husband's niece, while the small-pox is raging in her neighbourhood, but has been denied. She still speaks warm-heartedly of her husband. "Wherever he goes, I wish him his health and happiness."[4] She was embroidering a "pulpit cloth" with his and her "arms" interwoven.[5] But she pines for "her dear children." The boy was under a French tutor;[6] but shortly afterwards the girl is ill, and must have given the poor mother, in her enforced absence, the keenest anxiety. For both daughter and son, her equally absent brother evinces the most considerate care.[7]

In 1736 her beloved mother was gradually sinking. Even Lord St. John tells Knight that he "will lose a virtuous and good wife, and you a good relation and friend."[8] Calamities were pouring upon her.

Whatever Henrietta's isolated fault had been, she was bitterly punished for it. She was deprived of her children, who would certainly never have been harmed by the character exhibited in the Shenstone Letters. The lawyers drew up the separation deed, for two settlements were concerned. She was assigned the dwelling-house of Barrells, the Knights' smaller seat in Warwickshire, near Henley-in-Arden (as Henrietta characteristically observes to her father in a postscript, ". . . Arden being an old Saxon

[1] *Cf.* B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 130. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 106. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 125.
[4] *Ibid.*, f. 117, and *cf.* her father's expressions of her kind feelings towards Knight in a letter to him, f. 113.
[5] *Ibid.*, f. 115. [6] M. Gaillardy. [7] *Ibid.*, f. 119. [8] *Ibid.*, f. 115.

word for a wood"[1]). But she was banished to almost solitary confinement. She was under penalty not to travel out of England, or within twenty miles of London, or on the Bath Road, where the Hertfords lived.[2] It was practically a sentence of perpetual exclusion. Nor was she to be permitted to let her London house without paying a fine.[3] Knight, however, agreed to allow his wife an annuity, but this again was called in question, on Lord St. John's death in the spring of 1742.[4] She was placed in a more independent position by her brother Holles' bequests in 1738. But the lawyers repeatedly intervened. Brother "Jack" too wrote abusively that he "had lay'd that turbulent spirit of hers, that fire of straw that is soon light and soon put out."[5]

Though she might not visit the Hertfords, she communicated with them, and both she and Lady Hertford became admirers of Somerville, whose work "The Chace" attracted great attention. Of the Countess, Thomson had already sung :—

> "O Hertford, fitted orb to shine in Courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
> Which thy own season paints, when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent like thee."

Somerville celebrated her as "Asteria," the name employed by Shenstone in celebrating Henrietta.

Lady Hertford's own compositions may be estimated by those included in Hull's "Selected Letters of Ladies of Quality" (1778), which comprise some of Henrietta's also. They are pensive, earnest, and refined.[6] Of Henrietta's life at Barrells her correspondence with Shenstone affords a graphic presentment. She gave herself, like her brother, to friendship, to literature, and to gardening, in which she strove to emulate Shenstone's model, "The Leasowes." She sits with her few friends—Mr. Outing, Mr. Allen, Mr. Hall—by her "chimney corner." She longs for the letters from her poet, slow and uncertain on the bad roads in the rainy weather. She

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 117.
[2] *Ibid.*, f. 111.
[3] *Cf.* Lady Luxborough's Letters.
[4] *Ibid.*, ff. 137–142.
[5] *Ibid.*, f. 104 (Sept. 28, 1736), and *cf.* the covert allusion of Cory, Lord Essex's agent (July 12, 1735), where he styles without naming her, "a barrel of gunpowder with match lighted." B.M. Add. MS., 27738, f. 222. Essex had apparently been asked to be one of her trustees.
[6] *Cf. ante*, p. 355, for a specimen.

is quick and irregular in her habits; she writes at every hour of the night. She designs votive urns and memorial inscriptions; she cares for and sympathises with her servants and dependents. She resumes her affectionate correspondence with her illustrious brother who has returned to his ancestral roof-tree, where she visits him. That brother had reconciled the brother-in-law he loved to the sister he cherished in 1743. It was the happiest moment of his life to finish "entirely and amicably an affair which it is important for you as well as her to finish and bury in silence."[1] But alas! the re-adjustment seems only to have extended to the money squabbles, for that husband shortly afterwards continued to keep the then Lady Luxborough at a chilling distance. He subsequently, as we have noticed in our History, bullied their daughter and estranged their son from his mother.[2] Had it not been for Bolingbroke's short revisit to France she would have seen him at Barrells that very summer.[3] In the same year, too, Mr. Knight the elder was absolved, and was able to come home after more than twenty years' exile. Henrietta immediately penned him a generous and feeling communication, entreating him to use Barrells as his own—which it rightfully was. "Madam," replied the old curmudgeon from London on June 5, "I have received your letter, but your conduct towards my son has been such that it does not admit of any correspondence between us."[4] Hard usage on every side but that of her brother's unswerving devotion! Her last years at Barrells passed much as we have indicated. She is lonely and busy, interested and sympathetic. Of her terse epitaphs and tasteful urns the tablet to her brother in St. Mary's, Battersea, may still serve as an example. She longs for her "Cynthio's" intellectual companionship. She drives over to the Leasowes for breakfast despite wind and weather. She forwards her Duchess's letters for him to read, and anxiously awaits his green book of compositions in return. Or she sends him works on architecture, and joins with him in detestation of the sham Gothic affected by their neighbour, Mr. Millar. She paints her study with stone-coloured reliefs, as her brother had done long ago at Dawley; his bust, in the same stone-coloured stucco, decorates it, as Pope's adorned Shenstone's. Of Pope's baseness and treachery to her brother, as well as of that brother's long forbearance, she drops the most direct evi-

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 143.
[2] *Cf.* also Hull, vol. i. pp. 151, 156.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 145.
[4] *Ibid.*, ff. 145, 146.

dence that we possess, as also of "his little peevish temper."[1] She is excited by Gray's "Elegy." She herself indites verses, some of which were published by Dodsley in 1757. She delights in Fielding. She reprobates the publication by Smollett of Lady Vane's shameless recital, for Lady Vane she had known in her prime when she had known everybody. She owns her want of economy, and laughs at it. She is busied with the hay and the harvest. She is curious after every new fashion, whether the vogue of pewter-work or the "Pantin" wire-doll. Remote from the town gaieties, which had palled upon her, she was content to look at the London rendezvous through "optical glasses." Constantly ailing, weakened in sight and with growing deafness, she is repeatedly helping and caring for others; forgetting herself and her harsh treatment, she remains indefatigable in energy and in friendship, planting, arranging, building, conversing. For she had still good friends around her, though the ladies mentioned are ominously few. Among these are her favourite Merediths, who fly from London to console and enliven her; Mrs. Dewes, the sister of Mrs. Delany; Mrs. Davis, whom she herself cheers in her widowhood; Miss Dolman, Mrs. Outing, the wife of her factotum; and Mrs. Reynalds, the wife of her ally, "Jackie," Shenstone's friend. Among the men are the hospitable Lord Archer, who, however, prefers London to the rural desert; Sir Peter Soames, "Jackie" Reynalds, Mr. Holyoak, Dr. Wall, and a soldier cousin of her own. But, above all, she was solaced by a visit from her own daughter, Mrs. Wymondefold, with whom she had never been under the same roof since she was six years old, in 1736. With Mr. Wymondefold she had only hitherto been acquainted by correspondence, and thought him sensible. No wonder that she sighs, "But my case is peculiar."[2] For that daughter's sake she had let her house and defied the fine which Lord Luxborough rigorously exacted. Her son Henry she had seldom seen; he was now just married,[3] and came with his wife and father, who seems to have changed his softer nature into relentlessness and flinty avarice, to her neighbourhood in the autumn of 1750. Lady Hertford had entertained a bad opinion of him from the first.[4] "I shall be curious," sighs the poor lady—who had once been so fêted and caressed on both sides of the

[1] Lady Luxborough's Letters, pp. 104, 159.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 103.
[3] To a daughter of Thomas Heath, of Stansted, Essex.
[4] Hull, vol. i. p. 109

Channel—"I shall be curious to know how the two latter will behave by me; and besides, I would keep a garrison at Barrells, for I believe they have all three a longing eye towards it." But she joyfully adds, ". . . I have hopes of seeing my brother Bolingbroke, but do not mention it yet. . . ."[1]

He remained desolated by the death of his wife in the preceding March, and his "vast affliction" is recorded by the sorrowing sister. She sends messengers to London to see him. Not long before Lady Bolingbroke's last illness had assumed so grave a phase, he had sent Henrietta some fine melon seeds and lettuce, as appears from our appended correspondence. Her receipt of them finds its place in these letters to Shenstone. In like manner the letter in our own series which announces his dangerous illness and pathetically implores her presence, with an offer of a coach and horses to meet her, finds its answer in this Shenstone Collection. She was herself a prisoner in her sick-room at the time. ". . . I cannot write much more," she says, "yet must tell you one secret which nobody in this neighbourhood knows, viz., that my brother Bolingbroke is to send a set of horses from Battersea on Saturday next to fetch me to him. He would have had me come sooner (as being his only comfort) if I had been able. . . . I must be dying if I do not."[2] It had been her intense hope that he might yet share her "hermitage." That hope he, too, indulged till the end; but the end came more suddenly than either of them supposed. By his death she was bereft of her only prop and dearest friend. After his death she sent Shenstone a "Life" of him.[3] We have not discovered by whom this "Life" was written. She lived to bemoan Mrs. Wymondefold's[4] elopement with the Hon. Josiah Child, whom, however, she married immediately after her divorce. Her other daughter married a French count.[5]

Her favourite season had ever been autumn. She was to die in the spring. In March 1756 she contracted a feverish cold. At the close of the month she expired.

Her friend Holyoak (both doctor and parson), after relating that she took the Sacrament "with great devo-

[1] Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 224.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 287. For other details of her latter intercourse with Bolingbroke *cf. ante*, pp. 394–397.
[3] In 1752. *Cf. ibid.*, p. 308. For it, *cf.* our "Addendum."
[4] For the discovery of this scandal *cf.* Hull, vol. i. p. 151.
[5] Dict. Nat. Biog.

tion," thus concludes his account of her death: ". . . The night before she died I read the Recommendatory Prayer to her, and I hope she is perfectly happy, though she had so great troubles and afflictions in this life. . . . Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Outing have been with Lady Luxborough all her illness, which I am very glad of. Lord Luxborough is expected at Barrells to morrow, to give orders about the funeral. . . ."

So, after turmoil, entered into rest Henrietta, Lady Luxborough, more sinned against, whatever version we accept, than sinning. She was frank, unselfish, and generous. The same cannot certainly be said of those who cast the first stone.

# COLLECTED AND SELECTED CORRESPONDENCE

## PERIOD I.—FRANCE [EXCEPT DURING SUMMER 1723] UNTIL 1725

### I[1]

### To Madame de Ferriol

St. Clair,[2] 3 *Juin*, 1715.

Je ne suis pas, Madame, si avide de gloire que vous pensez; et bien loin de me sentir l'audace d'aspirer au caractère de philosophe, je connais les bornes que la nature m'a prescrites, et je m'y renferme. Le sage serait dans une solitude, tel que la mienne par son choix. Du haut de ces Montagnes, il jeterait des regards de mépris sur le pauvre monde; il le contemplerait sans se soucier de le pratiquer. Pour moi, je vous avoue, que je suis assez fou, pour être içi à contre cœur. La nécessité dans laquelle je me suis trouvé, de me bannir de Londres, m'a paru un commencement de malheur; et celle de quitter Paris, en a été assurément le comble. Voilà ce qui se passe dans le fonds de mon âme, mais je me garderai bien de donner aux esprits malins, ce triomphe qu'ils attendent. Mon chagrin ne paraîtra pas. Monsieur l'Abbé Tencin,[3] et Monsieur votre fils,[4] Madame, sont venus pendant les rogations se mortifier içi. Croyez-moi, la bonne politique ne vous engagera jamais, à cacher un aussi aimable jeune homme; et à la vue du fils on sentira toujours augmenter son admiration pour la mère. Il faut s'attendre à quelque peu d'enthousi-

[1] Grimoard, vol. ii. p. 492.

[2] Near Vienne, Dauphiné, left bank Rhone.

[3] Brother of the famous Mme. de Tencin, who was sister of Mme. de Ferriol, as to whom *cf. ante*, p. 76.

[4] Monsieur Pont de Vêle, who was known as Antoine de Ferriol, wrote comedies, and was "Lecteur du Roi."

asme, même dans le style épistolaire de M. Iberville.[1] Ce qu'il marque pourtant des affaires d'Angleterre est assez au piéd de la lettre ; nous en verrons bientôt le denouement. A mon particulier, je ne le trouverai pas heureux, à moins qu'il ne me donne l'occasion, de retourner à Paris. Il serait en verité dommage, de laisser rouiller, d'aussi beaux talents que ces de la reine votre sœur. Ayez je vous supplie Madame la bonté de l'assurer, que dans tous ses états, elle n'a pas un sujet plus fidèle, ou plus dévoué que je le suis. Adieu, Madame. Faites-moi je vous en conjure la justice d'être persuadée que je serai toute ma vie tout à vous.

## II[2]

### To George Clarke[3]

(Indorsed, received by him 1st July, N.S., at Paris).

Belle Vue, near Lyons, *June* 27, 1715.

I have received, sir, with very great pleasure the kind letter which you writ me on the 29th from Paris. It would have been still a greater to have been there when you arrived ; but the use, which I saw was intended to be made of my continuance anywhere near the Court of France, made me determine to move to this distance, as much on my friends' account as on my own. That I continue in their memory and good opinion, is the greatest support next to a conscience void of guilt, which a man in such circumstances as mine are, can wish to have. With these supports, I hope to wade through that Sea of troubles, into which I have been the first plung'd ; tho' I confess I do not see the shore on which one may hope to land. The temper of the people is certainly as you describe it to be. They speak loud enough to be heard, and plain enough to be understood. But I doubt one may add "*Est una vox omnium, magis odio firmata, quam præsidio.*"[4] I wait here

[1] French Chargé d'affaires in London.

[2] B.M. MS. Eg., 2618, f. 217.

[3] B. 1660, D. 1736. Brasenose Col., Oxford. Fellow All Souls. D.C.L. 1685. Moderate Tory Sec. War, 1694 to 1704. Judge-Ad.-Gen. to 1705. Sec. to Prince George of Denmark. In 1705 deprived of preferments, but appointed Joint Sec. to Admiralty. 1710 to 1714 Lord of Admiralty. Buried at All Souls, the Chapel and Buttery of which he restored and adorned. Was a virtuoso and designer. Was *hated by the Jacobites* (*v.* "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. ii. p. 13).

Earlier letters to Clarke will be found in B.M. Eg., 2618, ff. 209, 214, 215.

[4] This quotation is reiterated fifteen years afterwards in the *Craftsman*, No. 218.

the event of things and I suppose I shall not wait very long, since the last letters seem positive, that the report from the secret Committee, would be ready the 8th of our stile. Do me the favour to let me know, how long you continue at Paris, and whether you return directly from thence to London. I am with the utmost sincerity, sir, your most obedient and faithful servant.

BOLINGBROKE.

## III

### FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO HIS FATHER

24th *Jan.* 1716.[1]

. . . . Very sensibly. I never shall forget it. The ill season keeps me in this town.[2] I hope ere long to go to a friend's house about 20 leagues off, and to find in that neighbourhood some place to settle in, from whence I will not stir without a better reason than perhaps I shall ever have for removing. Wherever I am, I shall continue to be your. . . .

I present my humble service to your Lady.

## IV

### TO SIR WILLIAM WINDHAM

PARIS, *Sep.* 13, 1716.[3]

However this letter comes to your hands you are not to be surprised, since it will not be sent unless such measures are taken as will render the conveyance of it secure. A common friend of yours and mine who arrived some time ago in this country gave me hopes of seeing you here. In the first heat I flattered myself with so pleasing an expectation: but when I reflected on your past and present circumstances I began to despair, and yet, dear Willey, it would be of the utmost importance to you, to our friend, and to our country, if I could have an hour's conversation with you, and make you feel in discourse what must be very imperfectly and very faintly represented in a letter. Depend upon what I say to you, my dearest friend, nothing can be so desperate as the circumstance of affairs, nothing so miserable as the characters, nothing so weak as the

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 1. [2] Paris.

[3] Coxe, R. Walpole, App., vol. ii.; and *cf.* the reference to it in Stair's Letter of October 9, 1716. B.M. M.S., 229 (Stowe), f. 131.

measures; and whoever represents things in another light is guilty either of gross ignorance or of scandalous artifice. That ardent and sincere affection which I bear you, and which I shall carry to the grave along with me, exacts this admonition from me, and the rather, because the knowledge which I have of some part of what is doing, and the guess I make at the particulars, which I do not certainly know, incline me to think that I should not neglect a moment in so material an affair. If other persons speak another language, they have one of these two motives—either the heat of their temper or their ignorance of facts make them deceive themselves first and their friends afterwards; or else, having nothing left to lose, and by consequence nothing to hazard, they imagine it very lawful and very politick to expose as many as they can to the same situation as they are already in. Let me, therefore, conjure you, on no account whatever to enter into any measure till by some means or other we have contrived to meet, which I hope will not prove impracticable. Keep yourself till then absolutely independent of all engagements, and remember that the time will come when you will own this advice to be the truest instance of friendship which I can ever give you. I am not yet able to prescribe you a very secure way of writing to me; as soon as I am, you shall hear again from me. I send you no news from these parts; publick papers communicate publick occurrences. I will, however, mention two observations which I make and you will apply. The people who belong to S. Germain and Avignon were never more sanguine in appearance; and yet the King of Sweden is oppress'd, and the regent will undoubtedly throw himself *á corps perdu* into the King of England's interest.

[This letter contains a further paragraph, cautioning W. as to the use he should make of it and the safety of correspondence. It ends as follows: "September 17th. This letter comes to you sealed with an head and will go under our friend Jenning's cover." Jenning is James Craggs junior, whose Father was then Postmaster-General. The result was that it fell into the Government's hands. This is the letter mentioned by Lord Stair in a MS. letter to Robethon of the 9th October 1716 (B.M., 229; Stair's Papers, f. 131), where he says, "il travaille à une espéce de manifeste, pour le justifier d'avoir quitté le Prétendant, et pour ramener les Tories à leur devoir," &c. It was therefore, together with the letters sent through his secretary

Brinsden to England in April 1716,[1] a precursor of the famous "Letter to Windham," which was not published till 1754, though it had been privately printed in 1753, and had been shown to Lord Hardwicke in 1744 (B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 318), and probably to Lord Marchmont in 1740. See Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 230.]

## V

### To Lord Harcourt[2] (*who had married again*).

*24th July* 1717.

[The letter begins by acknowledging receipt of two letters, one dated 4th July, the other undated. He surmises that the dated letter precedes the undated, because it "refers to what you had writ concerning Sir Roger" (*Lord Oxford*).]

"I believe you will, upon reflection, think that I should make a wrong step in writing to that worthy person, so much as sending him my compliments. I must always look on my acquaintance with him as the great misfortune of my life, and the source from whence those waters of bitterness,[3] which I have drunk so largely of, have flow'd. That acquaintance is broke entirely, and any step which might give occasion of renewing it in any degree would doubtless be a false one. One advantage which I hope to draw from my exile—if ever I return to you—and it is a great one, seems to me to be the freedom I have gained by it, and by what has happened to me in it from several former engagements. Your sending the eldest of your two sons to Eaton makes me hope that his health is mended. It is late for him to go thither, unless he has been instructed according to the method of that school. I remember the pain it cost me to fall into that method, to vie with those in point of form who were behind me in knowledge of the latin tongue. Unless he has a good deal of spirit and ambition to get forward, you will find this same discouragement to him; for the little monkey, he may be turned to anything, and I hope you will keep him there till he is continued in the latin at least. Some of the best books in

[1] See Rapin's Hist. and Letter to Windham. Works, vol. ix. p. 242.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 2. Harcourt acted as prime intermediary in all the initial steps towards Bolingbroke's restoration. At this time Walpole and Townshend were approaching the "Uxbridge" Tories. Coxe, App., vol. ii. 78.

[3] This same expression is used by him in connection with Ormonde's misconduct of the Jacobite rising. Works, vol. ix. 235.

the world have been writ in that language; and, after all, he who cannot learn a thing in the original knows it but by Halves. I take it for granted that you are now at liberty for your attendance on Parliament.

## VI

### To Mme. de Ferriol[1]

Marcilly, 26 *Dec.* 1717.

[After thanking for the Maréchal D'Uxelles' present of tobacco and pipes, continues]—

Que vous êtes généreuse, Madame, en prenant part aussi vivement que vous le faîtes à ce qui regarde mes affaires de l'autre côté de l'eau. J'espère qu'elles pourront se raccommoder en peu de temps; s'il en arrive autrement j'y suis préparé.

[Sends compliments to Abbé de Tencin[2] and Marquis d'Argental, asks her "d'embrasser la chère Circasienne Aïsse."[3]]

## VII

### To Henrietta St. John, his Half-Sister (*who married Mr. R. Knight, Member for Sudbury, and eventually Lord Luxborough*).

(From Marcilly.) *Nov.* 1718.[4]

I have deferr'd by one incident or other writing to you, my dear girl, for several posts, which is not a fair proceeding with so punctual a correspondent as you are; but I hope to atone for the omission by scribbling to you now, tho' my eyes are almost out, and my fingers quite numb'd with the fatigue of writing almost two whole days together.[5] I shall send you my picture in little, done by the best hand that there is here, in my opinion.[6] I wish it may serve one time or other to put you in mind of something better than it can do at present. It will at all times put you in mind of one who loves you entirely. You are, I suppose, now att

[1] Grimoard, ii. 443.

[2] Mme. de F.'s younger son and Voltaire's friend. *V.* "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. ii. p. 78.

[3] For the kindly interest taken in this unfortunate lady, *v.* "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. ii. pp. 76, 94, 189.

[4] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, ff. 3 and 4.

[5] Probably the Letter to Pouilly.

[6] We conjecture Caylus.

London,[1] where I wish you all imaginable satisfaction. Adieu, my dear girl. Ever yours entirely. . . .

## VIII

(No date. 1718 (?)[2]).

I am extreamly oblig'd to you, my Dear Child, for rememb'ring me so kindly, when I am att so great distance, and you are in the midst of country jollity,[3] but I have always observ'd in you the symptoms of a good heart, and have therefore always loved you; for sentiment, in my opinion, is preferable to wit, and you have both. God knows whether I shall ever be so happy as to see you again; but the confidence you seem to have of it I will accept as a good omen. Adieu, my dear child. I am from the bottom of my soul and with the tenderest affection yours,

BOLINGBROKE.

## IX

### TO THE ABBÉ ALARI[4]

CE JEUDI AU SOIR[5] (1718?).

Vous serez de mise, mon cher M., en très peu de pays, et moins içi presentement qu'en tout autre.

> "Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes,
> Infrà se positas; extinctus amabitur idem."[6]

Voilà une très chétive consolation; les réflexions que la conversation d'aujourd'hui m'a fait faire, m'ont accompagné jusque dans ma retraite. Qui sait à quel point, la folie et la mauvaise volonté de ces gens peuvent aller? À peine Dieu, qui dit à la mer "tu iras jusques là et tu n'iras pas plus loin," en quelque chose de semblable y peut il prescrire des bornes. Je vous offrirai de partager ma fortune avec vous, si elle était ce qu'elle a été. Avec hardiesse telle qu'elle est, je vous l'offre avec affection. De la façon dont je pense, dogue comme je suis, il n'y'a pas grande apparence que je la raccommode. Il pourrait pourtant arriver

[1] Albemarle Street, where Lord St. John's town house was.
[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 5.
[3] At Lydiard.
[4] For Alari see "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. ii. p. 74, and *post*, p. 492, note 4. This was the period of the Cellamare conspiracy, in which he was momentarily disgraced.
[5] Grimoard, ii. 439.
[6] This quotation from Horace, Ep. II. i. 13, is quoted in the *Craftsman* (No. 73) of Nov. 25, 1727.

des cas dans lesquels tout inutile que je suis devenu, je ne laisserais pas de pouvoir vous rendre service. Servez-vous de moi, je vous en conjure, si telle chose arrive, et puisque je suis l'ami de Mme. de Villette ne me croyez pas tout indigne de l'avantage d'être bon à quelque chose à un homme de votre mérite. Personne ne sait que je vous écris, mais comme mon valet sera obligé. . . .

Here Mme. de Villette snatched the letter away and finished it herself.

## X

### [From a Letter to Madame de Ferriol, in which he thus mentions Alari (1718 .)] [1]

C'est un trés digne garçon, et capable de devenir un des ornements de son pays. Il y a peu de têtes si bien ornées, et peu de cœurs si bien plaçés. L'envie et la médisance l'ont déjà attaqué. Il a eu les faux esprits pour ennemis ; c'est une bonne marque. Les insectes rongent toujours les meilleurs fruits.

## XI

### Extracts from Letters to Mme. de Ferriol [2]

1.

*Fevrier* 27, 1718.

Il est assez difficile de décider ce qui peut ou ne peut pas arriver à un homme, né sous une étoile aussi capricieuse que celle de votre serviteur. Heureusement pour moi, j'ai assez d'indifférence pour les biens de la fortune. Quand ils se présentent j'en jouis comme si je ne pouvais pas m'en passer ; quand ils s'envolent, je m'en passe, comme si je ne les avais jamais connus.

2.

(Of fortune.)

De Marcilly,[3] 4 *Aout* 1718.

Elle a voulu que je fusse malheureux ; vous m'avez pris sous votre protection, et j'ai été heureux.

[1] Grimoard, ii. 460.
[2] *Ibid.*, 461.
[3] Grimoard, ii. 469.

3.

*To the Same.*

(Of Mme. de Villefranche's "dévotion.")

15 *Novre.* 1718.[1]

C'est l'ordinaire des gens qui passent leur vie dans une dissipation perpetuelle de corps et d'esprit. Ils trouvent tout à coup qu'il faut s'appuyer sur quelquechose; et comme ils n'ont pas de système formé, ils s'appuyent sur le premier qu'on leur présente et c'est d'ordinaire celui qui est à la mode dans leur pays.

## XII

### To Mme. de Ferriol

(Two Extracts concerning the death of the first Lady Bolingbroke.)

1.

23 *Nov.* 1718 (Marcilly).[2]

Il est vrai que Mme. de Bolingbroke est morte, mais je doute fort que son testament soit conformé à ce que M. Law vous en a dit.[3] Cela devrait être, parcequ'elle n'avait droit de disposer de rien, qu'en vertu des donations que je lui avais faîtes, et d'une main-levée de la confiscation des biens mobiliers,[4] que le Roi à ma considération et pour me les assurer, lui avait donnée. Ma mauvaise fortune se dément rarement; à force de patience et d'indifférence je viendrais peutêtre enfin à bout de la lasser.

2.

*To the Same.*

6*th Dec.* 1718 (Marcilly).[5]

. . . Il est sure, que j'ai beaucoup à me plaindre de la conduite de feue Mme. de Bolingbroke; et la différence entre retourner cette année en Angleterre, et y être retourné l'année passée, me reviendra a plusieurs centaines de mille francs. Elle a trompé le Roi, qui lui avait à ma considération accordé la main-levée d'une partie de la confiscation

[1] Grimoard, ii. 472. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 474, 476; vol. iii. p. 1.

[3] The famous adventurer and financier, who ruined half the best houses in France by the Mississippi crash of the following year. At this time he was well known to Bolingbroke. For Bolingbroke's loss *cf.* Index, "Lady B." and "Packer."

[4] The originals referring to these dispositions are to be found, B.M. Add MS., 36243, ff. 1 and 2. Among the effects the diamond ring given by Louis XIV. is mentioned. [5] Grimoard, ii. 478.

aussi bien que moi, qui avais tout mis sous son nom. Elle est morte dévote. Que la religion est une chose souple, qu'elle se prête à tout, qu'elle sanctifie tout quand elle est maniée par un habile directeur !

3.

*To the Same.*

15*th Jan.* 1719 (MARCILLY).

. . . Ceux qui ont conseillé Mme. de Bolingbroke, m'auront fait si je retourne en Angleterre, un mal très léger en comparaison de celui qu'ils ont fait à la mémoire de la défunte.

## XIII

*To the Same.*

(Extract concerning negotiations for his return.)

21*st Dec.* 1718 (MARCILLY).

. . . Il parâit que la cour est assez la maîtresse chez nous, et par conséquent que mon retour ne dépend plus que de la disposition des ministères. Il ne m'est pas permis de douter de celle de Sa Majesté.

## XIV

TO THE ABBÉ ALARI[1]

(Extract concerning classical quotations for Stanhope's use on Peerage Bill.)

(MARCILLY.) CE DIMANCHE, *Fevrier* 1719.

. . . Apportez un Saluste dans votre poche, ou bien, ce qui sera la même chose pour moi, prenez la peine de transcrire un passage, que ma mémoire ne retient qu'imparfaitement. C'est dans un harangue de Marius au peuple, et par conséquent dans la guerre Jugurthine.[2] Il se déchaîne contre la Noblesse, et glose sur leur peu de capacité pour la guerre, dont ils ne savent, dit-il, que ce qu'ils apprennent dans les livres qu'ils lisent, en allant à l'armée qu'ils sont nommés pour commander. Jetez l'œil sur Plutarque, cela suffit sans chercher ailleurs, et tâchez me dire où Lucullus avait servi, et dans quelles occasions il avait commandé, avant de se trouver à la tête

[1] Grimoard, iii. p. 3.

[2] This tirade of Marius was used by Windham in the Parliamentary debate, February 3, 1734, on the deprivation of Cobham's Commission.

de l'armée Romaine dans la guerre Mithridatique, dont Pompée, selons le louable coutume, lui en leva la gloire. N'avait-il pas été questeur de Sylla dans l'orient? N'y a t'il pas un endroit dans Cicéron (voyez ses Tusculanes) où le bon Pédant prétend que Scipion et Lucullus s'etaient formés en tant que Généraux sur les écrits de Xénophon.[1] Je vous avais prié, de faire un compliment à l'Abbé de Vertot,[2] et de lui demander des éclaircissemens sur la manière de remplir le Sénat de Rome. Avez vous reçu sa réponse? Je devine l'usage que Stanhope[3] veut faire de ce trait d'histoire et le temps approche; ainsi je souhaiterais pouvoir le lui envoyer. En rappelant mes idées sur ce sujet je crois pouvoir rendre raison de ce qu'il demande. J'ai même consulté Pighius[4] que j'ai içi depuis deux ou trois jours, et je trouve la confirmation de ce que j'avais pensé. Mais dans ces occasions il est bon de consulter les originaux, et je n'ai point de livres. . . . (*The letter concludes with an assurance that as he is shortly to meet "'Rève' et autres gens de même etoffe," he will do what he can for the investment of Alari's money.*)

## XV

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[5]

*July* 16, 1719. (Marcilly.)

I am glad, my dear girl, that you have received the little toilette which I sent you by Coll. Crosby. The present is proportionable to the circumstances of a proscribed man, and I am more obliged for your receiving it in the manner you do than you are to me for making it. I wish you cooler weather at Lidiard than we have here, where the heats are more violent than any I ever felt. Gardner is att Paris, and that is a place which I see as little as I can. Otherwise I should be questioning him about you, since he is your squire. Adieu, my dear girl. God knows whether we shall ever meet. Whatever becomes of me, be assur'd that I shall live and die most faithfully and affectionately yours. Make my humble services acceptable to your mamma.[6]

[1] Bolingbroke remarked of Marlborough that he had never read Xenophon. *Cf.* "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. i. p. 52, note 1. See the whole passage, Works, vol. viii. p. 23.

[2] The historian "des Revolutions romaines."

[3] Charles Stanhope met Bolingbroke in Paris during the year 1718. See Marchmont Diary, p. 13. These classical inquiries are doubtless partly for the purpose of furnishing him with arguments on Sunderland's Peerage Bill.

[4] Learned commentator; died 1604.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 6.

[6] His stepmother.

## XVI

### To Madame de Ferriol

(Extract concerning the first mention of Voltaire.[1])

*Summer*, 1719 (?). (Marcilly.).

. . . Je vous serai très obligé, ma chère Madame, de la lecture que vous voulez bien me procurer de la tragédie de M. Arouet.[2] Si je n'avais pas entendu parler avec éloge de cette pièce, je ne laisserais pas d'avoir une grande impatience de la lire. Celui qui débute, en chaussant le cothurne par joûter contre un tel original que M. Corneille, fait une entreprise fort hardie, et peutêtre plus sensée qu'on ne peut communement. Je ne doute pas qu'on n'ait appliqué à M. Arouet, ce que M. Corneille met dans la bouche du Cid. En effet son mérite n'a pas attendu le nombre des années, et son coup d'essai passe pour un coup de maître.

## XVII

### To Alari[3]

(The first indications of B.'s serious study of philosophy.)

Marcilly, 1 *Juillet* 1719.

. . . Je ne fais que commencer, et ni la considération du temps que j'ai perdu, ni celle d'une santé qui est forte usée, ne sont capables de me décourager.

"Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultrà."

. . . De la façon dont je pense, et de la façon dont la fortune pense pour moi il y a toute apparence que je passerai le reste de mes jours dans la solitude, peutêtre dans celle où je me trouve actuellement. J'ose vous promettre par avance, que je n'y regretterai jamais la perte de la fortune, dans laquelle je suis né, et encore moins la perte de celle à laquelle j'aspirais autrefois.

## XVIII

### To Madame de Ferriol[4]

(Extract respecting improvements towards end of stay at Marcilly.)

20 *Juillet* 1719.

L'architecture de Marcilly est très peu de chose. On n'y fait que des projets convenables à gens, qui cherchent la

[1] Grimoard, vol. iii. 7.
[2] Voltaire's *Œdipe*. It had just been printed in 1718. In 1719 it enjoyed a run of forty-five nights.
[3] Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 3.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 36.

simplicité et la frugalité par raison. . . . Je suis tres sensiblement obligé à M. le Comte de Peterborough, de la continuation de son amitié.

## XIX

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[1]

(La Source.) 25 *Nov.* 1719.

Ceux qui vous disent, ma chère enfant, que je parle de vous avec tendresse, ne vous trompent point et je parle comme je pense ; car quoyque vous soyez fort aimable à ce que les personnes qui viennent de votre pays m'assurent, ces personnes ne vous connoissent pas par un si bel endroit que moi. Je vous connois par la bonté du cœur et la constance des sentiments. Vous ne m'avez jamais manqué un moment dans toute la variété de mauvaise fortune que j'ay en à essuyer. Comtez aussi que je ne vous manqueray jamais. Il est vrai qu'il y a actuellement sur le métier la plus jolie étoffe du monde, mais ce n'est pas a moy que vous en aurez l'obligation. C'est à une personne qui vous aime beaucoup sans vous connoître,[2] par tout ce que je luy ay dit et pas tout ce que luy est revenu de vous. Adieu, ma chère Henriette. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. (This letter is sealed with the head of a Greek philosopher.)

## XX

### To the Same[3]

(The first mention of his marriage. From himself and his wife. Addressed "for Miss Harriet.")

20 *Dec.* 1719. (La Source.)

You are neither of an age nor a sex to practise much philosophy ; and if you was, my commendations would not deserve to put you to that tryal. I have long taken it kindly of you that I never found any variation in your sentiments for me, and I never will forget it, for it is an excellent character as well as a rare one. I thank you for the joy which you express att my good luck. It is really such, for I sought it not. If I can return to you, it will be

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 7.
[2] The first mention of the second Lady Bolingbroke.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 9.

a great satisfaction to me. If your publick misfortunes, for such they are, hinder me, att least you shall partake in my good fortune, for you was good-natur'd enough to take a share in my bad. I don't know whether you will be half so pleased to wear the stuff which is making for you, as the person who has ordered it will be pleased in sending it you. She expects your picture, and hopes you will sit still that it may be well drawn. She bids me assure you that she loves you extreamly. I am glad to hear that Br[insden][1] is so great a Beau. He made but a scurvy stock-jobber[2] here. Adieu, dear girl. Ever faithfully yours . . .

(From "Marcilly de Villette")

M. vostre frère m'assure, Mdlle., que je puis prendre avec vous la liberté de vous dire moy-même dans sa lettre le plaisir que je me feray d'estre vostre commissionaire en ce pays ci. Je me suis constituée vostre dame d'atour, pour la première feste qu'il y aura à vostre cour. Mande moi, je vous supplie, quel jour elle sera à fin que je puisse remplir dignement ma charge. (Asks, "Quelle sorte de coiffure les personnes de vostre âge portent?" says the French ribbons are prettier than the English, and that there are "jolies fleurs contrefaites." An insignificant *P.S.* follows.)

## XXI

### Extract from a Letter to Alari[3]

Aix, 17*ième May* 1720.

. . . . J'ai trouvé à la fin, une habitation, un chez-moi, où j'irai dès que je serai de retour en France. C'est une retraite où la Nature a beaucoup fait, et où je m'amuserai à la seconder par l'art. [In a following letter to Mme. de Ferriol, Aix, 29th May 1720, he alludes to the Duke of la Force's visit to England, to compliment the king on his reconciliation with the Prince of Wales. And he asks her to lend Ablon, four leagues from Paris, on the left bank of the Seine, since he may wish on his return from Aix to receive some of his countrymen for a fortnight in Paris before going to "La Source."]

[1] His secretary, who was over in England for a few months.
[2] In Law's bubbles.
[3] Grimoard, iii. 49.

## XXII

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[1]

(Marcilly-?) *July 23rd*, 1720.

I received the other day two pleasures at once which touched me very sensibly. The arrival of my B[rinsden] and your letter. I am too just, my dear girl, not to be perswaded of your sincerity, and therefore I take all the expressions which flow from your pen to flow from your heart. Be just in your turn, and be perswaded that I love you entirely. When I may be able to tell you so by word of mouth, I know not. My merit falls very short of what your friendship for me represents it to your imagination; but such as it is, whether it will keep me out or bring me home, is perhaps very uncertain. In the first case, my principal and almost my only concern, will be the absence from my family, and the impossibility of doing it much service. All other considerations weigh little with one. French fashions of all sorts are, I find, in vogue amongst you, and English ladys stock job as well as French. I wish you may have better fortune than the greatest number have had here, where losses have been real and most of the gain imaginary. Me. de V. writes herself by this post, as I did by the last to milord. We do not at all despair of licking our young cub into form very soon.[2] The truth is, he is extreamly raw, but he seems to have docility and parts enough to make an honest man. Provided he comes to have what is essential to a good character, I shall be very indifferent whether he has the trappings and ornaments of it or no. Melle. Haillé[3] is too young and too handsome to take for her master a dull retir'd fellow as I am. I seldom go into the world, and she must have stronger temptations than I have to offer to call her out of it. My compliments pray to Mrs. Gower, as well as to her husband, and thank them both for those marks of their remembrance which I have sometimes received. I have not yet seen the young man who came

[1] B.M., Add. MS., 34196, f. 11.

[2] About this time Lord St. John, as was his wont, had sent over some relation, who was possibly his own youngest son, Holles, to be educated by his son! This was the first of several occasions on which Bolingbroke undertook the education of others. The zeal, the discrimination, and the insight with which he approached such tasks will appear from subsequent letters.

[3] A governess in the St. John family.

over with Jack.[1] I thought proper to give him three or four days to turn himself round at Paris. To-morrow or next day your brother shall go over and bring him hither, &c., &c.

## XXIII

### To his Father and Step-Mother, Lord and Lady St. John[2]

*(Respecting this young man's education.)*

Marcilly, 12*th Aug.* 1720.

[After his return from a journey "to see how forward the country habitation I am fitting up is," he finds her letter of the 14th July].

I am very glad you approve the method I propose to take with my young man. If we cannot make him book learn'd, we will endeavour to give him principles of virtue and honour, such a fund of knowledge as may enable him to be useful in his generation,[3] and that manner which can only be acquir'd by frequenting people of sense and breeding, and which gives a grace and casts a lustre on all the actions of life. He is so well and the weather so cool that I know not whether I shall not put him to the Academy sooner than I intended; but tho' he loses little time here, yet he will lose less there, as I have ordered things.

Besides the masters, which the Academy affords, I intend that M. de Lisle, the King's Geographer, and who besides that is a very excellent Historian, shall spend several hours in the week with him. There are two persons and friends of mine, excellent scholars, who have promised me to visit him two or three times a week. One of these is an ancient man, who has passed his whole time in the education of youth. The other is not seven years older than my *éléve*, and is perhaps the most extraordinary genius in Europe.[4] You may judge of his character by this, that they have taken him out of his garret, without any application but that which his merit made for him, to put him about the young King.

[1] His eldest half-brother, afterwards Lord St. John. It would appear from subsequent intimations that some of the late Lady Bolingbroke's Berkshire property had been left under his charge. [2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 12.

[3] A favourite expression; he has before used it of his brother in his "Political Correspondence."

[4] The Abbé Pierre Alari, to whose friendship with Bolingbroke the preservation of most of Grimoard's letters is due. He aided Bolingbroke most materially in his historical and philosophical studies. At this time he was not twenty-five years old. He founded the Entresol Club, was Louis XV.'s sub-Precepteur, and was esteemed and protected by Cardinal Fleury. He died shortly before the French Revolution. Grimoard himself was connected with the Caylus family.

There are some people of the world, who will call on him at the Academy sometimes and carry him abroad.[1]

I shall not much care that he go out with any others, because with these he will have as much diversion as it is fit for him to take, and will certainly see no company but the best. Thus his whole time will be well and usefully employed, and I doubt not you will find him vastly improved in a short time. The person you mention[2] and her relation[3] have had sufficient reason to be convinced of the infinite bad consequence, which has flow'd from their former behaviour to particular persons,[4] and which has created or at least increased a leaven, which might by this time have been worn out, and which instead of that is likely to sower the whole lump to future generations. The language is changed, I hope the manner of thinking is too. The treatment which your G.[5] met with was inhumane, and worse towards you, all things considered, than towards him. Mme. de V. is extreamly thankful to you for your kind remembrance, and desires you to accept, &c.

Just as I had finished this letter, yours of the 24th came into my hand.

. . . Daily observation on myself as well as others convinces me how important it is to particular familys and even to human society, that a moment, if possible, should not be lost nor the least advantage be neglected in the education of youth. An excellent education is preferable to everything which the indulgence of Parents can do for their Children. The allowance of £500 a year is full enough, and I am perswaded he feels as he ought to do your goodness and generosity towards him. Be pleased not to remit any money on this account. I'll furnish everything necessary for him, and it will be time enough hereafter to consider how and where that shall be pay'd. I have not heard from Mr. Knight[6] since he was here. He is in the midst of the amusements of Paris, but in good company, and, as I believe, in a good manner, for he is a very pretty youth. I am extreamly obliged to you for the prospect,[7] with which you make the im-

[1] Probably the friends of Marquis de Matignon, Comte de Gâce, Mme. de Villette's kinsman, through whom Bolingbroke made Alari's acquaintance.

[2] Duchess of Marlborough. At this very time her youngest daughter was in Paris under the auspices of the Berwicks, and had probably met Bolingbroke.

[3] Sunderland (?)

[4] Oxford and himself.

[5] His half-brother, George St. John, who died abroad in 1716 neglected by the Marlboroughs. See "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

[6] His future brother-in-law, son of the S.S. Company's cashier, one of whose family estates was "Barrells" in Warwickshire.

[7] *i.e.* his return.

provements at Battersea. What the month of May will produce is, I fear, very uncertain. Past events have taught me to depend so little upon that expectation that I proceed in fitting up my country house, where I hope to pass the winter and wait in peace and quiet till these storms which we see, and those which we may apprehend, blow over. Nothing is so disagreeable as an eternal uncertainty in one's situation, and I must think that I ought not to have been left in it so long. But I shall go on for my own sake to act the part which becomes me without any regard to the behaviour of other people. I say nothing either to your Lordship or to my Lady from our young man who writes himself to you, but conclude this long letter by repeating the most sincere assurances of being

Your . . . .

## XXIV

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[1]

[*Extract.*]

(La Source.) *Nov.* 2, 1720.

. . . I neglect nothing to improve my pupil, both as to body and mind. He may think my government a little hard att first. It will grow lighter as he grows more and more into the knowledge of men and of things. He is precisely att that age and in that situation where people generally form the habits which last their lives, and decide of their characters in good or evil. I have put a gentleman whom I can rely upon to live in the Academy with him. . . . If he was born a Prince he would have more state, but he could not have more advantages for real improvement than he now has. I shall take a turn to Paris in a few days to see what use he makes of them. If you think me a good Tutor, I hope you will make haste and bring me another pupil before I grow old and good for nothing. I would not, however, have you make more haste than good speed. A man of a narrow fortune, a mean birth or a bad Character, shall never by my consent have you thrown away upon him, and I daresay Milord and Lady think as I do upon this subject. You seem so perfectly idle in England that if I could send an enchanted boat, like that of Armida, to Battersea Stairs, you should sail down the Thames, cross the Sea, and up the Loire in a trice and land in my Park; where, in the most beautiful place that ever Nature adorned, you would find the tenderest

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 14.

welcome. This image flatters me so agreably that I would dwell longer upon it if I could hope to think it into reality and practice. You will receive a letter from Mme. de V. so that I am charged with no compliments from her. Adieu, my dear girl. I love you with all my soul.

## XXV

### To Marquis D'Argental[1]

[*Extract.*]

Paris, Jeudi Soir, *Janvr.* 1721.

[Begins by regretting "Can't dine at Rue Jacob[2] owing to rheumatism—terms him "mon cher Conseiller."]

Adieu . . . ne perdez pas de vue, l'Histoire de France, des Nations voisines et de l'Église de Rome; le droit de gens, et cette jurisprudence universelle que nos pères etudiaient et que les modernes, plus spirituels ont abandonnés pour les *bêtes* de la Motte et les Bergers de Fontenelle.

## XXVI

### To the Same[3]

(La Source.) *6th March* 1721.

I am very sorry to hear that you have had so long a fitt of illness, and wish a perfect recovery may have followed it. I have too good an opinion of you to imagine that without any reason for it you should change your sentiments for me. Mine for you, my dear girl, shall never alter. Mme. de V. has been a good deal afflicted with an illness which attacks her often. She suffered very violent pain this time, but she did not suffer so long as usual. She makes you compliments herself, so that I have none to make you from her. I am glad to hear there is so much mirth stirring in a country which seems to have so little reason for it. The nation I am in passes for as dancing and as singing a people as any under the sun, and yet a thread of much such adventures as you have had in England has sour'd all their good humour, and Paris has become as little amusing as Amsterdam. The project of the enchanted boat is a little too wild to be entertained above a minute or two, and I wish the hopes of meeting in the country where you are may be much better founded.

[1] Grimoard, iii. 60, and *cf. ante*, p. 76. [2] Marquis de Matignon's.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 16. In the previous December he has written to Madame de F., "Je compte fort sur la promesse de M. Schaub" to advise him directly his lot ("Sort") should be determined. Carteret was probably helping him with the King. In this letter he terms the Marquise "Madame de la Source." *Cf.* Grimoard, iii. 57.

Wherever you are and wherever I am, I shall allways be with the utmost affection and kindness, my dear,

Faithfully your's.

(A *P.S.* in French from Marcilly de Villette follows. It says that their ignorance of Miss St. John's ill-health has spared them both anxiety, hopes she may soon take part in the "divertissements de vostre cour," and touches on the general monetary derangement. In a former note Bolingbroke mentions the effect of Lord Stanhope's sudden death on Spain.)

## XXVII

### To Mme. de Ferriol[1]

De "La Source," 14 *Mars* 1721.

[The letter, after mentioning J. Craggs'[2] serious illness with regret, says that he has suffered from "mal de cœur," "que je n'avais pas eu le sentiment d'avoir mérité.]

Il est très difficile de dire, dans la situation présente des affaires d'Angleterre, ce qui nuira, et ce qui rendra service. Sunderland est encore à la tête des Finances, mais c'est Walpole qui est en effet le Ministère, et il aura la charge à la fin de la séance. (He ends by saying that the Marquise may accompany her to Paris, but that he will remain at La Source.)

*P.S.*—(To Argental).

" . . . . Mais le seul mot de Politique, fait sur moi le même effet, que fait sur les chiens les sons des grelots, qu'on attache au fouet avec lequel on les chasse des Chambres. (He thanks for map of Hannibal's march—says " L'Abbé de Thonlieu 'est gros et gras'").

## XXVIII

### Two Latin Quotations from Letters to Alari of 18th April and 18th May 1721[3]

1.

"Amo delicias doctamque quietem."[4]

2.

"A quo incepto studio me ambitio mala, detinuerat."

[1] Grimoard, iii. 74.

[2] C'est un très bon garçon très capable de reconnaissance et d'amitié. C. had expired of smallpox, it was even whispered by suicide, on the South Sea exposure, and was succeeded as secretary by Carteret, who was hailed by George I. as a deliverer from oligarchy.

[3] Grimoard, iii. pp. 82–84.

[4] "Innocuas amo delicias," &c. This is quoted in his "Reflections on Exile." Works, vol. viii. p. 479.

## XXIX

### To Mme. de Ferriol[1]

(La Source.) 18 *Mai* 1721.

[*Extract.*]—(Is going to Sens,[2] hope to see her.)

. . . . Quand on voit dans les ouvrages de Cicéron et ailleurs particulièrement dans Quintilien, les soins, les peines, l'application continuelle qui allaient à former les grands hommes de l'antiquité, on s'étonne qu'il n'y en est pas plus, et quand on réfléchit sur l'éducation de la jeunesse de nos jours, on s'étonne qu'il s'éléve un seul homme capable à étre utile à la patrie.

## XXX

### Summary of Letter to Alari[3]

(La Source.) 18*ième Juin* 1721.

["Fiévre de cheval," but after seeing "mes religeuses" he gave up Paris and came back here. He asks Alari's advice about the two Latin inscriptions[4] which he is designing for the house, and which are the same as those mentioned in his letter to Swift of August 28, 1721. In the second he had originally written "Frumiscor," from "Aulus Gellius" (17. 2. 5.) instead of "Fruiscor."]

[1] Grimoard, iii. p. 86.

[2] Where Mme. de V.'s daughter was abbess.

[3] Grimoard, iii. 88.

[4]

On the one side.

"Strenue saltem navatum
Impotentiâ vesanæ factionis
et
Arbitrio popularis auræ
Cœlum vertere coactus
Hic injuste exsulat
Hic dulce vivit
Henricus de Bolingbroke.
Ann. MDCCXXI."

And on the other.

"Si resipiscit Patria in patriam
redituma
Si non resipiscit, ubi vis melius quam
inter vales cives
Futurus
Hanc villam instauro et exorno,
Hinc velut ex portu, alienos casus,
Et Fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cervere suave est.
Hic mortem nec appeleus nec timens
Haud indecoro otio,
Doctâ et securâ quiete,
Innocuis deliciis
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate
Fruiscor.
Hic mihi vivam quod superest
Aut exilii aut ævi."

The transcript sent to Swift varies in many lines both omitted and added. *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 399. The passage about death tallies with the lines afterwards inscribed at Chantelou. *Cf. ante*, p. 338.

## XXXI

### To Mme. de Ferriol[1]

[*Extract.*]

*30ième Juin* 1721.

Les marches de Peterborough sont toujours mystéri euses, et comme je ne suis pas un homme à mystère je ne m'informerai pas.

## XXXII

### Two Short Summaries of Letters to Mme. de Ferriol[2]

1.

La Source, 7 *Aout* 1721.

[Harcourt says he cannot send back his courier for some days. Bulkeley, *i.e.* Berwick's brother-in-law, is here.]

2.

(About the Act of amnesty.)

21 *Aout* 1721.[3]

[All now are condemned or out of the kingdom. "Malgré cela, l'on retient mon valet de chambre."]

## XXXIII

### To Alari

(La Source.) 4 *Sep.* 1721.[4]

[Complains of suspense and delay; his valet not returned. Quotes: "Pungitis, non vulneratis, tela vestra, grandinis more dissultant, quæ incussa tectis sine ullo habitationis, incommodo, crepitat et solvitur.]

## XXXIV

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[5]

(La Source.) 9 *Oct.* 1721.

Tanto tempo é che sono finite, le mie corrispondenze Italiane, che non sarebbe, maraviglia se con loro havessi anche perduta la facolta d'esprimermi in questa si dolce favella. Vorrei pero provar le mie, anzi le sue forze, poiche mi sta offerte dalla cara sorella una si gradita occasione di

[1] Grimoard, iii. 98. [2] *Ibid.*, 131. [3] *Ibid.*, 136.
[4] *Ibid.*, 139. [5] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 18.

farlo. Ma so ben, che in questa medissima lingua, atta piu d'ogni altra a dipingere li vivi sentimenti dei cuori, non é possibile di parlar degnamente del affetto, del mio verso di lei. Cambio dunque di stile, é ripiglio il nostro rozzo, e gótico Inglese.

These are the only lines which I have writ in Italian these many years. I am glad you learnt the language, for you will find in it a multitude of things extreamly entertaining, and writ with great grace and delicacy. Make my compliments to my Lady, those of Mme. de Villette to her and you are made in another letter. Present my compliments to Mrs. Gower, and tell her that when she has received my letter, as I suppose, she may about this time receive the lilley of the Valley flowers which I send her, both dry, and steeping in the best brandy which this country affords. Adieu, my Dear girl. I am always pleased to hear of your health and of your improvements.

## XXXV

### To Mme. de Ferriol[1]

[*Two summaries.*]

I

(La Source.) 6 *Dec.* 1721.

[Speaks about the "400,000 livres" which he has difficulty in reclaiming, owing to Law's crash.]

". . . Elles font une parti considérable, de ce que j'ai sauvé depuis la mort de la reine, et qu'on pourrait avec tout autant de justice, m'ôter quatre cinquième de l'argent que j'ai chez Moracin."

2[2]

(La Source.) 30 *Dec.* 1721.

[Mentions Mme. de V.'s illness (colique). Intends being in Paris by February. Hopes to see Mme. Du Deffand. Bulkeley is here.]

## XXXVI

### To Alari (*now Prior of Gournay*).[3]

[*Extract.*]

(La Source.) 18 *Avril* 1722.

[Prevented from going to Paris; is fitting up a small gallery for his books; discusses classical and philological criticism. "Adieu, mon cher Prieur."]

[1] Grimoard, iii. 148. [2] *Ibid.*, 150. [3] *Ibid.*, 161.

## XXXVII

### To the Same.[1]

(A sketch of his Studies in "Connaissance"[2])

[*Extract.*]

La Source, Dimanche, 26 *Av.* 1722.

. . . J'ai distingué les differentes classes du probable qui sont un peu plus étendues, et j'ai reconnu le terrain immense du faux ; j'ai reduit tout cela en système, et je n'ai appuyé que sur des preuves tirées de fait, dont toutes les partis conviennent, et dont un ignorant comme moi est un juge tout aussi compétent que le plus grand "santesse." [He will afterwards study Roman history and English, "selon une idee qui roule depuis longtemps dans ma tête." French history, too, will enter into the scheme, and Greek a little.] The letter concludes : Quand raisonnerons nous de toutes ces choses auprès de cette Source où

> "Nunquam radiis Oriens, mediusve, cadensve
> Phœbus adire potest."

## XXXVIII

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[3]

(La Source.) 24 *June* 1722.

[This letter will find you returned from the Bath.] . . . I passed above two months in this place, all alone, pained with the cold which the north-east wind brought us, or drenched with the rains which came from the south. The Marquise returned, and fair weather returned with her, since which time I have been little alone, the Duke and Duchess of Berwick, the Duke of Bouillon, and one friend or other coming to visit her ; for you must know that those who are thought most happy in the world are glad to steal sometimes out of it, and to taste for moments those pleasures which happyer Hermits enjoy all the year. The dress of your Ladys seem fantastical enough in all conscience,[4] but youth and beauty have great priviledges, and

[1] Grimoard, iii. 163.

[2] *Cf.* letter to Swift, 1st June 1722, and letter to Pope of 1724, quoted by Grimoard, vol. iii. p. 224, and which contains his theory of the balance of power.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 19.

[4] *Cf.* Molloy's "The Queen's Comrade," vol. ii. p. 506. This dress is described by the Duchess of Montagu, Marlborough's youngest daughter, who in the previous summer had been piloted through Paris by the Berwicks : "Their hair is short, and as much curled as Cab's, powdered as white as snow, with a yellow, coarse, flourished gauze ruffled round their head," and they were rouged like "scarlet cloth."

what we pardon in their conduct we may very well admit in their dress. The King, I hear, does not go this summer into Germany, which may perhaps alter your brother's route. Send me word where to direct to him. My Lord gave me a year or two ago some pickled mellon, which was extreamly good. We are just entering into the season of that fruit, and you will oblige me and the Marquise very much if you send us the receipt for making this pickle. Your letters will come safe if you direct them

à M. DE L'ORME,
Chez M. de Blissy,
*Commissaire de Poudres,*
*Rue des Minimes,*
*à Orléans.*

Adieu, my dear, &c.

## XXXIX

### TO HIS HALF-SISTER HENRIETTA[1]

(LA SOURCE.) *9ième Avril* 1723.

Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur de votre lettre, ma chère Henriette; elle m'a fort consolé dans un temps où j'avais besoin de quelque consolation; car la malheureuse fiévre tierce qui me persecute depuis deux ans me tourmentait actuellement. Je vous promets de descendre la montaigne le plus lentement que faire se pourra, mais il faut descendre toujours vers ce sombre vallon d'où l'on ne remont plus. Vos prédications sont fort édifiantes, et n'ont pas besoin que vous en fassiez des excuses. D'ailleurs, quoyque je suis sur la pente de la colline, et du mauvais côté, je n'ay pas encore perdu tous les sentimens qui nous animent pendant que mes folatrons sur le haut; et marque de cela j'ôse vous assurer qu'une petite missionaire en jupe et en cotillon me persuaderoit plus dans un quart d'heure que le plus long sermon du Somnifère Manton.[2] Caylus,[3] sera fort flatté de ce que vous trouvez son portrait ressemblant. Il ne vise pas à un caractère au dessus de ce luy que j'ay donné de luy. La Marquise vous embrasse tendrement et vous demande comment vous trouvez la coiffure, qu'elle vous a envoyée par le Chevalier Tipping, qui partit de Paris il y a assez longtemps. Elles sont fort

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 21.

[2] The divine who bored his youth. See "Bolingbroke and his Times," vol. i., and *cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvi. p. 398.

[3] Charles Gabriel Daniel, Comte de Caylus et de Grimoard, 1692–1765, painter and littérateur. There was also Marthe, Marguerite de Villette, Marquise de Caylus, French authoress, 1673–1729. They were connections of the second Lady Bolingbroke.

à la mode dans ce pays içi. Adieu, mon aimable Enfant, quand nous nous reverrons je ne scay pas, mais absent ou présent je scay que je vous aimerois toute ma vie.

## XL

### To Madame de Ferriol [1]

(La Source.) *Oct.* 1722.

[Is going to Paris on Uxelles' advice—a visit prompted by "l'espérance que j'ay de sauver du système de France, ce que j'ay sauvé de celui d'Angleterre." [2] Tells a story of the famous Rochester hiring a scribe while in Spain to write his home letters.]

## XLI

### To Alari [3]

(Respecting his pardon.)

*Ce 25ième Juin*, 1723.

Je n'aime pas les apologies,[4] et je n'en ai pas besoin. J'ai préfére un long exile à un retour équivoque, mais tout est équivoque pour les ignorants malinformés des faits, et pour les gens de peu d'esprit, qui ne sauroint juger, quand même ils sont informés. S'il s'agissait d'entrer dans les détails de tout ce qui s'est passé depuis quelques années j'écrirais un livre, une lettre ne suffiroit pas; mais, voici, mon cher ami, une réponse qui fermera la bouche à tout homme qui n'a pas rénoncé à la raison, et à l'équité naturelle. J'ay servi la feu Reine jusqu'à sa mort, et je ne crois pas qu'on me reproche d'avoir manqué en rien à ce que je lui devois. J'ay eté depuis ce temps dans les interets du Chevalier de St. George, et toutes les fois que ceux qui m'accusent d'voir manqué à ces engagements le voudront, je suis prêt à rendre comte de la manière dont j'y suis entré et de celle dont j'en suis sorti, et en attendant je vous prie de dire de ma part a tous ceux qui tiendront les mauvais discours, dont vous m'avez parlé que s'ils peuvent avancer un seul fait prouvé pour justifier aucune des accusations je me confesserai coupable de toutes celles, que

[1] Grimoard, iii. 183.
[2] A lawsuit was in process. *Cf.* letter to Swift.
[3] Grimoard, iii. 203.
[4] Bolingbroke's consistency is evidenced by his letter to Swift of August 2, 1731. ". . . Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late Queen's reign." Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 422.

l'iniquité des uns et l'imbécillité des autres ont fait courir dans le monde. Après une pareille déclaration ceux qui n'ont point de faits accompagnés de preuves à produire doivent se taire, ou ils seront méprisés, comme des calomniateurs. BOLINGBROKE.

## XLII

### ABSTRACT OF LETTER TO ALARI.[1]

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *22nd Sep.* 1723.

[Nicknames Alari "Tyrrel" (in allusion probably to the Cellamar conspiracy). A. has defended him to Fleury, who has perceived, "l'intrinsèque d'une conduite, &c."]

## XLIII

### TO LORD TOWNSHEND[2]

(MARCILLY or PARIS?) *June* 28, 1723.

MY LORD,—You have laid the highest obligation upon me, in the handsomest and most generous manner, and I desire your Lordship to be persuaded you never laid any which made a deeper or more lasting impression. I shall do my best on this side of the water, to lessen the force of any objections against what the King has done and intends to do in my favour,[3] and if my restitution can be compleated, your Lordship may have more useful friends and servants, a more faithful one you cannot have than I shall endeavour to approve myself. Mr. Walpole tells me that I may give your Lordship the trouble of delivering the two enclosed, which I beg you to present to the King and to the Dutchess of Kendal. I am, my Lord, with all possible esteem and gratitude, &c., &c.

## XLIV

### TO THE SAME[4]

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *Sep.* 17, 1723.

MY LORD,—I chose rather to let your Lordship know by Mr. Walpole[5] how sensibly I was affected by the letter you did me the honour to write me while I was at London, than

[1] Grimoard, iii. 204.
[2] Hardwicke Papers: Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, vol. ii., Appendix, p. 311. T. was at that time drinking the waters at Pyrmont with the King.
[3] This refers to No. XLI.
[4] Hardwicke Papers: Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, vol. ii., App., p. 312.
[5] Horace Walpole, now in Paris.

to give you immediately the trouble of another; but since my brother is going to Hanover let the opportunity be my excuse, if I return you my thanks under my own hand, and write you again, though I have nothing now to say. Mr. Walpole will have told your Lordship what his opinion concerning my situation was. I have conducted myself agreeably to it, and shall continue to do so. There may be some, I think there will not be many, who will be angry, notwithstanding all the precautions which can be taken, but surely their anger must have a very ill grace, when all other pretences being taken away they can have no reason to assign against an act of mercy, which His Majesty thinks fit to do, and his minister to advise, but their own private humour. After about a month's stay at this place, I shall go back to Paris and continue there, or remove from thence, according to what Lord Harcourt writes to me in concert with your Lordship and Mr. Walpole. If the King's stay in Germany this year be as long as was apprehended when I left England, I must expect no decision in my affairs for several months, but whenever the Parliament does meet, this decision will, I think, happen; whatever it will be, I shall prefer it to suspense. My brother will have the honour to present this letter to your Lordship. . . . I have writ by him to my Lady Dutchess of Kendall, from whom I have on all occasions received the greatest civilities possible; and my Lord Carteret having done me the honour of a letter some time ago, I thought it proper likewise to write to his Lordship by him, &c.

## XLV

### Abstract of a Letter to his Sister Henrietta[1]

(Spa.) 13*th Oct.* 1723.

[Has been at Aix, is here with la Marquise. They are getting better. Glad to hear she is having fun at the Bath and that the atmosphere is lively. "La nôtre est d'une tristesse à faire pleurer mais l'esperance d'établir deux santés fort delabrées nous soutient. La galanterie de Brinsden, me rejouit beaucoup, puisque c'est une marque qu'il se porte bien. Je veux me flatter que le mariage éclaircira le teint de mon ami Taylor."[2] Has sent things through Madame de Ferriol.]

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 22.

[2] Brook Taylor (1685–1731), of Bifrons in Kent, the grandfather of Sir William Young, and the famous mathematician. In 1720 he had visited Bolingbroke at La Source and laid the foundation of a lasting friendship, through Caylus, whom he had known in 1716. He is buried at St. Ann's, Soho.

## XLVI

### Portion of a Letter to One of the Ministry[1]

Paris, *Dec.* 17, 1723.

. . . You may depend upon it that the Duke of Bourbon is disposed just as you could wish that he should be. . . . He has always passed for a man of truth, and if my opinion can be of any weight, you will always find him so. There are, however, many things to be taken into consideration with respect to this Court, which, in my opinion, will require a more than ordinary attention, and this attention, if I am not deceived, will be much more necessary some time hence than it is actually. [Assures him of his readiness "to cement a close correspondence between the two Courts, whose true interest it is to be perfectly united," but observes "two things . . . with my usual frankness" (1) the necessity if he is to render general service "to apply it in particular places as they occur;" (2) the impossibility of applying it while he remains in the "uncertain state in which he still is."]

## XLVII

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[2]

Paris, *23rd Dec.* 1723.

La poste va partir, et comme j'ay eu beaucoup à écrire ce matin, ma main est lasse. Je ne vais pourtant pas me servir de ces excuses. J'aime bien mieux vous écrire, ma chère Henriette. Les eaux en effet ont déterminé la goute à mon pied, et pourvu qu'elle ne devient pas plus violente, c'est un mal beaucoup moindre que la fiévre, qui m'a persecuté pendant trois ans. Je suis parvenu à cet age où l'on se trouve trôp heureux, de composer avec les maladies parcequ'on ne saurait espèrer de les éloigner toutes. Je ne scay, je vous jure, ma chère enfant, quand je ferai le voyage d'Angleterre. Je n'y puis pas aller qu'on ne me fraye le chemin ; et pourtant il est d'une grande importance pour moy d'y étre. J'espère que cet hiver décidera de mon sort, car en vérité une plus longue suspension devient insupportable, et je n'ay pas mérité qu'on prenne à tâche la faire durer. Il est très vrai que mon parti est

[1] To Lord Harcourt. Coxe conjectures the mention of correspondence with him in a later letter. Coxe, App., p. 313 (Townshend Papers).

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 23.

pris sur l'exile, et sur tous les autres événements de la vie. Mais il est vrai aussy, que je n'ai négligé rien de tout, qu'un homme d'affaires doit faire pour procurer la fin de cet éxile. Depuis qu'on m'a ouvert la porte, avant même que j'y eusse frappé je continuerai à âgir de même, et je ferai en sorte que le mauvais succès n'aura rien de honteux pour moi. Il faut espèrer que le bon succès secondera nos désires. Faites mes compliments à nos frères, et recevez ceux de la Marquise. Adieu, ma chére fille; je vous embrasse et je vous aime de tout mon cœur.

## XLVIII

### Short Abstracts of some Letters on Public Affairs probably to One of the Ministry

#### I.[1]

(Paris.) *Dec.* 28, 1723.

[Assures the Ministry that he will use his interest with the Duke of Bourbon for promoting harmony between France and England, though time will be necessary to regain the stability existing under the late Duke of Orleans. The young Duke is nearer in blood to the Crown, though Bourbon is first in authority. "The notion of a Spanish faction which would be glad to set the establishment of the succession aside should the young King fail, is no imaginary, but a well-grounded notion." Its efforts will be concealed.] "Hitherto I have had but few friends, because I have lived in a very retired manner, and cultivated little but my garden and my studys, but for the same reason I have had no enemies. The case will be soon alter'd if I continue to keep in such a situation as will make me of real use to the publick interest." [Passes to discuss his restoration.] "Let me conjure you, my Lord, to draw me out of suspence this winter. It is grown quite insupportable to me; and it is the more so att this moment, because if I am not after all to go home, I can settle myself in such a manner as will be agreeable to me abroad. I am about to marry the Marquise's daughter to a young man of great quality in this country.[2] I flatter myself I shall have the Duke of Bourbon's assistance in making this settlement; and if I thought that I should not be restored this winter, I own to your Lordship that I would at the same

[1] Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 314–24.
[2] M. de Volar, afterwards Governor of Fontainebleau.

time take my measures to be myself a little better settled here than I am at present. Once more, my Lord, I entreat you that this winter may not pass over as so many others have done. Let me be either restored or told that it cannot be attempted; in which case I doubt not but you will find the facility of doing what is necessary to secure the estate I have, and that which would belong to me if my Father should drop. . . . I have writ to milord Townshend as well as to Mr. Walpole, and I thought it proper to make a compliment in a few lines to Carteret that he may take no pretence of complaint from my behaviour."

2.

## To Lord Harcourt

(Paris.) *Dec.* 30, 1723.

["The feud between the two Princes encreases daily; they who helped to encrease it, use it to drive the Ministry into the King of Spain's interest; the Duke du Maine, who is undoubtedly in this interest, though uncle to the Duke of Orleans, is well with the Duke of Bourbon and takes measures with him." Wishes and hopes that "his friend will not abandon his own cause, because there is one whom he hates before him." The correspondence should not come to the ears of Carteret or of Schaub, "who is the tool of the women here, a coxcomb and dangerous."]

3.

## Probably to Lord Townshend

(Paris.) *Dec.* 29, 1723.

[It is certain that the Spanish faction begins to be very busy, active and sanguine. Fréjus, beyond dispute, is in it, though not suspected by the Duke of Bourbon . . . his bigotry is very great and his devotion to the Court of Rome. Hence the hopes which the Jacobites have of good offices from him. . . . The Duke of Bourbon having opened his heart to Lord Bolingbroke upon the la Vrilliere's affaire and confessed himself under the greatest difficulty imaginable; the King being violently sett against the thing and the Nobility clamourous, Lord Bolingbroke thought that he threw a very favourable opportunity into Mr. Walpole's hands when he acquainted him with it. Had Mr. Walpole took the negotiation from Schaub, he would have undeceived the King, by shewing him that this business which had

been represented to him as easy was of the utmost difficulty. If at last the King insisted upon it and it succeeded, Mr. Walpole would have had the merit. If it spun into length and failed with the King's consent, Mr. Walpole laid the Duke of Bourbon under the utmost obligation, in no case did he run any risque. He was of another opinion and declined talking with the Duke of Bourbon upon it; Lord Bolingbroke, however, represented it so to the Duke of Bourbon, as not to let him perceive that Mr. Walpole did decline helping him on this occasion.]

4.

PROBABLY TO LORD HARCOURT

(PARIS.) *Jan.* 12, 1724.

[". . . You must not expect I doubt to see things come to a clearer and more certain state very soon." Urges great secrecy and correspondence with the Dowager Duchess of Orleans.]

## XLIX

TO HIS HALF-SISTER HENRIETTA[1]

(ABLON, near PARIS?) *Fev.* 22, 1724.

Vous pensez, ma chère sœur, comme j'ai toujours pensé sur les devoirs qui sont purement de cérémonie et de bien séance; à l'égard des ses connaisances il faut les remplir avec une exactitude extrème. C'est la loi que la coutume impose, et la coutume a un droit absolu sur l'extérieur.[2] Mais à l'égard de nos amis c'est la Nature, c'est la Raison qui nous prescrivent nos devoirs. Il ne s'agit plus de l'extérieur. Il s'agit du cœur, et je me défirois des sentiments de celui, qui mettrait dans l'Amitié une grande attention au cérémoniale, comme je me defierois de la capacité de celui, qui dans les grandes affaires serait occupé, des minuties du détail. Je vous remercie de la part que vous prenez à tout ce que me regarde, ma santé est meilleure depuis que j'ai eté aux Eaux, mais je ne laisse pas d'avoir essayé des mouvements de fiévre qui m'avertissent qu'il faut étre sur mes gardes. Quand on a

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 24.

[2] He calls custom in one of his Essays "the ape of reason." This passage is quoted by Lord Chesterfield, Chesterfield's Works, vol. i. p. 183: "The result of the Passions and Prejudices of many and of the Designs of a few; the ape of Reason who usurps her seat, exercises her Power and is obeyed by Mankind in her stead."

un fort grand fonds de santé, un peu de dissipation ne tire pas à conséquence, mais quand ce fonds est petit, il faut user d'œconomies. Il est vrai que la suspension d'esprit m'est insupportable. Il est temps de la finir et d'un façon ou d'autre il faut qu'elle finisse. [Speaks of Lady St. John's fluxion of the eyes, says the poor Marquise has suffered from it too . . . "le rhume le plus violent que j'ay vu de ma vie".] Je l'ay laissée à Paris dans la convalesence, et je comte qu'elle viendra dans un jour ou deux, me trouver dans une guingette, que Madame de Ferriol m'a preté auprès de la ville et d'où je vous écris. Nous avions étés ravis que Madame la Duchesse de Buckingham eut voulu rester plus longtemps dans ce pays. Elle y a été fort peu de temps, et une partie de ce temps même elle a été malade. Je suis très sensible et la Marquise ne l'est pas moins de ce qu'elle a bien voulu prendre en bonne part les offres que nous lui avons fait, assurément de bon cœur. Elle s'est trouvé de merveille de l'air de Paris en hiver même. Elle se serait trouvé infiniment mieux en été de l'air de "la Source" car il n'y en a pas en France de plus pur. My Lady Carteret me fait beaucoup d'honneur. Je voudrais être un peu plus jeune de corps et d'esprit pour lui marquer ma reconaissance plus convenablement. Adieu, ma Fille, je vous embrasse tendrement et en vérité je vous aime de même.

## L

### To Sir William Windham[1]

[*Egremont Papers.*]

(Respecting Lady Bolingbroke's third visit to London).

(La Source.) *May* 22, 1724.

The Marquise will acquaint you, my dear Friend, with the particular reasons of her journey, but I cannot let her go without saying something myself in general, both concerning her journey and my present state. You know how many years I have been led on by promises, since the first offers of returning home were made me in the King's name, and you must be sensible how insupportable suspense must be to a man who is prepared for anything certain, and determined. Among other inconveniencys which have attended this strange situation, it has been none of the least that the small fortune which I had saved and acquired abroad has been exposed to a number of

[1] Coxe's "Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 330, and *cf. ante*, p. 205.

diminutions and losses which were inevitable, and must continue so, as long as I continue unable to take any permanent measure, and live upon expedients formed on the two different and incompatible views of staying abroad and of returning home. In short, neither my mind nor my purse can bear to remain any longer in this condition; and I should be much happyer and much richer if I had four years ago laid aside all expectations of a restitution. The only consideration which kept me from it then, was the consideration which I owed to my family, and much more of what I owed to my friends; I hope that I am acquitted to both. I will certainly not shut the door against myself, nor renounce that claim which the King and his Ministers have given me, and which has been fortified by the frankness and openness of my conduct. But I cannot live any longer in an inn. My health decays a great deal. I am perhaps come to the latter scenes of life; it would be ridiculous to pass them in a state of fruitless expectation, hardly to be justifyed in the first. I will assemble all the poor remnants of my shattered fortune, and content myself with such a settlement as they are sufficient to make me, be it what it will and where it will. I need not ask your friendship to the bearer of my letter. It is hard that she should be obliged to go in such a manner and on such an errand into England, but to people tir'd with suspense, the prospect of coming to a decided state sweetens everything. She will appear first as she finds it necessary, on account of her money, which John Drummond[1] put and kept unjustifiably in that raskal Decker's[2] hands. If it is not yet pay'd, she is Mme. de Villette and has nothing to do with my affairs, but comes about her own, for surely any dissimulation is allowable to get out of the hands of Robbers and Assassins. There is nothing in the world I should be so glad of as to see you, and I will hope that somehow or other that may be contrived. Pray embrace Lord Bathurst for me, and desire him to continue me that friendship, which on my part shall last as long as I last. I desire to make my compliments to Lord Gore, whom I have not the honour to know much, but whose character I respect extreamly. To our common friends be pleased to be my Plenipotentiary.

[1] Readers of our first volume will remember him.

[2] Sir Matthew Decker, the banker, detained a large sum belonging to Lady Bolingbroke, on the ground that as she was a married woman it could only be paid to her husband, who was still attainted. The Government eventually withdrew the attainder, and censured Decker's conduct.

## LI

### To his half-Sister Henrietta[1]

(Addressed à Mdlle. de St. Jean.)

(La Source.) *June 16th*, 1724.

I did not know of your Feavour, my dear girl, till I heard that you was swallowing the Jesuit's Bark. Receive my compliments on your recovery. They are indeed very sincere. I think I must make you my compliments likewise on Mdlle. Haillé's[2] journey into England, since the pleasure of seeing you was a principal motive to her to undertake it; you were both very young when you knew one another in this country. She is the best creature in the world, full of mildness, modesty, and good sense, and has honour enough to make a very valuable man. With so many good qualitys, she cannot fail of being welcome everywhere, and I am sure she will be so to you. The Marquise is charmed with you all, and has taken such a liking to England, that I begin to doubt whether she will come back to us or no. I hope, however, that she will, for I see no likelyhood of my going where she is, and as well as my hermitage pleases me, I find it a little too solitary at present. I writ to my Lord. . . . Adieu, Mrs. Harriet. Je vous embrasse, &c., &c.

## LII

### To the Duke of Newcastle[3]

[*Hardwicke Papers.*]

(La Source.) *October 24*, 1724.

My Lord,—Since I have not only an opportunity but a pretence of writing to your Grace, you will, I am persuaded, give me your leave to do it, that I may at least return you my thanks for those marks of your friendship which you have given me, and for my share in the obligations which your civilities have laid on the person who delivers this letter to you. I shall wait with a perfect confidence the effect of those promises which have been made me this summer, and shall receive it with a due sense of the King's goodness and of the friendship of his Ministers. If these promises are short of those offers which were made me several years ago, it will be however an entire satisfaction to me that this difference must arise

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 26.

[2] See p. 148.

[3] Coxe's "Life of Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 329.

from the temper of party, and from the circumstances of affairs, since no man will, I am sure, affirm that it arises in any degree from my conduct, &c.

## LIII

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta.[1]

(Paris.) *Nov.* 22, 1724.

The illness which seized me as soon as I got back to Paris has hindered me from writing to you. It is over, thank God, and I am doing all I can to root out the cause, and to prevent these frequent relapses. Your passage from Calais to Dover has given you health, I hope, for the whole winter. The Mar(quise) writes me word that she is very well and the conclusion of all her disputes with that scoundrel Decker will contribute to her health by setting her mind at ease. You are very good, my dear girl, in helping to order her House, and a little commode according to the account that you give. All my comfort is that the declared Lovers are seldom the dangerous persons, and besides the Spanish Ceremonial proceeds by slow degrees, so that it is to be hoped she may be upon her return thither, before the siege be half over: Pray let me have an account of her life and conversation. My chief concern is that she may amuse herself a little. Amusement is as necessary to her as food, and more so than that. Pray, my dear girl, my duty, &c., &c. I can send you nothing from here worth the writing. I believe there is nothing. When the Court comes back from Fontainbleau, which will be in about ten days, the town will fill, diversions will encrease, and scandal will be stirring. I have nothing to do with the last, but in the diversions I shall take more (part) than I used to do. "C'est l'ordonnance du medecin." I was the other day at the opera, where I had not been for some years. I received as many compliments as if I had arrived from a voyage to the East Indies. Adieu, my dear girl, &c., &c.

## LIV

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta.[2]

(Marcilly.) *Jan.* 27, 1725.

Since I had some time ago a little return of health which began to give me great hopes, I have been extreamly

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196. folio 27.

[2] *Ibid.*, f. 28.

out of order; and it is but within these few days that I begin to feel my health return, by the use of a remedy which has great reputation, and I believe deservedly in this country. The anxiety I was in for the Marquise helped to augment my disquietude, and by consequence my illness. God be prais'd, her health is good, notwithstanding the very singular complaint of want of smell and taste. I am sorry, my dear girl, that you have lost that laudable appetite which you carry'd with you out of this country. If the fogs have taken it from you, I hope the serenity of the spring will restore it to you. I find that our French ladys are more generous than yours in England. To tell you the truth, there is not much regret for the dead, but our women have a great deal of concern for the Sick, because the Sick, you know, may recover. Their concern for me is pure generosity, and the most disinterested friendship. I am out of their service and neither fit nor inclined to return to it: Rutter[1] is not yet arriv'd. Short days, bad weather, and worse roads make it a tedious piece of work to bring a parcel of young horses from London to Paris. Soon after his arrival I hope to begin to hunt, and perhaps the Exercise may promote my recovery. The truth is, I have pass'd in all respects a very melancholy winter. There is no consideration whatever which shall oblige me to pass such another. [Compliments follow.] I have not seen Melle. M. H(aillé) these two days, but I sent the letter which Mrs. Shields brought, to her yesterday by Mme. de Ferriol. . . . Adieu. . . .

*P.S.*—I wish you a happy New Year. My wishes come late, but they are as sincere as those that come in time.

## LV

### Abstracts from Letter to Sir William Windham[2]

[*Egremont Papers.*]

I.

Marcilly, *Jan.* 30, 1725.

. . . I do not desire health more earnestly, than I desire to be delivered from suspence, and enabled somewhere or other to enjoy that quiet which is the only object I propose to myself for the rest of my life.

[1] *Cf. ante*, pp. 171, 219; he was employed, like our old acquaintance Bright, to bring hounds and horses into France. *Cf.* folio 71. This is the beginning of his huntsmanship which he intermitted in England, continued at Chantelou and Fontainebleau, and delighted in during 1738 at Argeville.

[2] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. pp. 331–32.

2.

*To the Same.*

(Marcilly.) *Feb.* 6, 1725.

I am sorry for the alarm which my late indisposition has given, and I am att the same time flattered by it. The truth is that the frequent returns of the feavour, and the perpetual disorder which dwelt in my stomach, had worn me quite down and exhausted all my spirits; but the Marquise who knows that I never disguise anything to her, not even those things which may be disagreeable, ought to have moderated her own alarm and yours, by what I writ at the end of the same letter as acquainted her with my illness. God be prais'd, I am very much better. . . . If the Marquise and one or two other friends did not attach me to Life, I should soon grow tired of the World as one grows tired of bad Company, and wish to be out of it. These are not the thoughts of a melancholy man, my dear Friend, but of a reasonable man, of one who has been taught by time and reflection to see things as they are and to rate them according to their true value. I wish with all my heart that the Act which is to pass in my favour may be soon brought on, and I suppose that it will be so, but I know too well the necessity of timing things in Parliament to be surpriz'd or concern'd at some delay. The state you describe of people who expect they know not what, who are ready to be angry they know not why, and eager to act though they have neither plan nor concert, is a state which I have been several times a witness of. In a Government like ours, not only the stronger passions, but every little humour has force enough to ruffle the face of publick affairs. All which an honest and sensible man can do is to steer on with calmness and to guide himself with the reason of things, whilst the herd of mankind are deliver'd over to their passions.

## LVI

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[1]

La Feste, Allps, *April* 6, 1725.

The Marquise and your humble Servant have been of late very crazy persons. I hope that both our bodies are growing into better plight, and surely it will be time this

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 30.

spring to sit down somewhere or other with easy minds. I am extreamly obliged to you for your concern for us both, my dear Girl, and you shall never fail of finding in me the sincerest return of affection. I wish with all my heart that you could take a trip to your Barony once more. My project is to spend five or six weeks there, this autumn, with my hounds. As soon as I get back from the little village where I am at present to Paris, I will know of Le Brun, whether he can prepare Boar's head, so as to be sent securely to London, and if he can do it you shall have one. I regret very heartily my Lord Carleton.[1] He was a very valuable man, and I had a particular regard for him. [Messages and compliments.] Madlle. Mursay[2] is gone to Sens.

## PERIOD II.—ENGLAND, 1725–1735

### LVII

#### Short Abstract from Letter to Alari, inquiring for Books.[3]

"Dawley," *Aout* 1725.

[Compares his state to that of a sailor in the Tropics, made to change his route by contrary winds.]

### LVIII

#### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[4]

("Dawley"[5]). *Sat., Oct.* 1725.

[Speaks of their joint healths, and hopes they will all meet at the "Bath." ". . . My wife sailed from Calais on Sunday. I met her at Sheerness. We had the most tempestuous weather I ever saw, but we got safe to Greenwich on Wednesday, and to London on Thursday." Ends with compliments to Lord and Lady Berkshire.]

[1] President of the Council, 1719. [2] The Marquise's step-daughter, the Abbess.
[3] Grimoard, iii. p. 263. [4] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 32.
[5] Pope, writing to Swift on October 15, mentions his first re-meeting with Bolingbroke. "Lord B. is the most improv'd mind since you saw him, that ever was improv'd without shifting into a new body or being. Paulo minus ab angelis." *Cf.* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 44.

## LIX

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[1]

Bath, *Nov.* 20, 1725.

[*Excerpt.*]

[Addressed to Mrs. Henrietta St. John at the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount St. John's house in Albemarle Street, London. Has got rid of his fever, and determined to stay longer, "notwithstanding the opinion of the London Physicians." The waters agree with him, and benefit his wife.]

Amuse yourself, my dear sister, as much and as well as you can. Our amusements here are of a very low kind, but I shall, however, think the time here very well spent, provided we get a little better health.

## LX

### To Madame de Ferriol[2]

Londres, 28*th Dec.* 1725.

[*Extract.*]

[He is back from Bath. He compares Law to Fontenelle. They are not genii, only *gens d'esprit*. Believes Voltaire capable of double dealing and insincerity.]

## LXI

### Extracts from Three Letters to Alari[3]

1.

Londres, *Jan.* 28, 1726.

[Calls his wife for the first time Mme. de Bolingbroke —she has been to Bath.]

L'union entre votre cour et la nôtre est si intime que le voyage de M. de Walpole ne doit avoir surprit les ministres. Chaque événement surprend le peuple.

2.

*To the Same.*

Londres, 3*ième Mai* 1726.

["Hæc olim meminisse juvabit." Tells Alari (now in France) that as he has been to Cambridge he must return to England for Oxford. Hopes Fleury agrees with him. "Faîtes ma cour s'il vous plait à cet illustre Prélat: ce n'est

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, folio 33. [2] Grimoard, iii. p. 274.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 255, 256, 288. These letters are given by Grimoard, and in their wrong order, owing to a confusion between old and and new styles.

pas la cour d'un courtisan, c'est la cour d'un Philosophe, qui honore le vrai mérite."]

3.

*To the Same.*

20 *Mai* 1726.

[Speaks of Frénaye's death in Madame de Tencin's chamber—hints suicide as the cause.]

## LXII [1]

[A letter to his brother-in-law, Robert Knight, shortly after his sister's marriage.

London, *Jan.* 29, 1727.]

## LXIII [2]

[A letter to D'Argental.]

19 *Mai* 1727.]

## LXIV [3]

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta

(Dawley.) *Oct.* 31, 1727.
*Tuesday.*

Dear Sister,—Att my arrival from Somersetshire,[4] in which country I received your kind letter, I expect to go immediately to London, and to be myself the carrier of my answer, but the business I have not drawing me thither so soon, I will no longer defer thanking you for all the expressions of kindness and friendship which I received from you and from Mr. Knight. Pray make my compliments to him, and be assured that I am to you both a very faithful servant. I have just received a letter from Lord Berkshire, who intends, I find, to dine at my farm to-morrow with my brother. I am still at Cranford, but will receive them at Dawley the best I can, as I shall be glad to do Mr. Knight and you whenever the weather and the ways and your conveniency allow you to ramble so far.—Adieu, my dear. Ever yours entirely.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 37.
[2] Grimoard, iii. p. 17.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 39.
[4] Orchard Windham, Sir William's seat. For this visit *cf.* Bolingbroke's Letters to Swift. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 82 and 103.

## LXV[1]

### To the Same

*Att* Cranford, *Fryday, Dec.* 1727.

[After Bolingbroke had been disappointed by the death of George I., and when his sister had been taken by her husband to help her father-in-law's household in France.]

You are surely very much in the right to comply with Mr. Knight's desire, and I am hopeful you will receive the benefit you expect from change of air. I wish for many reasons I was still in France, where I should be glad to receive you and to take my part in doing the honours of the country to you. But the blundering malice of certain ministers has contrived to keep me in a country where they have no intention that I should live, nor I much inclination to settle myself. Chetwynd[2] has had thoughts of selling his house in Dover Street[3] lately. He seems more indifferent about it, because being no longer in the Admiralty, this house is the sole habitation he has in town. The price he asks is in my opinion exorbitant, for which reason I did not mention it to you when I saw you last, though I had thought of it. He will not take less than 5000 guineas for this house, which surely is a sum he can never find. [Compliments, &c.]

### To Mme. de Ferriol—[*Short Abstract.*]

[*N.B.*—This must precede the last letter.]

De ma Ferme, 18 *Nov.* 1727.

[Writes to her at Dijon in anxiety to know if his wife be at Sens.]

## LXVI

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[4]

Dawley Farm, *Jan.* 8, 1728.

[Mentions an estate that might suit her and her husband. After inquiry, "it would be wild to think of it,

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 40.

[2] "Black Will" was a life long friend of Bolingbroke, and is mentioned in his will. Early in his career he had been casually at Genoa, and in 1732 was attached to the embassy of Lord Essex at Turin. In the forties he became Master of the Mint, and eventually succeeded to the viscountcy. He had an interrupted duel with Horatio Walpole in 1742. He was sometimes called "Oroonoko" Chetwynd from his dark complexion. He was with Bolingbroke in France in 1736. He was Secretary of State for the Northern Department in 1747. He was a friend of the Pitts, the Berkeleys, Lady Suffolk, and Lady Betty Germaine. In 1757 he suffered a great affliction in the loss of a daughter. Horace Walpole says that Chetwynd and himself were the only persons acquainted with Lady Suffolk's affairs. He closed a very prosperous life as late as 1770.

[3] This house was constantly used by Bolingbroke during his intercourse with Lord Hardwicke in 1743–46.

[4] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 42.

there are such a number of gewgaws and useless ornaments to be sold with it, that a purchaser cannot hope to see more than one per cent. of his money in my opinion."]

## LXVII

### To the Same [1]

(*At* Paris.) *Feb. 12th*, 172$\frac{8}{9}$.

I wish the estate which my lord has found for you may be an advantageous purchase, my Dear. To be so it must answer better the particulars given in, than that estate did, which I have been busy about almost ever since you went from England. What people can mean by offering particulars which do not answer to real values I am at a loss to conceive, since they may be assured beforehand that nobody will take any such particulars on trust, nor buy without a strict examination and survey. I am sorry to hear Mr. Knight has been ill, but hope he will recover without any return of his feavour, those very long fits proving often single fits, as I have learned by long and disagreeable experience. Pray make my kind compliments to him. I call them by the fashionable word, but they are not fashionable because they are sincere. I should reckon upon his friendship if I had any occasion of employing it, and both he and you, my dear, may be assured that mine shall never fail you. I wish I could make the bargain for Chetwynd's house, but fear it cannot be done. To say truth, I believe he does not care to sell, and to press him will not be a way to get it even at the price you offer, which I confess I think a very great one. If any overture should happen which I do not foresee, you shall hear from me. Matignon writ me word he had been to see you. Their Marly journey is over, I suppose, by this time, and he by consequence a little more at liberty. He is a very worthy man and an old friend of mine. The habitation at the Roule [2] will grow pleasant as the Spring advances, but I doubt you find it on account of the distance a little inconvenient at present. I have been much concerned to hear of late that Melle. Haillé, my governess, has but ill health. You see her, I suppose, often. Kiss her for me on both sides when she comes next to you, or, which is better, bid your husband serve me for a Proxy. Pray give my humble service to your Father-in-law. The good woman of Dawley makes both you and Mr. K. her com-

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 43.

[2] Rue St. Honoré.

pliments. Adieu, my dear. I am ever, with the truest and warmest affection, yours H. St. J. L. B.[1]

## LXVIII

### To the Same[2]

London, *Feb.* 22, O.S., 172$\frac{3}{4}$.

Yours of the $\frac{25}{14}$th of this month was delivered me this morning by your servant, my dear Sister, and it surprised me a good deal, for, though I know that the Post office abuses in the most scandalous manner the liberty of opening Private Letters, yet I imagin'd that when the Ministers' or even the Clerks' curiosity was satisfy'd, they took the trouble of sending the letter forward. Yours have come to hand and they have been all punctually answered. You do me great justice in believing that I could not be negligent of you or of the family to which you now belong. As I have a true esteem for them and a true affection for you, so you shall find me all my life a steady, sincere friend, and to the best of my power a grateful one. The story[3] you mention I had not heard, and it is a very impertinent one, propagated perhaps by Harrison, and carryed about by the understrappers of a set of men who live by lyes. They have store of all kinds, levell'd at all sorts of persons, directed to several purposes great and small, and calculated for every day, and sometimes for every hour of the same day. I think you much in the right to contradict this report, and I think My Lord St. John should oblige Lovel to disavow it and even Harrison himself if it can be fixed upon Harrison. In all which I will readily take any part which he shall approve or permitt. But I own att the same time that I think the matter should be treated with a due contempt, and that you should expect that an idle story without proof ought to drop when you give the lye to it. As to Chetwynd's house, it is impossible to get it for you at less at present, even for the great price which you impower me to offer, and beyond which I can by no means advise you to go. As to the estate which I had hopes of getting for you at such a rate as would have made it a very profitable purchase for you, that affair is over likewise. There was

[1] From about this period onwards Bolingbroke usually signs in this way. The third designation is undoubtedly L., and stands for Lord. The editor of the Suffolk Letters (vol. ii. p. 137) terms this mode of signature in 1735 "unusual," but of course he had never seen the many preceding ones. His conjectures as to its meaning are mistaken.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 45.

[3] This refers to some scandal about Henrietta circulated by T. Coke, Lord Lovel, Bolingbroke's old associate.

a foolish piece of cunning employ'd to deceive the person I set to treat, but we soon discovered the truth, and refused to deal upon the first representation of things. Whether I shall hear again from these people I know not, but it is certain that in matters of this sort one must not be over hasty or appear fond of a bargain. I will continue to inform myself and to watch an opportunity of serving you in some good acquisition, and will, when I know what the estate is, which My Lord has proposed to you, if you buy it, order my enquirys, so as to get you something which may suit with that purpose. I came last night upon a troublesome business of my own to London, for it is decreed that no one plague, which the malice of some men, and the ingratitude of others can raise, should escape me. But as I left my wife at the Farm, a good deal indisposed, I am at this moment going back to her. On Monday I hope to return hither with her, and to stay in town a fortnight. I shall then wait on My Lord[1] and shall talk to him on your affairs, which I will always take to heart even more than my own. Adieu, my dear, &c. &c.

[*Unsigned.*]

Make my Compliments to all our French acquaintance when you see them.

## LXIX

### To the Same[2]

Dawley Farm, *March* 21, 1728.

I have but just time, my dear, to ask you how you do, and to tell you that I am in extream concern about my wife, whom I think very ill. She has a feavour, seldom violent, but never quite assuag'd, and with it such palpitations of the heart as are terrible, especially upon the least motion. In short, she is reduced to such a degree of weakness as I never saw in a month's time. I hope my letter by your servant came to your hands, and if the gentlemen at the post office opened this, according to their usual practice, they will at least send it forward. Adieu, my dear child. Let me hear from you. My best services, &c. Once more adieu. I writ to Mme. de Ferriol about three weeks ago. Tell her so. Perhaps she never had my letter. My kind compliments to her and dear Haïllé.

[1] Their father, Lord St. John.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 49.

## LXX

### To the Same[1]

*April* 11, 1728.

I received both yours and the enclosed paquet, for which for your care and your concern, my dear sister, I thank you with all my heart. Those who are sensibly touched by ill-usage, of which number I own myself one, ought to be still more affected by marks of good nature and kindness. That I am, and therefore to you, from whom I never receiv'd any other, I shall be as long as I live full of the warmest affection and sincerest friendship. My wife is ill, but of an illness that will, I hope, be her cure. Her complaints have ended in a fit of the gout. It is not violent. If it was more so I should not be sorry, since I am persuaded that Nature has deposited those humours in the foot, where they can do no harm, which were before in parts where they might kill. As to the scandalous story which has given you so much trouble, I must own that you ought to despise both it, the authors, and the whisperers of it. The behaviour of the man[2] was suitable to his manners. He is a stranger to delicacy and decency. I believe you judge right of the manner of thinking of some people. You will find as long as you live that prosperity turns more heads than adversity. I wish I could find such a farm for you as would please me in every respect. No doubt we shall do so att last, and in the meanwhile there is a poor farm in the county of Middlesex at which you and yours will be always welcome, whenever you return into this country. You must not, in my opinion, be too hasty in fixing on one for several reasons.

My wife is much your obliged servant, and will soon tell you so herself. [Here follow compliments.] . . . I will not fail to write to the former (her husband) in a post or two, but cannot this evening, and he and I are too nearly related, and I hope too good friends, to stand on any ceremony. Adieu. I am ever unalterably and tenderly yours.

I am so plagued with frequent returns of this jaundice that I have some thoughts of going to the Bath for it. I am hinder'd from writing to Mme. Caylus by company coming in upon me. Pray send her a compliment and let her know how the gouty woman does, and that I will not fail to have the honor next post which I am deprived of by this.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 50.

[2] Lord Lovel.

## LXXI

### To the Same.[1]

Dawley Farm, *June* 3, 1728.

I received yours, my dear sister, of the $\frac{25}{14}$th of the last month att my return from the Bath to this place. Besides the letter of the 11th April, which I writ to you before my journey, I writ another whilst I was drinking the waters, but as the curiosity and negligence of the Post office hindered you from receiving one of these letters in its due time, so the same laudable principles may perhaps have hindered you from receiving the other at all. [Here follows a long account of the Bath waters and their effects on his ailing wife and himself.] . . . She (Lady Bolingbroke) desires you to receive the assurances of her humble service. Hers and mine attend your husband, whom I thank for the postscript to your letter, and I congratulate with you both on the contents of it. This being the case, you are surely much in the right to think of coming over at the end of the summer, before you are too far gone and winter too far advanced. . . . [Speaks affectionately of De Blissy's young son, and hopes Perar (her doctor) is treating her properly.] . . . My invitation to Dawley is very sincere, and you may make use of it as freely as of your own farm, if you can dispense with such chear as my circumstances afford. The "bon visage d'autres" you are sure of. I wish we could find an habitation for you, such as you might like and like always, for which purpose a dwelling must have real conveniency and advantages, not barely those which strike at first sight, and have little more than the glare of novelty.

Adieu, my dear sister, &c. . . . I believe that you must at your coming over do me a piece of service, which I will acquaint you with in time, and which I believe will give you no great trouble.[2]

## LXXII

### To the Same[3]

London, *July the last*, 1728.

I hope Brinsden will find you and Mr. Knight in better health. I am preparing for your return home, my dear

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 52.

[2] This probably refers to the investigations concerning the effectual dismantlement of Dunkerque, over which Bolingbroke spent £4000 out of his own pocket, and *cf.* next letter.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 54.

girl. We are pretty well, for I cannot say that my wife is perfectly so. Her palpitations sometimes return upon her, and with them some little attacks of that slow feavour which insensibly mines and wastes her.

Brinsden will tell you how much we desire to see you, and how welcome you will be to us. The subject of his journey is a very important one. I wish he may succeed in it for his own good and that of the public. The Clarets here are come to be more generally than ever bad. If he can supply us with pure Burgundy at a reasonable rate, he will have profit, and other people health.[1] I write by him to Madame de Ferriol, for whose health as well as that of poor Haillé I am under concern, neither of them being as I wish them. I have spoke to him about bringing me over a French clock case, if he can get one at a reasonable price, and if he finds on inquiry that it can be brought over safely. I suppose you will not be so civil at your return as you were at your going over to that rascal Lovel. News from here I have none to send you, and I believe you have none that is good to send us. Adieu, dear sister. Brinsden will tell you how your friends do and what they do. Take care of yourself, &c. [Compliments follow.]

## LXXIII

### To the Same[2] (*Sealed with the Cameo of Augustus*).

*Wednesday night* (*Autumn*, 1728?).

I received your letter just now, and I heartily rejoice at your safe arrival, my dear sister. Let me thank you for giving me this early notice of it. I daresay I need not tell you how welcome you and Mr. Knight will be to us at this place. We shall not stir from hence, unless it be to go next Saturday to Cassiobury,[3] and if we do go thither we shall be at home again on the Monday following. If you spend therefore this week at "Ruckholts,"[4] I hope we may expect you at furthest here by Tuesday next. My wife is your faithful servant. [Compliments follow.] I suppose Brinsden will be soon here, for by his last letter I judge his business done. Adieu, all health and happyness attend you.

[1] His main mission at this time was undoubtedly to report upon the state of Dunkirk, the demolition of which Walpole, with the French, was evading.

[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 55.

[3] Lord Essex's place, which was constantly lent to Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Queensberry (with whom Essex was connected by marriage), and their set, who found a political rendezvous there.

[4] In Essex, one of the Knights' two places; the other was Barrells in Warwickshire.

## LXXIV

### To his Brother-in-Law Robert Knight,[1] *in Grosvenor Street, London.*

Cirencester (staying with Lord Bathurst), *May* 28, 1729.

[Writes to postpone their visit for a day . . . hopes the little boy grows and flourishes as usual.]

## LXXV

### To the Same[2]

*Wednesday* (*Summer*, 1729?)

Thank you, dear Sir, for inquiring after my steed. Captain Bounden will do me great service if he restores his eyes until I get another to carry me, and much more if he restores them effectually. . . . I hope your little ones continue well and pert.

Ever faithfully, dear Brother, your obedient humble servant, H. St. J. L. B.

## LXXVI

### To his Half-Sister Henrietta[3]

Rotterdam, *Aug.* 17, 1729 (*en route* for Aix).

Thank you, my dear sister, for the kind letter you writ me just before I left London. . . . We got hither very late the night before last, the wind having failed us before we could reach the Maes. I was yesterday at Leyden to talk with Doctor Boorehaven, and am now ready to depart for Aix-la-Chapelle, where I hope to find my wife. . . . From thence you shall hear how it fares with us. In the meantime, adieu. I embrace you most tenderly, my dear girl. Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Knight, and offer my respects to Harry.[4]

## LXXVII

### To the Same[5]

Aix-la-Chapelle, *Sept.* 12, 1729.

You would have heard from me before now, if I could have sent you any very good accounts, or if I had not been perswaded to drink the Spa waters here, which turn my

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 57. [2] *Ibid.* f. 59. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 61.
[4] The eldest child, called after him. [5] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 62.

noddle for the whole day. I think my wife upon the whole much better, &c. [Excuses her from not writing.] . . . We shall set out from hence this day fortnight. As far as Brussels we shall proceed together, but from thence she will take the direct road to France, and I that to England. I suppose you now at Marlborough, and desire you to assure my Lord and Lady Hartford[1] of my respects. Adieu, my dear, I am too much yours to tell you so in form.

## LXXVIII

### To the Same[2]

From the Farm, *April 23rd*, O.S., 1730.

[Letter hoping she has had a good passage to France.]

## LXXIX

### To Madame de Ferriol[3] (*on D'Huxelles' death*).

Dawley, *6th May*, N.S., 1730.

[*Extract.*]

Nous venons de perdre un ami très estimable, ma chère Madame, et l'état vient de perdre un très grand ministre. [Enquires after his "gouvernante" (Haïllé ?).]

## LXXX

### To his Half-Sister in Paris[4]

From my Farm, *May 17th*, N.S., 1730.

I hope you have by this time received my congratulations on your safe arrival at Paris. I answer this immediately that I may be able to convey it to London for to-morrow's post, but it will not come in time to determine anything about my wife's complying Chirac[5] and following her own plan, for by this time she has to be sure left Paris, or else she has yielded to the Physicians and has suffered Mlle. de Mursay to go without her to Sens. She sent me word that Chirac had agreed she might go with her daughter the 8th inst., and I imagine so much that I writ to her the last two posts to Sens, but I confess that I should

[1] Intimate friends and connections of the family. For Lady Hertford, *cf. ante*, pp. 292, 354, 469.
[2] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 65.
[3] Grimoard, iii. p. 355.
[4] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, fol. 66.
[5] The famous surgeon. He was probably a kinsman of Queen Anne's Court Jeweller.

have opposed her leaving Paris, if I had known what you now inform me of that Chirac desires her to continue some time longer under his eye. . . . I cannot, my dear sister, sufficiently express to you how sensible I am of your tender concern for her and me, nor thank you enough for the effects of it, which I have felt, and which I promise myself I shall feel. Among the many contrarieties of fortune which I have experienced, one of the greatest is that of her present state compared with mine. If she cannot come over, all the measures which I have taken and am taking for a settlement at this place become impertinent, and will be of small advantage or pleasure to me in my future plan of life. Now, for ought I perceive, there is a plain possibility, not to say probability, that she may not come over this summer, but that we may pass it in a perpetual expectation of her being able to come from week to week. How to prevent this suspense I see not, and must therefore bear it some months longer, in which time I hope to settle my private affairs, so as to be able the more easily and conveniently to attend her, if she cannot come over to me. I did imagine that Madlle. de Mursay would not be able to stay longer at Paris and that consideration had some weight with her mother, but surely the representations of Chirac ought to have, and I hope have had more. Receive my thanks for what you writ to Matignon. He writ to me lately very fully about my wife's present condition, but I confess that all these accounts rather encrease than lessen my suspense and uneasiness. He flatters himself and the Physicans flatter him, she will be enough recovered in the summer to return. But even by Madlle. de Mursay's last letter, I find the feavourish agitations continue every night upon her. I know that whilst they do continue, she cannot recover, though she may be by intervals a little better. In short, it is to no purpose to reason about the details of this matter. In general I must, as I said before, wait some months longer before I decide what to do. . . . [Gratitude to her and Mr. Knight.] . . . [Compliments to Caylus "who is an honest and friendly creature as ever lived."] Say to him from me that I know and I feel with all the liveliness of sentiment which they deserve, his constant care, attention, and assiduity, to serve, help, and comfort the poor woman. That I cannot form to myself an idea of greater pleasure than I should have of seeing her arrive conducted to this Farm by him. But that I would by no means have her stir from under Chirac's care, till Chirac thinks she is

sufficiently re-established to perform the journey, and to promise herself health. Adieu to you both. I love you both, and desire you to believe that my sentiments for you will be to the last breath I draw the same. Once more adieu. My best compliments to your father, Mr. Knight.

## LXXXI[1]

### To the Same

From my Farm, *May 21st*, 1730.

[Thanking her for her letter and enclosing one to Count de Caylus, deprecating the delay of his wife's journey to Sens, and doubting if its "air" will benefit her; will wait to see if the summer benefits her.]

## LXXXII[2]

### To his Half-Sister

From the Farm, *June the 5th*, N.St., 1730.

[Thanks for receipt of two letters.] . . . You will say that I send you large pacquets, but I have forgot the Count de Croissy's address, though I remember that he lives in the Marais, and for my wife, she may possibly be on the road when my letter gets to Paris. Be so good as to let them both be delivered. As to her, I confess to you that I live between hopes and fears, but, my dear, with a much larger proportion of the latter. [Doubts whether the Paris Physicians know her case, and thinks Chirac's "proposition" mad.] I am however glad she has tryed them. If she has no new attack, she may be here in less than a month, and we must ease and prolong her life as well as we can by care and easy, plain methods, without expecting any help from Physick or Physicians. [Compliments to the two Knights.] . . . I wish you, my dear, much amusement and pleasure at Paris. Those which my farm affords are sufficient for me, and I should think myself perfectly happy, if they were not passed by other circumstances. Let me thank you for your civility and kindness to poor Blissy. A more cordial, honest creature breathes not. Adieu, my dear sister, it is impossible to love you better than I do. God preserve you and yours. Poor Lady Harford [Hertford] has miscarryed and been very ill. I shall send this day to inquire after her, and after your children.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 68. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 70.

## LXXXIII[1]

### To the Same

*June* 7, 1730. Dawley Farm.

Old Bright,[2] for such he is, though he is younger than I am, goes away to-morrow with a parcel of horses he has bought for France. I could not refuse him leave, and I wish he may get by it. He will put this letter into the post at Calais, and I reckon it may arrive at Paris about the time Lady B. gets thither, if no new accident intervenes, and if her health permits her to keep her time. . . . Adieu, my dear Sister.

## LXXXIV[3]

### To the Same

*June* 8, 1730.

[Thanks her heartily.] . . . The help of the Physicians is certainly no more to be relied upon. . . . Nursing may ease her distemper and prolong her days. . . . These daily sinkings, which she still complains of, are, I fear, symptoms of the continuance of the lurking feavour which has been so long undermining the machine. . . . I rejoice att your amusement, and only wish your company better chosen. But you must do the honours to whom the master of the house pleases. The account you give of the alderman[4] and his family, his equipage, and his way of life, diverted me much. Pray give my best services to your father-in-law, and tell him how much I rejoice att his recovery from that cruel distemper, for such I have found it, the Rheumatism. Your children were very well when I heard last of them from your servants. I shall enquire again in a day or two when I think to go to London. The question you ask me, I will take an opportunity of answering more fully. In the meantime, let me desire you, if you have any occasion, or expect any, of such help, to apply yourself to M. Beroyer, a learned and honest Lawyer, who is much my friend and my wife's, and on whom you may rely. Adieu, dear Herriott. . . . Jack[5] and his wife had the honour the other day to entertain his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales[6] att Battersea.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 71.
[2] Mentioned by Swift in 1712 as Bolingbroke's sporting servant.
[3] 34196, f. 72.
[4] Barber (?).
[5] His half-brother, afterwards Lord St. John, and father of Frederick, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, whom Bolingbroke educated, but who disappointed him.
[6] "Poor Fred." The date shows the probability of Bolingbroke's early acquaintance with him.

## LXXXV[1]

### To his Brother-in-Law, Knight

From the Farm, *July* 24, N.St., 1730.

[Still despondent about his wife. ". . . I wish her over here for many reasons," but does not wish her to come over "at any risque," or so as to forego any help she should imagine she may have by staying in France. Tell Caylus, . . . ("a man quite capable of friendship"). . . . For the seeds, I believe they never came to my hand. . . ."]

## LXXXVI[2]

### To his Half-Sister

(Dawley.) *July* $\frac{23}{31}$, 1730.

. . . You have store of English now att Paris, and you have many honours to do which will, I believe, oftener tire than delight you. I dined at Battersea on my way from London on Saturday. There was more company than dinner. Adieu, my dear girl.

## LXXXVII[3]

### To his Brother-in-Law ("*M. Knight le fils dans Le Roule, Faubourg St. Honoré à Paris*")

(Dawley.) *Sept.* $\frac{12}{23}$, 1730.

. . . I am under too much concern to be capable of writing many letters, and besides have at present but one subject to speak on. The very weak state of the poor woman does, I believe, make it impossible for her to resolve on such a journey as that from Paris hither. . . . Mr. Wyndham[4] cannot surely be far off. By the accounts he will give me of her, and bring me from her, I expect to be determined to some resolution. Heaven protect you both. . . .

## LXXXVIII[5]

### To his Half-Sister

(Dawley.) *Sept.* $\frac{13}{23}$, 1730.

I received yours . . . on my return from Somersetshire, which was on Tuesday last . . . [Wife much better: begs for care on her home-coming]. A hurry of what would be

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 73. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 75. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 76.
[4] Charles, eldest son of Sir William. [5] 34196, f. 78.

really pleasure in other circumstances is a pain, and a hurry of what would not be pleasure at best is a torment. . . . You must go through it and do the honours of it,[1] my dear girl, as well as you can. You owe that to Mr. Knight, who must like what his father likes. . . . [Fears Knight, senior, is deceived if he thinks expensive entertainments "will turn to account to him."] . . . You may remember what I thought on this subject when we were last together. I think the same still. . . . In my way home, I spent an evening and part of the morning with Lady Hertford. It is impossible to tell you how pleased I was with my reception and entertainment. The place itself becomes very agreeable by their improvements, and any place they inhabit will be rendered so by their character. Next week I expect to be called to London by some business,[2] and shall then call to enquire what news there is att your house from the Nursery in the country. I hope you have the comfort of hearing frequently from them, and to your contentment, which I most heartily wish in every state and every circumstance. You say nothing of your return into this island. . . .

*P.S.*—As the letter goes by J. B.,[3] who is called by his business into France, you will have as much information as can be given you of this country, and that will neither be much nor edifying. I hope he will not be clapped into the Bastille for having lent his house to those wicked men who made so ill an use of it as to take informations there about the Reparations att Dunkirk. . . . The difficulty is for my wife to get hither when she is here. I dare say the air will be more wholesome for her than the cursed, cold, stinking convent, or the disorderly house of Paris.

You may be assured, my dear girl, that no one shall ever know what you write in confidence to me. Surely you are quite right to stay till the spring at Paris, since Mr. Knight desires it so much. I wish for his sake, as well as yours, that you had less company and fewer feasts. To speak to you in the same confidence you use with me, the good offices of those he treats in France will never do him much service at home, and I am sure that the frequent reports, perhaps exaggerated, of the expense he makes there, do him great hurt here.[4] Lady Berkshire has lost her pretty daughter Fanny, and in the same

[1] *i.e.* the distasteful and frivolous duties of old Mr. Knight's Paris household.

[2] Walpole's prosecution of the *Craftsman's* printer; and perhaps Packer's suit. *Cf. ante*, p. 235.

[3] Brinsden, being employed in the Dunkirk investigation.

[4] He was trying to procure his restoration to England, which occurred in 1743.

sudden manner in which others of her children have died. Adieu, my Dear.

## LXXXIX[1]

### To the Same

Dawley Farm, *Dec.* 11, 1730.

[Complains of bilious fever, now departing.] . . . The passage of the sea was terrible to my wife, for it was both long and rough. I really thought her expiring when she came into Port, but the extream disorder was soon over. She bore the journey from Dover hither very well, and has been better since she came home than she was att Paris att any time. . . . I am not able to write more to you, my dear Sister, att present, but would not let this post go without carrying a few lines to you from one who loves you with all his heart. . . .

## XC[2]

### To the Same

Dawley Farm, *Aug.* 14, 1731.

I am heartily glad to hear that you got so well to Lydiard, my dear Sister, and I wish you there all the health and satisfaction possible. We continue well in the main. . . . Sir William Wyndham is gone for some days to Petworth, and his children for the same time to their Aunt Thomond. You will soon see another uncle and aunt of theirs.[3] . . . If I go next week to London, I will not fail to make a visit to the little ones in Grosvenor Street.

## XCI[4]

### To the Same

(London, 1731.) *Fryday Morning.*

[Is anxious to see her]. . . . I am prevented from it by being obliged to go away very early that I may be at Dawley before some company that dines there.[5]

## XCII[6]

### To the Same

(Dawley, 1731.) *Thursday Morning.*

[Has heard from Caylus that Henrietta's husband will not return till the 11th.] . . . I am less lame but not right, the less so perhaps for being less lame. We rejoice to hear your children continue well.

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 80.
[2] f. 81.
[3] The Hertfords.
[4] 34196, f. 82.
[5] Including Pope, at this time busy over the "Essay on Man," with Bolingbroke, and the "Imitations of Horace."
[6] 34196, f. 83.

## XCIII[1]

### To the Same

Dawley Farm, *Fryday.*

[Could not call before leaving London (for Bath?) Inquires affectionately after the children].

## XCIV[2]

### To Lord Essex[3] (*now Ambassador at Turin, where Chetwynd was also Attaché*).

Dawley Farm, *Oct.* 1, O.S., 1732.

. . . In all the changes and chances of this mortal life, you shall find nothing in me but what will deserve the continuance of the sentiments you express for me. . . . [Of Lady E.] . . . May she have a boy! It is a very good time of life for a person as gay as your Lordship to have one. He will not tread upon your heels too fast; and before he grows up to man's estate, time, business, eloquence, and reflexion will render your Lordship's instructions the very best he can take, and your example the very best he can follow.

[He begs that M. Villette, his wife's kinsman, attached to the French embassy at Turin, will remember the "seeds," and says Gower and Leveson are off to Newmarket.]

## XCV[4]

### To the Same

Arlington Street (*perhaps at Pulteney's*), *Oct.* 1732.

. . . Sir Robert will see everything I write to you." Wishes "not to bring you into any disgrace for continuing your friendship with such a Jacobite as I am. . . .

## XCVI[5]

### To the Same

London, *Nov.* 2, 1732.

. . . I can say with the utmost truth that I never broke friendship once in the whole course of my life with any

[1] 34196, f. 85. [2] 27732, f. 11.

[3] He was an old friend, and brother-in-law of the party's Egeria, Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry. He was in confidential communication with Bolingbroke about foreign affairs, as well as officially with Henry Pelham, who showed one of Bolingbroke's confidential letters to Walpole, who showed it to the Queen; this caused a passing misunderstanding (*cf. ibid.*, ff. 17–80). He was tenant of Bolingbroke's house in Golden Square, and Taylor and Cory, Bolingbroke's agents, managed his affairs also. *Cf. ante*, p. 285.

[4] 27732, f. 49. [5] f. 51., and *cf.* for these sentiments 27733, f. 119.

man who did not begin and persist in breaking it with me. . . . There may have happened things which I could have wished otherwise on your Lordship's part, but I hold it a maxim in friendship that such things as can in any way be reconciled with friendship should not be esteemed breaches of it. Friendship is tender, but should never be lonely. . . . Wyndham is still in the country.

## XCVII[1]

### To the Same

Dawley, *Dec.* 4, 1732.

[Bolingbroke mentions outlay on farm for repairs,[2] &c. Windham coming. Christmas to be at Cassiobury. Has been with Taylor in London and the lawyers "about this damned suit."]

## XCVIII[3]

### To the Same

(Dawley). *Jan.* 14, 173⅜.

" . . . I passed a day or two att Cassibury a week ago" —refers to two letters which caused offence. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry entered into the subject. "You will distinguish in your resentment. . . . I should therefore discharge ill the duty of a friend, which is, in my apprehension, the most sacred duty of social life. . . .

Has been taken up with law business and "in the evening by Pledging the Spanish Ambassador (Monteleon) in Tockay. . . . He semed as young as he was when I did the honours of this country to him twenty years ago. But I found on this occasion, as I do upon many others, that I am a great deal older." One of his letters has miscarried, "been lost or stopped." "Though it is hard to conceive why political vigilance should extend to any correspondence of mine who do not think any political affairs worth my attention"; compliments from his wife and "Sir William who is with us. . . ." [This letter is written in a gouty hand.]

## XCIX[4]

### To the Same

London, *March* 2⅛, 173⅜.

. . . I have not passed for young, I believe, this good while with others, and I cannot pass for such now, even with myself, though self be the most artful flatterer of self

[1] 27732, f. 64.
[2] Part of Dawley seems to have belonged to Essex.
[3] 27732, f. 91.
[4] *Ibid.*, f. 135.

in the whole world.[1] All I desire is retreat and quiet. . . . I have so little concern in the world that it concerns me little who governs it or how it is governed. Your nomination of Harry Vane[2] to the Crown of Poland I approve much. But I can tell you he has more competitors than you are aware of. I am set up for it in the *Daily Courant*, because Walpole is set up for it in the *Craftsman*, as I hear, for I never happened to see the paper. My pretensions I propose to yield to your Lordship's recommendation of Harry, and I suppose it will not be hard to get Sir Robert to yield his.

## C[3]

### To Sir Philip Yorke (*afterwards Lord Hardwicke; on his appointment to the Chief-Justiceship*).

London, *May* 23, 1733.

Sir,—Give me leave in a manner the least troublesome to you to congratulate your recovery from your late indisposition. I do it with all the gratitude of a client, and with all the affection, if you permit me to use the terms, of a friend. No man can wish or augur for you better than I do. I wish you may—I am sure you will—go on to the utmost extent of that carreer which you began so early in life with the applause of all Partys, and the ill-will of none. In the midst of that Retreat and quiet, to which you have it more than any man in your power to send me, and which have been long the innocent and sole objects of my ambition, whatever may have been said by those who wanted to excuse their open malice and secret jealousy, the best news I can hear will be always that of your health, prosperity, and fame, for I shall always be with the highest esteem, the warmest gratitude, and the most sincere affection, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, H. St. J. L. Bolingbroke.

## CI[4]

### To Essex

*July* 16, 1733.

[Has been forced to drink the Pyrmont waters. Sir William expected, and Matignon.]

[1] "Blanda adulatrix et quasi lena sui." Bolingbroke is never wearied of quoting this maxim throughout both his historical and philosophical writings.

[2] A great blabber. It was said of him that when he was sober he told all that he knew, when he was drunk more than he knew.

[3] B.M. Add. MS., 35585, f. 173.

[4] 27732, f. 196.

## CII[1]

### To his Half-Sister

Orchard Wyndham, *Sep.* 22, 1733.[2]

Dear Sister,—The last post brought me yours . . . to this place, where I have been longer than I thought of being. The people at Tunbridge do extreamly well to head the rounds of amusement so gaily. It is so much good time got out of the impertinent busy troubles of life. Your return to London and mine to my farm will fall out about the same time, for I shall go from hence to Longleat next week, and from thence home about Sunday. I rejoice to hear that Mr. Knight and you and the little ones are all so well. God preserve you. I observed in one of the newspapers that a grandson of my Lord St. John lay very ill at Beckenham. I suppose it is Jack's little one, and am very sorry for it. I hear he and his wife are still in Yorkshire. . . .

## CIII[3]

### To Lord Essex

(Dawley.) *Nov.* $\frac{2}{13}$, 1733.

[Complains of intercepted letters.[4] Has returned five weeks from Windham's. He will be with him in less than three. Has been at Cassiobury[5] with Lord and Lady Gower.[6]]

## CIV[7]

### To the Same

Dawley Farm, *March* 24, O.S., $173\frac{3}{4}$.

[Expects war.] You are very good in offering to employ yourself for me, but I have no trouble of the kind to give. . . . Desires I have few, fancys I have none.

[1] 34196, f. 86.

[2] The year of Windham's onslaught on the Septennial Bill. [3] 27732, f. 273.

[4] *Cf.* f. 139, joking about Lovel's good offices in getting letters through. ". . . raillery apart, it is shameful that the most indifferent correspondences are not only inspected but interrupted."

[5] *Cf.* ff. 156, 142, where Bolingbroke has been at Cassiobury (Nov. 1734), just before Lady Gower's death, with Lady Queensberry, and has seen Essex's daughters.

[6] *Cf.* 2733, f. 18 (Feb. 9, 1734), from Lady Bolingbroke. She there speaks of "Rhume and fluxions" very prevalent, a sort of "peste."

[7] 27733, f. 61; f. 61 commemorates Windham's daughter's death.

## PERIOD III.—CHANTELOU—ARGEVILLE
## 1735–1742

### CV[1]

### To the Same

(Dawley.) *April* 20, 1735.

I am preparing to accompany my Lord Berkely into France. He will not have so much occasion of me as I apprehended he might when I first proposed to wait on him, because the conclusion of the session sets W. Chetwynd att liberty to go, but still I shall think myself obliged to give this proof of friendship to one to whom I fear I shall not be able to give them long. My wife meets us at Chantelou, near Amboise, and I shall probably take root there for some time, having as little to do in this country as it is almost possible to have in any, and desiring to have even less. Wherever I am, you will have in me no very useful but a very sincere friend. Your Lordship told me I might recruit my cavalry by taking your colt at Cassiobury. I forgot to do it whilst you was here, but judging that you would not disapprove my proceeding, I have sent for him since, and have desired my old acquaintance, Harry Wankford, to take my word, as he has done. . . . The operations of the war begin, I suppose, with you about this time. I am curious about them no further than concerns some friends and acquaintance I have there, particularly the Marquis de Montmorin, my wife's son-in-law. As to the event, I am wholly indifferent. Adieu, my dear Lord! . . .

### CVI*a*[2]

### To the Same

Chantelou, near Amboise, *June* 25, 1735.

It will be three weeks to-morrow since we sailed from Greenwich,[3] and we did not get to this place till the day before yesterday. One part of our journey by land was rougher than that by sea, and almost as dangerous, though we had a violent storm for twenty hours, knowing our-

[1] 27733, f. 162.
[2] *Ibid.*, f. 186.
[3] He started, therefore, June 5, 1735, arriving at Chantelou June 23.

selves very near Belle Isle, on which the wind drove us, and not being able to see three times the length of our vessel. My Lord Berkley has not only endured the fatigue very well, but has mended upon it, so that I reap all the satisfaction I could propose to myself in performing this duty of friendship. We found my wife here, and from her I received the favour of your letters. . . . I easily conceive that your Lordship has enough of the country where you are, and I think I could add to the reasons you give of the plague and the famine, some others why you should choose to be in another situation. I heard before I left London that you had allowance of the garter and of the embassy to France. . . . I should not write so freely to you if I writ from London, because of the measures your Lordship is in at present with the men in power. . . . I shall be heartily glad to meet your Lordship anywhere, even in England, for the friendship I have vowed you is entire, and will always continue the same, however different our walks in life may be. Mine will be probably in absolute retreat, not from my friends, but from the world, the rest of my days. And in that walk I do assure your Lordship I shall have no other regret than this one, that I ever left it.[1] . . .

## CVI*b*[1]

[*For Bolingbroke's letter of August* 13, 1735, *to George Berkeley, congratulating him on his engagement to Lady Suffolk, and giving an amusing account of his brother's flirtations with Mademoiselle Du Pin*, cf. *Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p.* 134. *For Lady Bolingbroke's letter to the same from Fontainebleau, of June* 30, 1736, cf. ibid., *p.* 152. *The former was at Chantelou after his "return from a ramble . . . to Paris, Chantilly, and Sens," which figures in our following letters.*]

## CVII[2]

### To his Half-Sister (*now in Paris*)

Chantelou, *July* 8, 1735.

. . . I have been hindered twice from answering your letter by company who came in upon me, and yet I believe the

[1] *Cf.* 27738, f. 229, where Cory, writing from London, on this very day in 1736, says, "Lord Bolingbroke I saw at Calais, where I was with Sir W. Wyndham for two or three days; he looked well and brisk. He and his lady live, he says, pleasantly at Fountainebleau in the Governor's apartments. I don't find he thinks of returning this year, unless he should not be at sixty the squire. . . . Dawley is let to the Duke of Norfolk for one year from May 1."

[2] 34196, f. 89. This is placed wrongly in the order of the MS.

place will be on the whole as solitary as I, at least, desire it should be. You are very kind, my dear sister, in your concern for us. . . . [Describes the rough journey.] . . . Lord Berkeley . . . reaps some, and would reap more advantage from the change of climate if the season was not cold and wet beyond any degree known almost in this country. The resolution you have taken[1] is surely a right one, and fit to be taken when you took the journey. I dare say you will keep it. Holles,[2] I hear, is att Paris fencing, dancing, learning languages, and preparing to ride the great horse. If he rides att all, he must ride a great one, till elephants come into use. He would make no bad figure looking over the battlements of a wooden castle, and raised on the back of one of those enormous animals. If you see him, my respects to him.

## CVIII[3]

### To the Same

À Chantelou, *ce* 19 *Juill.* 1735.

Je vous envois cette lettre, ma chère sœur, par un des gens de M. le Marq. de Matignon qui nous quitte demain. Je comte d'être à Paris dans le commencement de la semaine prochaine, et je vous avertiray dès que j'y seray. Car mon séjour y serait très court. Je verray trois ou quatre de mes amis, et je partiray ou pour Chantilly, ou pour Sens, et cela dependera de l'arrangement qu'il me faudra faire pour avoir l'honneur et la satisfaction de voir M. le Duc (de Condé), unique Prince auquel je suis ou veux être attaché. M. le Duc de Richmond viendra ici lundi prochain, et beaucoup de monde avec lui. Je leur céde ma place, et je prendrai le temps qu'ils seront ici pour faire mes petites courses. Adieu, je vous embrasse. Embrassez pour moi et votre mari. Au reste, repandez mes compliments à grands flots, à droite et à gauche comme le Chanoine de Boileau repandoit ses bénédictions. Adiéu, ma chère.

## CIX[4]

### To the Same

Paris, *Tuesday morning* (*August* 1735).

I came last night to this place, and shall set out this

[1] *i.e.*, to rejoin Knight, senior, but not abet his expensive gaieties.

[2] His youngest half-brother — equerry to Queen Caroline in July 1736, *cf.* Mrs. "Jack" St. John's letter, 34196, f. 101—who died in 1738, leaving Henrietta—who placed the tablet to him still in Battersea church—his residuary legatee. He was very fat, and rather ill-natured.

[3] 34196, f. 90.

[4] f. 88. Mistakenly preceding the former in the MS. arrangement.

night for Chantelou, where my Lord Berkeley is not so well as he was. Though I am in a great hurry, I would have found means to see you, my dear sister, had I been able to put on a shoe, but the foot I sprained swells without being painful. . . . I hope ere long to see you again. . . . I hear that Mr. Knight (senior) is gone to Aubigny. He made me wait on Lord Waldegrave whom I did not intend to see,[1] out of regard for his Lordship, thinking a visit from me might embarrass him. Your father-in-law told me he desired it, for he takes effectual care never to have another from me, neither calling on me, nor sending to me.

## CX[2]

### To Essex

Chantelou, *Aug.* 23, 1735.

[Gives an account of Knight, senior—a "brother ambassador coming to him in Paris," where he stayed two or three days—"but they could not prevail upon me, nor I on myself, to make a longer stay"—and hinting Lord Waldegrave would like to see him. After hesitating, and making sure it was a genuine, personal request, called. "If his Lordship was embarrassed, I was not. . . . He never thought fit to call at my door, or to send me a civil message." Asks for truffle-dogs for the Princess of Conti . . . in the neighbourhood. "I have had my ramble, too, having been to wait on M. le Duc at Chantilly, and after that to visit a daughter of my wife's, who is an abbess at Sens."[3]]

## CXI[4]

### To the Same

Chantelou, *Sept.* 18.

. . . It proved to be otherwise. My Lord Waldegrave had done me the honour to return my visit; though that stupid fool, the Swiss of the Hôtel de Matignon, had forgot to set his Lordship's name on the list, you know . . . that I am not a person of much ceremony, nor much on the *qui vive* in private life. But I should be so, I confess, more in my present circumstances than in any other, with persons in public life. . . .

[1] Ambassador at Paris. This incident was afterwards satisfactorily explained.
[2] 27734, f. 27.
[3] She too was a friend of Miss Anne Pitt. *Cf.* Suffolk Letters. [4] f. 144.

## CXII

### To the Same

CHANTELOU, *Sept.* 28, 1735.

. . . What is become of Noailles[1] and his army? . . . I fancy that Konigseck will pass the Adige, if he returns into Lombardy, just as easily as he passed it when he went away. People in this country are in great and unquiet expectations to hear from the Rhine, where Prince Eugene makes too many motions to mean nothing, and where Coigny will certainly give him battle, if he passes. But about all this my soul possesses itself in peace. . . .

## CXIII[2]

CHANTELOU, *Oct.* 22, 1735.

[Will call on Waldegrave, "if I take a trip to Paris . . . for though I have nothing to do with your great folks in publick life, I will not fail in any of the dutys of private life." Expects truffle-dogs for "Her Highness (Conti), who has all the graces, if she has not all the beauty, she had formerly. . . . Your inaction in Italy cannot be more complete than that on the Rhine. This pacifick manner of making war is visible enough, and the first step towards making peace. Horace's[3] plan was merry too. We might laugh more heartily, if it did not cost us so dear, and if we contented ourselves, from the white rocks of our island to be spectators of the farce on the Continent. . . . I should be curious to know, more curious than I am to know what Horace is doing at the Hague, whether the Ambassador has quite debauched the secretary,[4] or the secretary of the embassy has reclaimed the ambassador."]

## CXIV[5]

### To Windham

PARIS, *Nov.* 29, 1735.

You think too reasonably yourself to be surprised that a man who makes use of his reason, who is almost threescore, and who has passed ten such years as I have lately passed, should begin to consider, how it becomes his character, his temper, his fortune, and his circumstances to

[1] A great friend.
[2] 27734, f. 162.
[3] H. Walpole.
[4] Robert Trevor; *cf.* 27735, f. 24.
[5] Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 333 (Egremont Papers). The whole letter should be carefully consulted.

conduct the last act of his life, and to wind up the whole piece. . . . You are grown to be a formidable minority within doors, and you crave a great majority without. . . . My part is over, and he who remains on the stage, after his part is over, deserves to be hissed off. . . . Whenever they have a real want of me, which is a case not likely to happen, I shall obey their summons, as long as I live, and enjoy a complete share of health. . . . My enemies cannot say I am afraid of them, nor my friends that I decline their service. If I part with mankind, I hope I part fairly with them. As to myself, I have done all that I could for my own service, in the great point of view, *that, I mean, of being restored while the late King lived.* . . . Since that time I have acted a part that I should not have acted, unless I had been sure of myself. . . .

## CXV[1]

### To his Brother-in-Law, Knight

Chantelou, *Oct.* 24, 1735.

It is time I should ask you how my sister and the little ones do. . . . Mr. Chetwynd thinks of setting out hence in about three weeks. . . . He has some business at Paris, and one who has a family of seven children at home, may well be wanted there. I think of going att the same time to Paris. . . . The house is excessively cold. I hear Holles has wiped our noses twice. In going to Angers, and returning from thence, he has passed before the door. He might have inquired at least after Lord Berkeley's health, whom he knew in England. I wish him well, and therefore wish with all my heart that he would not put those odditys into matters of decency or of morals, which do well enough, and even recommend a man sometimes, when they are confined to things absolutely indifferent.

## CXVI[2]

### To the Same

*(Just before Knight's departure from "La Planchette" to resume the work of the Session.)*[3]

Chantelou, *ce 8me Dec.* 1735.

. . . I wish you both, as well as the little ones, a safe and agreeable journey. My party is taken, and in this

[1] 34196, f. 91. [2] *Ibid.*, f. 93.
[3] He was now member for St. Albans. *Cf.* f. 101.

hospital I will remain during the whole winter. I shall be of some use and comfort to att least one friend here, and that is better than being of no use to a greater number of friends in England. I do not much inquire after news, but I should be glad to know whether Spain accepts the preliminaries[1]; for as to the suspension of hostilitys, the Spaniards, I judge, will not desire to break it, as long as they keep possession of Parma, Tuscany, &c. You can send me at least the report of the town, and the current opinion. I fancy you will find that the ministers claim more merit in this pacification than they do abroad, and that they assume great airs upon it.[2] Such a sort of merit as theirs will ruin the nation by expense, and neither go to the bottom of the wounds, so as to re-establish publick tranquillity securely, nor disentangle our country out of the numerous contradictory and chargeable engagements under which their folly and iniquity has layed her. Adieu. . . . You may remember you recommended a perriwig maker to me, one Le Roy. I think myself obliged to tell you that he is the greatest and most impudent knave alive. He made me pay five Louis for a little perriwig, the worst I ever had in my life; and now he writes me word he has spent thirty to make me a tyed one, which I ordered before I had the experience of the first.

## CXVII[3]

### Extract from a Letter to Windham

Chantelou, *January* 5, 1736.

. . . Much of what I said concerning private characters and publick affairs Mr. Chetwynd is able to inform you of. This alone I will say here, that if our friend Lord Stair was on this side of the water, he would cease to apprehend the exorbitant power of France, and the exorbitant use like to be made of other real power. The project of peace, for it is not yet quite a treaty, gives great satisfaction, no doubt to those who apprehended the war might grow more general. What merit is assumed upon this occasion I know not; but I know, that things would

[1] These were for the settlement of Don Carlos in the Italian possessions. Eventually Holland came in after delay. Essex was helping these negotiations with Sardinia. France got Lorraine, and Tuscany became a Duchy,

[2] This proved the opinion of thinking men at home. *Cf.* Cory's letter to Essex, 27735, f. 58. ". . . Peace well liked, and the better that the English ministry did not do it, and what the folks give out is that it is happy for them . . . that it has this grand effect . . . to discharge us from the many odd engagements we have entered into for a number of years past."

[3] Egremont Papers. Coxe's "R. Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 335.

have gone much as they have gone, if Horace Walpole had remained at home, and the nation had spent some millions less. If your shew of arming has had any effect, it has been where it became us least to interpose, as Britons, as Freemen, and in short as a people, who have given a right or pretence to foreign nations of intermeddling in our domestick affairs, by asking and accepting their guarantys of our Protestant succession. Whatever new partition is made of the contested countrys, it will last no longer than till an opportunity offers to one side or other of breaking it;[1] for none of these systems of cure go to the bottom of the wound. . . . You would be sorry I am sure, if I wanted the courage to say to myself, "Thy part in publick life is over." Let me depend on you and Bathurst for enabling me to live like a Cosmopolite the rest of my days. For this purpose you must dispose of Dawley for me. Were my Father likely to dye, this measure would be prudent, and since he is likely to live it is necessary. To what purpose should I keep an expensive retreat, where in all probability I should never retire. In one sence and no improper one, it may be said that I have no excuse for choosing to be at home, except two, an opportunity of being useful to my friends and my country, *or the means of compleating that restoration, by frequent, solemn, and unsolicited promises of which, the late King drew me into England.* The opportunity is over, the means are not in my power, and in the present state of things, the end is no longer desirable. Upon this head I hope to have soon your answer. Chavigny will convey it safely to Du Nacquet, and Du Nacquet must be directed to send it under cover to the Marquis of Matignon. In things of this kind, the Canal of Chavigny is not improper, for he is a friendly man. Whilst I was at home, I served for an alarm to the Whigs, and they were threatened with my coming into power. It is to be presumed this cant is out of date. . . . You mentioned to me in one of your letters this summer my Lord Hardwicke. Let me desire you, whenever a fair and unaffected opportunity offers, to present my humble service to him and to assure him, that wherever I live, I shall preserve for him as long as I live, a great esteem and a most inviolable friendship. Adieu, my old and dear friend, I embrace you with the utmost tenderness. . . . I let fall to Pulteney more than once, that in several public relations, . . . some parts of my late Lord Marlborough's conduct in the operations of the war, are censured and I

[1] It *did* last no longer in 1739 and 1742.

believe unjustly; the expedition to the Mozelle in 1705, the inactivity of 1707 and others. In whatever I write that is historical I will be neither apologist, panegyrist, nor satirist . . . but yet I should be glad to do justice to my late Lord Marlborough, where I can do it with truth on my side. If, therefore, her Grace, his widow, thinks the same of any concernment, I will make an honest use of any materials she may give me for clearing up the truth. . . . I say nothing to you of your winter campaign. . . . You have contributed signally to unmask the knave and to expose the fool, in a country almost overrun by the two and almost tainted to the vitals with corruption. . . . If I have not increased the number, I suppose that I have exasperated the malice of my enemys during my stay in England and by the part I acted there. As to my friends, I do not suppose that I have encreas'd their number, or warmed their affection. 'Tis a common case; our enemys look backwards as well as forwards, and put both to account. Our friends seldom look backwards, always forwards, and what we call gratitude is generally expectation. . . . I ask nothing from those I have served. If you hinder the consequences of the Revolution from destroying that Constitution, which the Revolution was meant to improve and perpetuate, I shall end my days in the obscurity of retreat, with far greater satisfaction than the splendour of the world ever gave me, as busy as I have appeared in it and as fond as I have been of it. . . As long as my heart continues to beat, it will beat warmly for Great Britain and for you.

## CXVIII[1]

### To his Brother-in-Law.

Chantelou, *Jan.* 25, 1736.

. . . I wish the New Year may be prosperous to you both and to the little ones. May you live to see many, and may they be all of the same colour. For my own part I expect but few, and even those I should not be very fond of enjoying if I did not hope they would run more smoothly than the far greatest part of the past have done. Whatever happens, it will be a comfort to me that I have had an opportunity before my death of contributing to revive the true spirit of Constitution in Great Britain.[2] A set of men that have bawled louder than

[1] 34196, f. 95.

[2] *Cf.* the "Patriot King"; this shows Bolingbroke was in earnest and not merely making a thesis.

others for liberty have been long sacrificing it to their private interest, and the victim has stood long at the foot of the altar. The danger is now obvious and the disguise is taken off. Faction is avow'd and partys are coalited. The victim may be saved even though the same butcherly priests should continue to administer our political Rites. Or, who knows? a zealous high priest may arise,[1] and these priests of Baal may be hewed in pieces. . . . When you come home, if anybody enquires after me, say I am well in body and better in mind, that I am performing the dutys of friendship to one who wants them all;[2] and that when they are over I shall dispose of my insignificant person with that liberty which belongs to a man who belongs entirely to no country. God bless you all. . . . The enclosed to Lord Bathurst I recommend to your care. If Wyndham does not go from Paris so soon as you, I desire to ask him for a paquet to Lord Cornbury, and another to his Father, which I have desired him in this case to put into your hands.[3]

## CXIX[4]

### To Essex

Chantelou, *Jan.* 19, 1736.

. . . Without giving myself any air of false humility or false philosophy, I do myself and your world justice. A long chain of events has made us very unfit for one another. The world, I dare swear, does not regret me, and after looking into it again for ten years together, I saw nothing which can make me regret the world. This being the case, my party is taken to pass the remainder of an impertinent life a little less impertinently out of it. Of all the sentiments I contracted in the world, I preserve none except those of private friendship. . . . [Thanks for truffle-dogs; compliments of wife and self to M. de Villette.]

## CXX

### To Windham[5]

[*Abstract.*] Chantelou, *Feb.* 20, 1736.

[Speaks of his sleeplessness, in which case he rises, reads, writes, or walks about. "I give full employment to this

[1] He did twenty years afterwards in Pitt. [2] Lord Berkeley.
[3] These are the letter on "Retirement and Study," and the letters on "History" respectively. The Wyndham is Wyndham the younger. For greetings, *cf. ante*, p. 344. [4] 27734, f. 59.
[5] Coxe's "Robert Walpole," App., vol. ii. p. 338 (Egremont Papers).

fluttering activity of the spirits. When I cannot have sleep as I would, I take it as I can, and, like my brother animals, I recover by snatches in the day what I lost at night." Speaks of his position since the accession of George II. "I saw that I should have many difficulties to encounter . . . but I was engaged, a party was formed, and I had contributed to form it . . . it is therefore a satisfaction to me that I have fulfilled this duty and had my share in the last struggle that will be made, perhaps, to preserve a constitution which is almost destroyed, under pretence of mending it or defending it. There are those that will laugh at the man, or deem him a hypocrite, who assign such motives of conduct. . . . But you will not; and to you alone I will account for mine." Traces the present foreign entanglements to the violation of the Utrecht Treaty, and especially to the Quadruple Alliance. Sicily had been specially given to Savoy to prevent the violation of Italian neutrality by the Emperor. ". . . The great point was to keep the Spaniard out, to hinder the two rivals from treading on the same continent."]

## CXXI[1]

### To his Brother-in-Law (*who had returned to London on Dec.* 15)

Chantelou, *Feb.* 1736.

. . . The present state of affairs abroad will make halcyon days, I suppose, at home. The Lyon will lye down with the lamb, and the golden age be revived, or the millenary year be anticipated. I wish this sweet harmony may last, but I cannot see that the present settlement of Europe assures publick tranquillity any better than it was secured twenty years ago, and would have continued to be secured by that settlement.[2] The Emperor was then dissatisfied that he had not Sicily, and he that had it[3] was dissatisfyed that he had no more. But neither one nor the other durst go about to break a system, to the establishment and preservation of which so many great powers were Partys and guarantees. The King of Spain was dissatisfyed, too, and the ambitious spirit of the queen, and the turbulent character of Alberoni, worked him up to enterprises on Sardinia and Sicily. But there is room

[1] 34196, f. 97.

[2] The Utrecht Treaty.

[3] Amadeus of Savoy. At the conclusion of the Quadruple Alliance he ceded it to the Emperor Charles VI. in exchange for Sardinia. In 1735 Don Carlos had been crowned King at Palermo, and it thus now reverted to Spain.

to doubt whether Spain would have ventured to break a system of power so lately made, and after so terrible a war, if we had not opened the way by projecting to break it in favour of the Emperor.[1] Att least this is certain, that it would have been much easier to keep the publick peace, by preserving the stipulated neutrality of Italy, and keeping the Spaniards out, than it will be to keep it, now the neutrality of Italy has been so long broken by common consent, and the Spanish power is again established in that country. Whether the partition, projected by the Quadruple Alliance [*i.e.* in favour of Austria], or that which is now made, after 18 years of wars, and rumours of wars, of expensive suspensions and more expensive negotiations, be the partition, is, I think, much alike. The question is, whether the same seeds of discontent, and consequently of future disturbance, do not remain; and whether the Emperor and King of Spain may not more easily disturb the tranquillity of Europe, even now, than they could have done if none of the Treatys that have been made from the year 1716 inclusively had been made. Our judgment of the wisdom of those councils that have prevailed will turn on the settlement of that question. However, it is a great point gained that the Emperor has got out of his late distress with so much advantage—the guarantee of France to the Pragmatic Sanction.[2] The cession of Lorraine, in France, and of Tuscany to the Duke of Lorraine are relative to future contingencys, and I pretend not to have any opinion about them. Of the past I know something, of the present I know little, of the future I intend to know less and less every day. . . . Adieu, dear Robin. . . . I desire to hear sometimes of your welfare. Nothing sits nearer to me.

## CXXII[3]

### To Lord Essex

(*After Bolingbroke had removed to Argeville, near Fontainebleau, and was with his stepson-in-law, M. de Volar, Governor of Fontainebleau; hunting and studying.*)

Fontainebleau, *May* 30, 1736.

. . . You may, though I hope you will not, meet with disappointments. But in the plan of life I have formed to

[1] In 1720; while Tuscany was given to Don Carlos in 1729, and now transferred to the Duke of Lorraine, Austria's nominee, in exchange for his surrender of Lorraine to France.

[2] Reluctantly granted, 1738.

[3] 27734, f. 181.

myself, or rather have resumed, I can meet with *none*. I have resumed it, indeed, for I had renounced the world when the late King called me into it again. Nothing shall ever call me into it more. The world will not regret me, my Lord. Not those whom I served best and might have served better, if they had pleased, will regret me. Nor shall I regret them. Assure yourself . . . that this is not the effect of the cause you imagine, spleen created by disgust. . . . [Asks Essex to visit him on return from Piedmont.] . . . You will find me a very jocund hermit. I am quits with my friends, party friends, I mean; and I think I am not in debt to my enemys. What can be more reasonable, therefore, than to live the rest of my days to myself, and the few friends, private and personal friends, I mean, that I have, and desire to have? . . . Your mother[1] is a faithful servant of yours. Bad health, the care of one whose health is worse, an old imagination that flags, and growing heavy grows lazy too, and of late, since we left Chantelou, the rambling from one friend's habitation to another, must excuse her silence. . . . She promises to excuse herself to you soon.

## CXXIII[2]

### To his Brother-in-Law, Knight (*after the separation between him and Bolingbroke's sister*)

(Fontainebleau.) *Sept.* 25, 1736.

I thank you, dear Sir, for your letter, . . . and for all the kindness you express to me in it. I writ you my thoughts very sincerely upon the unhappy affair you mention, as I shall do upon all occasions. There is no more to be said about it, for, the only reason that one friend can urge to another for moderation and temper in such cases being the prudential reason of avoiding an éclat, and this éclat being made, it would be impertinent to talk without having the reason to urge. You shall hear of it, therefore, no more from me. . . . You see with how great a confidence in your friendship I write to you. . . . Receive my wife's kindest compliments. She has been sadly afflicted att your misfor-

[1] Lady Bolingbroke. She always calls Essex "mon fils." *Cf.* 2733, f. 105.

[2] 34196, f. 103. This letter is dictated probably to Brinsden. In f. 99 Jack St. John, from Chipping Warden, writes to R. Knight of the scandal (probably associated with Lady Hertford and Mr. Dalton) on June 29, 1736: "Tis at least two months since I heard the truth of this unhappy affair, and indeed it must have been pritty publick, . . ." and *cf.* "Bolingbroke and His Times: the Sequel," pp. 353–7, 469–71. Bolingbroke reconciled them for a space in 1743.

tune and ours, for such it is. I shall be glad to hear how your little ones thrive. What do you do with the girl? The boy is, I know, at school.

## CXXIV[1]

TO HIS FATHER, LORD ST. JOHN[2] (*who consulted him as to whether Henrietta*[3] *should be allowed to visit her favourite aunt, Mrs. Cholmondeley*)

(ARGEVILLE.) *22nd Nov.* 1736.

MY LORD ST. JOHN,—I have read Mrs. Knight's letter to your Lordship, which you was so kind as to send to me. And now with regard to that part of it wherein she is desirous of going to Mrs. Cholmondeley's, or Sir Peter Soomes [Soames], in my opinion it is not only giving them trouble but also expence to receive her, but it will likewise be an expence to Mrs. K. travelling cross the country, especially as she is now settled at Barrells. Besides, I do not think this a proper time for her to go from thence, as it will occasion fresh discourse, which I am sure she ought to avoid as much as possible.[4] I am with respect.

## CXXV[5]

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

ARGEVILLE, *Dec.* 17, 1736.

. . . I say nothing to you about the unhappy affair which has given us all so much concern. I endeavour to forget it, and hope you do the same. As to my Lord St. John's health, I enquire concerning it purely because my present situation may make me more concerned than I should be in any other situation to know in time of any accident that may happen to him.[6] As I should not be sorry for his death, so I do not wait with impatience for it,

[1] 34196, f. 110, dictated.

[2] Called by his family "Old Frumps." *Cf.* f. 104, where his son Jack complains of his temper and patriarchal birthday formalities. He turned the "girl" of Mrs. Knight out of doors in September. *Cf.* his letter to Knight, f. 106.

[3] Henrietta was allowed to inhabit Barrells in Warwickshire, old Knight's place. By the terms of the separation, she was not to go within twenty miles of London, or anywhere on the Bath Road. *Cf.* f. 111.

[4] Shortly after this Henrietta writes from Barrells a dutiful note to her father speaking affectionately of her husband, and begging a "M. Gaillardy" to "let her know that my dear boy is perfectly well," f. 117.

[5] 34196, f. 113.

[6] He had recurrent fits of "vapours," but one about this time was more serious. As early as 1705—in a letter extant in the Record Office—Bolingbroke complained to Harley of his "scandalous conduct," which had brought a noble family into disgrace.

nor build schemes upon the prospect of it. He may possibly live longer than myself. But knowing the little honour and conscience that he carries about him, prudence would oblige me to take certain measures, if I saw any reason to expect he would go off soon, which may be neglected with more decency in his present state. . . . Would you believe that I writ a few lines of compliment to Holles on the death of his mother,[1] and that he has never had the manners to say, I thank you? I am far from being offended att him; I am sorry for him. . . . The near approach of the Session begins, I suppose, to fill the town and the noddles of Politicians. Though I am at a distance from the scene, and shall certainly bear no part in it, yet I cannot but wish that the coalition of parties, which I take to be a fundamental principle of all the good that can be expected, may not be broken. Since my Lord Burlington has enquired of you after me, let me desire you to take an occasion of saying to him that whenever I write to you, I desire that my humble services may be made acceptable to him. I have nothing to say from the depth of this forest which can be entertaining to you. . . .

## CXXVI[2]

### To the Same

ARGEVILLE, *Jan.* 28, 1737.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received yours . . . in due time, and have waited to answer it for the opportunity that now presents itself by the return of Mrs. Leveson[3] into Britain. Should I outlive my Lord St. John, I should expect, like you, all manner of ill proceedings from Holles.[4] His temper will lead him to them, and there are those who will push him to them.[5] I am the less concerned about it, because I think my Lord's life as good as my own, and because I should, in the case supposed, insist on nothing that was not too clear to be disputed. In all events, I depend on your friendship for any notices, that it may be useful for me to have in time. I do not wonder that the situation you stand in relatively to your family sits heavy on your mind. Time and your own good sense will lighten

[1] *Née* Madeleine Angélique Pelissary, a good friend to Bolingbroke. In f. 115, which should precede this letter, Lord St. John gives an account of her illness.

[2] 34196, f. 116.

[3] Of Lord Lansdowne's family.

[4] He died in 1738, leaving Henrietta his residuary legatee.

[5] Mrs. "Jack" St. John (?).

the burden. Your father came down to sup with me a few days ago, and went back the next day to sup att Paris. [Speaks of his chances of restoration, aided by Page's[1] interest with Walpole.] . . . Walpole has been spoke to. . . . The answer seemed to me to be that of a man who bantered, and had no real disposition to serve him. . . .

## CXXVII[2]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *June* 14, 1737.

[Congratulates him on the part he has played during the session; condoles with him on the illness of his daughter, of an "inflammation upon the lungs, . . . I presume not common to children of that age. The boy, I find, enjoys good health. God preserve him in it, and make him what he promises to be, with the good parts God has given him, and the good education you will give him. Now your school is up, and your holydays are begun, . . ."]

## CXXVIII[3]

### To the Same

(On a Charitable Errand.)

(Argeville.) *July* 5, 1737.

[Wishes them every good.] . . . I thank you for the goodnatured part you took on the request that Brinsden made you, and am glad you prevailed on my Lord St. John to do what has been done. You was much in the right to press him no farther. Perhaps the letter she writes to him, and that which my wife intends to write att the same time, may work on his generosity, and bring a little variety in to assist it, for you know the world enough to know that our vices are sometimes usefully employed to promote our virtuous actions. The case is really deplorable. The young woman has every good quality, except beauty, that can recommend her. She has been here a month or six weeks, and she sets out to-morrow to return into Brittany to a convent, where she has already passed some time, and where she resolves to take the habit, and so pass the rest of her days in Retreat and devotion. The Resolution is entirely her own, and is a proof of sense and courage and

[1] A son-in-law of old Knight. [2] 34196, f. 119. [3] f. 120.

virtue uncommon at seventeen years of age. The little allowance I am able to make her will maintain her in all the necessarys that the House does not furnish, and 2200 Livres . . . will be all that will be expected as her portion, so they call it, when she is admitted into the community. You see att how cheap a rate a young woman that is left destitute may be provided for in this country. If my Lord St. John will do no more, I will give the 100 sterling myself rather than see one that bears our name miserable in the world, that may for such a sum be decently and happily out of it. Adieu, . . .

## CXXIX[1]

### To the Same

(On the Same Matter.)

(Argeville.) *Aug.* 17, 1737.

I thank you most kindly, . . . and am only sorry that you have had so much unfruitful trouble in your endeavours to determine my Lord St. John to a generous and charitable action. If my wife had taken my advice, she had not applyed to his Lordship by others, nor writ to him herself. I scarce expected he would begin well, and I was sure he would end ill. The accident you mention to have happened to him . . . was, I suppose, a vapour, for he has always been vapourish, though I do not remember that he ever lost his speech in any seizure of that kind. It is a great satisfaction to me to hear of the health of your little ones. God continue it to them, and prosper them in their journey through life, which they are beginning. I hear that your friend Mr. Herbert[2] has been so obliging as to give me a couple of fine hounds, that are coming from Calais with others from me . . . [begs him to thank Herbert] . . . If a man who lives in the woods and his study could be of any use to him, he might command my best services . . . [adds that Knight's father has gone to Spa] . . .

## CXXX[3]

### To the Same

(Forest of Montargis, near Fontainebleau.)
*Sept.* 26, 1737.

[Thanks for compliments to Mr. Herbert] . . . and I shall be obliged to him if he will let me have such young

[1] 34196, f. 123. [2] Mentioned in the Suffolk Letters. [3] 34196, f. 126.

hounds as he can spare, for the Wolf and the Boar, the only beasts I hunt, make me often want recruits. One of his was wounded the other day severely, but will recover. They both hunted the Boar freely the very first day they were uncoupled. I shall be always extreamly obliged to him for services as a sportsman. . . . I am now in the forest of Montargis, the King being come to Fontainebleau, and here I shall stay att least these two months. . . .

## CXXXI [1]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *Jan.* 19, 1738.

. . . It is something to a friendly heart to know that a friend is well, and always a friend. My brother St. John writes me word that his father's door is shut to you.[2] I am more ashamed than sorry for it. I am ashamed on his account, because you have always deserved from him the civilest and kindest treatment. And I am but little concerned on your's, since I think you could expect no service nor advantage from a man who turned your little girl so abruptly out of doors.[3] [Asks if Herbert can send nine dogs—"a bitch of his expects some others in February," &c.]

## CXXXII [4]

### To the Same

Argeville, *March* 30, 1738.

. . . As I was a farmer in England, I am a huntsman in France, and am less diverted from the latter than I was from the former employment. The love of hunting, which returned strongly upon me, is confirmed by the health that exercise gives me; and I, who could never go out to take a walk, should sit with a few books, and fewer friends, all my days att home, if the cry of dogs and sound of horns did not draw me abroad. [Thanks Herbert, "almost entirely unknown," and gives account of performance of one of his boar-hunts].

[1] 34196, f. 134.

[2] This quarrel arose over the monetary arrangements on Henrietta's separation.

[3] After a few months' residence on the separation. *Cf.* Lord St. John's letter, f. 105.

[4] 34196, f. 135.

## CXXXIII[1]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *June* 12, 1738.

. . . Our notions concerning the happyness of life are much alike. I have been fond of power, and as they were necessary to that, desirous, but not fond of Riches. This circumstance, however, has always attended my fondness of power. Since I came to think and feel for myself, instead of judging by the judgment, and acting by the spirit of Party, I have never valued power, any further than I retained the liberty of applying it to those purposes to which my opinion and my sentiments led me to apply it. There has not been these thirty years a point of time, when the greatest degree of power, and the highest elevation in honour and dignity in an administration, whose conduct I disapproved or despised, and could not hope to alter, would have tempted me. A man of this temper cannot expect to please long any court, nor any Party, and this experience should make him content to retire from business to amusement, and from the government of a state to the government of himself. In this retreat I am att last. I was so once before the late King drew me, and the consequences of his ineffectual goodwill kept me long out of it. Nothing shall draw me out of it again. My study and the woods of Fontainebleau divide all the time that can be spared from the necessary dutys of friendship and private life. Mr. Herbert is very good in helping me to cultivate one of these amusements. . . . I write again to have all possible care taken of the young hounds which he designs me, and am particularly obliged to him for the Bitch he sends me. Her brothers are very good, but one of them, the lightest coloured, is so furious att the wild Boar, that he leaves all other scents for it, and I saved him the other day by [miracle], though with a great wound upon him. God preserve you and your's. . . .

[*In the June of* 1738 *Bolingbroke paid a two months' visit to Pope, Marchmont, Polwarth, and his other friends in England.*]

## CXXXIV[2]

### To Hugh, Viscount Polwarth (*one year later Lord Marchmont*).

(Argeville, *Autumn* 1739.)

I should be more in the wrong than most men, if I had not all that indulgence to the weaknesses of others which

[1] 34196, f. 136. [2] Marchmont Papers. vol. ii. p. 177.

your Lordship, I hope justly, as well as kindly, ascribes to me. But I can say without any flattery, for flattery is unworthy of you, and of me, that I never found this indulgence wanting to support my inclination to love and honour you. . . . My Lord, to form a great and good character, it is not enough to have a mind fraught with knowledge, and to possess all the talents necessary to employ this knowledge with effect; the heart must be touched with esteem and content, with love and hatred, and with a zeal in the cause of virtue, that excludes all indifference, and much more, all servile compliances.

Let the object of our conduct be determined by knowledge, by experience, and by reflection; let prudence regulate the measure of it, but let the sentiments of the heart animate the whole. I saw and I felt with great pleasure, that they animated your's, in an age and country where the fewest symptoms of them appear, and where the greatest want of them exists. Your fire[1] revived the dying embers of mine, fanned them with hope, and kindled them anew. I returned to my hermitage, not only with a concern for my country which will accompany me everywhere, but with a mind bent on endeavours to be of some public utility even here. . . . I am hurt . . . when I hear that the same persons[2] as think my name, and much more, my presence in Britain, whenever I am there, does them mischief, should express any expectation, of that kind you mention, from me. They treat me a little too lightly; but I wish that it was me alone whom they treated so, and that the greatest interests of their country were not treated as lightly. No neglect of me should cool my zeal, nor slacken my endeavours in their service, and that of the cause they profess to espouse; but I discern very plainly that our friends will not, or cannot, support a measure they have valued themselves much for taking, and pawned themselves to support.[3] Will they do anything better when they have pawned me too? I think not. . . . I apprehend it is scarce possible to explain and justify the secession[4] without speaking as plainly as these papers speak [which he enclosed] . . . and yet I doubt very much whether it be advisable to throw them out as they are. . . . Use your prudence, my dear Lord, in this, but allow me to insist on two things;

[1] *Cf.* Pope's "and the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul."
[2] Pulteney and his friends.
[3] The self-assertion of England against Spain and against Walpole.
[4] Of the Patriots, led by Windham, who in March 1739 walked out of the House on the Address approving the Spanish convention. Coxe hints that Bolingbroke directed it. This letter shows the opposite.

that you do not expose yourself to any trouble for men, who will not so much as keep your secret; and that no suspicion may go abroad of my having any share in the writing; for which purpose, since Mr. P[ulteney] quoted me, I think he should be told, that I have refused absolutely to write on the subject. Your endeavours to expose the attempts that are made to revive party names are great services to your country. . . .

Walpole is left at liberty to pursue his own measures. The true measure and the sole principle from which any good consequences can follow is to deny peremptorily to admit the pretensions of the Spaniards to be *materia tractandi*. . . . This is plainly designed to be evaded by the minister. . . .

Are we not in the dotage of our commonwealth, my Lord? Are we not in the second infancy, when rattles and hobby-horses take up all our attention, and we truck for playthings our most essential interests? In a first infancy there is hope of amendment, the puerile habits wear off, and those of manhood succeed; reason grows stronger, and admits of daily improvement. We observe, we reflect, we hear, we persuade ourselves, or we are persuaded by others. But in a second infancy, what hope remains? Reason grows weaker; the passions, the baser passions, the inferior sentiments of the heart, avarice, envy, self-conceit, and obstinacy grow stronger; and the habits we have then accompany us to the grave.

## CXXXV[1]

### To the Same

(Argeville). *July* 22, N.S., 1739.

. . . What has happened in the course of opposition to Walpole's administration puts me in mind of what happened in the beginning of the late King's reign, when the Tories suffered themselves to be pushed into rebellion, and undertook passionately and rashly an enterprise that of all others requires the coolest counsels and most deliberate measures. . . . I was no sooner in these engagements than I began to see the probable consequences of them. The party was made up of papists, and of Jacobites little better for our purpose than papists; of Tories who went into all the desperate extremes without any principle,

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 183. This important letter also states that his attainder in 1715 freed him from "the engagements taken before to the government," which, otherwise, would have been kept. Cf. *ante*, pp. 3, 5, 17, and *post*, p. 571.

which these men went into by principle; of others who meant nothing more than opposing a Tory king to a Whig king; and of others again who meant nothing more than to bring the government, by the figure they made in the opposition, to treat separately with them. A party thus constituted, seemingly united, but really divided, proceeded, as you may imagine, without concert. [Presses the analogy, and declares that if he could have persuaded the Tories to come, on Sunderland's invitation, into the King's service, New-Whig Walpole and Jacobite Shippen would have coalesced]. . . . On the event, therefore, of the present measure I fix my eyes. If the people will not stand by those who stand by them, or if they who have undertaken the defence of the national cause slink from it, you are a subdued nation. Walpole is your tyrant to-day; and any man his Majesty chooses to name, Horace or Leheup,[1] may be so to-morrow. I would contribute at any risk to save the British constitution, and to establish an administration upon national principles[2] . . . Might you not return to the House thus backed and thus instructed, and there insist to do no business till a Place Bill was obtained?

## CXXXVI[3]

### To the Same

Argeville, *Oct.* 15, 1739.

[Long letter about "Spanish insolence and British baseness"—has long foreboded the "want of steadiness and vigour" in the opposition. Fears the "vassalage" under Walpole is well nigh complete. Gives secret information of the Spanish attitude, which is that they do not expect a war, and if it happens expect to tire England out by "fruitless expeditions." The French constantly quarrel with Spain about St. Domingo, &c. They never make war or treat, but take reprisals and leave the affair to be settled in America. ". . . The English have never once taken this method in eighteen years, though a few frigates would have been sufficient for the purpose . . ." They bear insult and establish in some sort Spain's pretensions by acquiescence, and then equip a huge fleet to make Spain surrender what she would have done without.]

[1] Horace Walpole and Isaac Leheup (the Dutch minister) frequently satirised by Bolingbroke as "grotesque figures" together.

[2] He did so in the "Broadbottom Administration" of 1745, which, behind the scenes, he was largely instrumental in forming.

[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 195.

## CXXXVII [1]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *New Year's Day*, 1740.

[A long, eloquent, and reasoning plea for a National Party.]

## CXXXVIII [2]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *June* 13, 1740.

[Has begun to revise his "anti-metaphysical" writings addressed to Pope; still meditates the history of the first fourteen years of the century. "Thus, my Lord, though out of the world, I may be of some use to it." "Employ your excellent talents as you have employed them." "*Vale et me tui amantissimum ama.*"]

## CXXXIX [3]

### To the Same

(On Windham's Death.)

Argeville, *Aug.* 8, 1740.

[A very fine letter, which should be perused in full. It argues against special providences and for general laws. It begins: "God knows who is to go next, my Lord . . . I can contribute nothing, my dear Marchmont—thus I used to speak to Windham—thus let me speak to you— . . . to alleviate your grief, unless mingling my tears with yours can contribute to it. I feel the whole weight of it; I am pleased to feel it; I should despise myself if I felt it less. We are men; and time will have its effects on our pains as it has on our pleasures, for this is a mechanical effect. . . . We lament our own loss, but we lament that of our country too. What regret can be too great for the loss of a friend, whom we should have regretted even if he had been our enemy." He advocates the great duty of resignation, "the lesson contained in the hymn of Cleanthes"; [4] glories in being Windham's and Marchmont's friend.]

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 202.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 213.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 225.
[4] Quoted in his "Reflections upon Exile," written in 1717.

## CXL[1]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *Nov.* 30, 1740

[On the national maladministration. The war, as conducted, will give no "real satisfaction for past injuries," or "real security against future invasions of the liberty of navigation. . . . The trials I have had came upon me much later in life, much later, at least, in public life; and I gave pretence and colour for the last part of them, which is not your case, by a start of passion into rash and precipitate engagements."]

## CXLI[2]

### To the Same

(Argeville.) *March* 26, 1741.

[On the folly of the Tories uniting with Shippen and his Jacobites in their withdrawal on Sandys' motion, on Feb. 13, to address the King to remove Walpole. "Laugh I cannot; and my heart is already so full of indignation and grief, that there is scarce room for more. . . . I do not expect, I scarce desire, to live much longer. . . ."]

## CXLII[3]

### To the Same (*just before Lord St. John's death and Bolingbroke's temporary return*)

*April* 6, 1742.

. . . Long before I left Britain it was plain that some persons[4] meant that the Opposition should serve as their scaffolding, nothing else; and whenever they had a glimpse of hope, that they might rise to power without it, they showed the greatest eagerness to demolish it. . . . [Inculcates the "spirit of union"]. . . . There is some ugly resemblance between this case and our infamous and fatal conduct in the Mediterranean.[5] The French fleet would not have covered that of Spain, and insulted that of Britain, if the French had not known that we were to be left, and were left, too weak to attack them. . . . Can we hope to exert that vigor, and to regain that dignity which become

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 240.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 245.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 273.
[4] Pulteney and Carteret.
[5] Admiral Haddock in 1741 joined his squadron to the French fleet from Toulon, and was prevailed on by the French not to attack the Spanish vessels, which the French said they must defend.

the Crown of Great Britain, and which were never more wanted than in the present moment, as long as our politics are dragged down to the low standard of those of Hanover, and our powerful nation (for such we are still, if we know how to employ our power) is forced to temporise, to connive, and to bear, like a little electorate, bullied by Prussia on one side and France on the other. [Advocates a restoration of true "balance of power" on present and not traditional lines in concert with Holland; blames "the misunderstanding between our King and the King of Prussia." Speaks with hope of the Duke of Argyll[1] as a possible *national champion*.]

## PERIOD IV.—ARGEVILLE AND BATTERSEA

### 1742–1751

[BOLINGBROKE had been at Aix for the waters again in 1741. In the spring of 1742 his father died, and he paid a hurried visit to England in consequence. In August he had returned to Argeville, lending his ancestral home at Battersea to Marchmont. By the beginning of 1743, he was once more in London; in the summer, again, at Argeville, and, later, at Aix. In October he returned to England, however; but shortly after Pope's death, in May 1744, intending to have paid a final farewell visit to Aix and Argeville, he turned back at Calais, and was home in July. Henceforward, till their deaths, both he and Lady Bolingbroke remained ailing at Battersea. After Walpole's downfall, in February 1742, he still clung to the Pelhams and influenced affairs till his death in 1745, when Bolingbroke's influence with Hardwicke and with the Pittite "Patriots" was able to realise his dream of a coalition Government, which only failed to be "national" because of Pulteney's and Carteret's intrigues without and Newcastle's within. Bolingbroke supplied Hardwicke with much important information from France so as to realise his eager desire for a proper peace, which, however, was tardily and inadequately concluded only in 1748. The Spanish war proceeded, as Carlyle has said, without end. The letters concerning his sister, whom he reconciled, in 1743, to her husband, will be read with great interest, as well as the letters concerning Pope's treachery.]

[1] He soon resigned his commandership and was replaced by Stair.

## CXLIII[1]

### To Lord Marchmont

Rathbone Place,[2] *Saturday Morning.* (*Summer*, 1742.)

[Is going to "dine at Chiswick, and from thence lie at Twickenham" (Pope's). "Can you dine with us to-morrow and carry me to Battersea in the evening?"—will embark at Greenwich on Wednesday about one o'clock. "Thus I shall leave our country with the more regret; but thus, too, I shall carry with me the best impressions of it."]

## CXLIV[3]

### To the Same (*now inhabiting Bolingbroke's Battersea house*)

. . . I am got back to my retreat, which is not, however, so much a retreat as I could wish it. . . . You know how very welcome the young man you mention will be to me; if his friends think I can be of use to him in directing his studies, and contributing otherwise to his improvement, I shall do my utmost to answer their expectations. . . .

## CXLV[4]

### To Lord Hardwicke

Argeville, *Oct.* 30, 1742.

[Thanks him for renewing his friendship to him when last in England.] . . . You showed me good will and friendship, though I was a stranger, to whom you owed nothing personally, whilst many who owed me much affected to shew me their ill-will and their enmity, because there was a mean merit acquired by doing so; and even as far back as when the favour of the late King could not protect me against the malice of his minister, nor secure me the full effect of his promises. These are obligations, my Lord, and such as I shall remember always. . . . A great scene is opened.[5] God grant it may be closed by barring effectually a family ambition which I apprehend that we revived, or encouraged att least, by the Quadruple Alliance,

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 279.
[2] Probably either his London agent's (Taylor's) or Brinsden's.
[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 250.
[4] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 74.
[5] The War of Austrian Succession. The Emperor Joseph died in 1740.

and have favoured too much ever since. I see distinctly but one corner of the scene. . . .

## CXLVI [1]

### To Lord Marchmont

*Oct.* 30, 1742.

[Mrs. Cleland will bring this back to London. Deplores the personal motives of present politicians. "The principles of the last opposition were the principles of very few of the opposers. . . ." Cautions him, as he cautioned Pope, not to divulge his philosophical writings; is going to Sens, where his "sole refuge will be a little pavilion which I have fitted up in a garden belonging to the Abbey." Says that in the Spanish war we were "betrayed to Spain by Walpole," for has heard from important sources that the Spanish officers lamented his fall. Hopes such will not be the case in the present war to aid Maria Theresa. "We laid the foundations of all this when we were in such haste to get the investitures of Bremen and Verden, which we did not get, and that we broke, by our ridiculous Quadruple Alliance, the neutrality of Italy, and opened the barrier ourselves, which the Queen of Spain would not have attempted to open against our consent, . . ." Begs him to remain "Master of Battersea." Young Chetwynd is at the Hague.]

## CXLVII [2]

### To Marchmont

Battersea, *Monday Evening*, (*January* ?) 1742.

[Begs him to dine on Friday at Mrs. Browne's and meet Bathurst. Asks if they shall ride part of the way, and drive the other "for expedition."]

## CXLVIII [3]

### To his Brother-in-Law, Knight (*arranging his reconciliation with his wife*)

(Battersea.) *Wensday* (*May*), 1743.

. . . The company I had with me when your letter came last night hindered me from returning an answer, for which you will excuse me. I intend to call on you to-morrow morning before eleven, and to make you a proposal grounded on your own, and so near to it, that I hope

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 282. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 291.
[3] 34196, f. 143.

and believe that it will be complyed with on your part, as I shall insist it may be on her's. I shall think myself extreamly happy if I am the instrument of finishing entirely and amicably an affair which it is important for you as well as her to finish and bury in silence.[1]

### CXLIX[2]

### To Marchmont

Argeville, *June* 19, 1743.

. . . I am busy in expelling out of my mind, as much as I can, all the ideas that two months' stay on your side of the water foisted into it, about my private affairs and party politics, which have one resemblance att least, that neither of them will mend. . . .

### CL[3]

### To the Same (*now at Battersea*)

Argeville, *July* 5, 1743.

[Has been to Paris; speaks of Chesterfield as "our itinerant friend." . . . Adieu! All Argeville salutes all Battersea.]

### CLI[4]

### To the Same

Argeville, *July* 26, 1743.

[Speaks of Wilmington's death; neither rejoices at, nor laments it: is indifferent to the succession to his "immense wealth."]

### CLII[5]

### To the Same

Aix-la-Chapelle, *Aug.* 31, 1743.

[Writes on the foreign situation. As auxiliaries to the Queen of Hungary may reduce France to our terms without declaring war against her. France, however, seems provoking it at Dettingen, and by repairing Dunkirk. They count on the Dutch—themselves divided—delaying too long to join us. Gives information about the King of Prussia.]

[1] The reconciliation was effectual, though for a time only. But old Mr. Knight answered hisdaughter-in-law's affectionate letter, welcoming him on his return to England in June (f. 145), by a curt and childish refusal to see her (f. 146).

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 292.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 294.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 301.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 310.

## CLIII[1]

### To the Same

(On Pelham's unexpected promotion to be head of the Treasury.)

Aix, *Sep.* 25, 1743.

. . . Shall the sole consideration in all our party treaties be about persons and employments? Shall a concurrence of opinion about public measures become at no time a principle of union? . . . Our true interests require that we should take few engagements on the Continent, and never those of making a land war, unless the conjuncture be such that nothing less than the weight of Britain can prevent the scales of power from being quite overturned. This was the case, surely, when we armed in the Netherlands, and when we marched into Germany.[2] . . . It is, I own, very provoking to see that the French are able at any time to invade their neighbors, to give the law, if they succeed, and not to receive it if they fail. . . . I have seen the time when the French would have given up the very barrier that secures them now.[3] We would not take it then, can we force it now? I said once that Bouchain had cost our nation above six millions; and they who were angry at the assertion could not contradict it, since Bouchain was the sole conquest of 1711. . . . Are we able to purchase at such a rate? Or do we hope to purchase at a cheaper, when my Lord Marlborough and Prince Eugene are no more? . . . The war we have with Spain seems more likely to be determined in Italy than in America, and somewhere or other it must be determined to our advantage. [In view of the treaty between Maria and the King of Sardinia, the Spaniards, even if helped by the French, will not be able to penetrate into Italy.] . . . Then, I suppose, the Queen of Spain will be forced to compound to save Naples and Sicily for one son, instead of aiming at further acquisitions for another. [Whatever is done, the policy of the Quadruple Alliance, "and a long course of timid unmeaning negotiations," in encouraging "the joint ambition of the two branches of Bourbon," who are acting as the two branches of Austria did in the last century, must be thwarted.] . . . Great Britain must have a peace, my Lord. [Her ability to carry on the war is greater, little as it is, than that of France, but "there are invincible reasons

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 313.
[2] In February 1743.
[3] *i.e.* in 1709.

against it."] To have a good one, vigor in your measures, and moderation in your views, are, I suppose, possible. . . . I shall return to my hermitage.

## CLIV[1]

### To the Same

[Two letters from Aix of September 28 and October 2, 1743, respectively, regarding the passage of the Rhine by the Austrian forces of Prince Charles of Lorraine, which Bolingbroke considers hopeful, and "the first whisper" of the treaty of Hanau, manœuvred by Carteret, but rejected by the ministry, which intended to detach the Emperor from the French and win him to the allies, which Bolingbroke thinks will afford Prussia the chance of sole mediation in the affairs of the Empire, and while the Spaniards remain in Italy, force England either to attempt a "chimerical" conquest of Alsace, or to wage a war of revenge against France, which will be hopeless in view of the divisions between the allies and in Holland.]

## CLV[2]

### To the Same

[Two letters from Aix and Calais, dated October 5 and 23 respectively, regarding his return. He will set out from Aix on the 7th and go to Battersea. "The time of my stay in England will depend on several contingencys, and if I could be, with your approbation, a part of your family at Battersea, as Wyndham used to be a part of mine at Dawley, I would have no other habitation whilst I remain in your strange country." Will cross from Calais to Dover where he will arrive towards the close of October, and will proceed in Marchmont's coach to Battersea.]

## CLVI[3]

### To Lord Hardwicke

Battersea, *Oct.* 19 (*i.e.* 30), 1743.

[Arrived from Aix last Saturday to settle affairs after endeavouring to re-establish health. Will be seldom in London, but hopes to see him.]

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 320–4. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 324–6.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 186.

## CLVII [1]

### To the Same

Battersea, *Oct.* 20 (*i.e.* O.St.), 1743.

[Will call at Powis House on Monday about seven. (Manuscript note by the second Lord Hardwicke: "At this visit I was present for half-an-hour, the only time I ever saw Lord B.")]

## CLVIII [2]

### To Marchmont

(London, at Chetwynd's, Dover Street ?). *Sunday* (*Autumn* ?), 1743.

[A hurried line to say he will call next day at nine or ten for him at Battersea, and they will go in a coach and four to Pope's. Fears bad news from abroad.]

## CLIX [3]

### To Hardwicke

Battersea, *Saturday*, *Nov.* 10, 1743.

[Has received foreign advices with his recovery. Will be in town on Saturday, and will call there on Sunday; his address then will be Chetwynd's in Dover Street.]

## CLX [4]

### To the Same

Battersea, *Jan.* 31, 1744.

[Begs his interest for a young clergyman, "whose father was attached to me" [perhaps Trapp, his former chaplain].]

## CLXI [5]

### To Marchmont

(Battersea.) *Friday* (*Feb.* ?), 1744.

[Great fears (of French invasion). "The crisis is terrible. . . ."]

[1] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 188.
[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 326.
[3] 35587, f. 194.
[4] *Ibid.*, f. 220.
[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. pp. 327–8.

## CLXII

### To the Same

London, *Tuesday Morning* (*Feb.* 1744).

[Pope will accompany him to Battersea to-morrow before ten. Sir John Norris's squadron will be by this time in the Downs ; shall drink his health with Lord Stair.]

## CLXIII

*Wednesday, near Two, Feb.* 29, 1744. (London.)

[The worst is to be feared : will hasten to him.]

## CLXIV [1]

### To Marchmont

Battersea, *Monday.* (*Early June*, 1744.)

[After Pope's death on May 30. Promises to destroy any of Pope's papers that may be either directly or covertly "injurious" to the Duchess of Marlborough or late Duke ; but, on the other hand, it would be "a breach of that trust and confidence which Pope reposed in me" to give the Marlboroughs "such of his papers as I think no one should see."]

## CLXV [2]

### To the Same

(Twickenham ?) *Monday Morning.* (*Early June.*)

Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected, and prepared for the press just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles that follow the "Essay on Man." They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it later, after he had received the favor you and I know. . . . Warburton has the propriety of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition, or should her Grace's friends say, as they may from several strokes in it, that it was not intended to be her character ? And should she despise it ? If you come over hither, we may talk better than write on the subject. Adieu. . . .

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 332. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 334.

## CLXVI[1]

TO DAVID MALLET (*afterwards Bolingbroke's secretary, and who helped him to edit the "Patriot King" in* 1748–9, *in consequence of Warburton's threats to asperse Bolingbroke in his "Life of Pope" with regard to Pope's motives for betraying the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke in showing it, altering it, printing it, and sending bits of it and others of Bolingbroke's private compositions to the Magazines.*)

*July* 25, 1745. (AIX ?)

. . . They say that Warburton talks very indecently of your humble servant and threatens him with terrible things he shall throw out in a life he is writing of our poor deceased friend Pope. I value neither the good nor the ill-will of this man, but if he has any regard for the man he flattered living and thinks himself obliged to flatter dead, he ought to let a certain proceeding die away in silence, as I endeavour it should.

## CLXVII

### TO MARCHMONT

(On the same subject.)

BATTERSEA, *Oct.* 22, 1744.

. . . Since you will take the trouble of receiving from Mr. Wright[2] the edition of that paper which our late friend caused so treacherously to be made; and since I mean to have it, only to destroy it, the bringing it hither would be useless. Be so good therefore as to see it burned at your house, to help to dry, which is the best use it can be put to. [Impresses the necessity that no copy[3] be left: and says Lady Bolingbroke is not pleased with the will of the Duchess of Marlborough.[4]]

[NOTE.—*In June Bolingbroke left England intending to go to Aix and Argeville; but at Calais, he changed his mind and by July had returned to permanently settle at Battersea.*]

## CLXVIII[5]

### TO HARDWICKE

BATTERSEA, *July* 28, 1744.

. . . If I did not live constantly att this place, and visit London as seldom as becomes one to do who is marked

[1] 35588, f. 91 (*transcript*). This important and unknown letter is given out of date, but in connection with its theme, for which further, *cf. ante*, pp. 384–392, and *post*, No. ccv.

[2] The Printer.

[3] One exists in the British Museum.

[4] Who died Oct. 18, 1744. Pope had died May 30.

[5] B.M. Add. MS., 35587, f. 271.

out for having the cloven hoof, I should seek more frequently the opportunity of paying my respects . . . [Sends him the Maréchal D'Harcourt's Letters as throwing light. His other papers are at his service.]

## CLXIX[1]

LONDON, *Thursday Morning* (*August* 1744).

[Sorry he missed him as he has important private advices from France (through Noailles[2] and Matignon, as afterwards appears), to communicate respecting the change in "the inward state of the French Court."]

## CLXX[3]

### TO THE SAME

BATTERSEA, *Fryday Morning.*

[Gives, in a very important letter, too long for transcription, the substance of these advices. The King's illness has made him penitent, under the influence of FitzJames, Abbot of Soissons. This may raise the French spirit, and break the cabal of "Les petits cabinets." "Our present condition requires that we should neglect nothing which can be effected by vigor or address. We talk much of the former, but we exert little; for proportion of money[4] alone is no more vigor than every Limberham shows, who gives great sums to mercenary wenches that he makes no use of. . . ."[5]]

## CLXXI[6]

### TO THE SAME

(BATTERSEA.) *Aug.* 29 (indorsed), 1744.

[The King of France recovers slowly. The French seizure of Dumont, Prince Charles forced to repass the Rhine, the passage of the Prussian artillery to Dresden. France might settle with Maria and combine against England. We ought to negotiate at once with France.]

## CLXXII[7]

### TO THE SAME

BATTERSEA, *Sep.* 4, 1744.

The turn of the war is irrecoverably decided against us.[8] [He hears from France that the King of Sardinia has agreed

[1] 35587, f. 277. [2] Lady B.'s nephew. [3] 35587, f. 279.
[4] At this time we were paying £750,000 annually in various subsidies.
[5] He employs this simile elsewhere.
[6] 35587, f. 288. [7] *Ibid.*, f. 304. [8] Cartagena (?)

with Spain; he knows that the "Francfort allies" make the same report. He expects "great expence and little effect from the North" (Russian mercenaries)]. . . . I doubt that our resource from that quarter looks like the hope King Picrocole entertains in Rabelais of 450,000 Muscovites to restore his affairs.[1]

## CLXXIII[2]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Oct.* 1744, and *Oct.* 18.

[Two letters announcing that he will be happy to advise from love of his country. Communications should be addressed to Chetwynd's, and will be forwarded by Marchmont. "A long course of very severe usage has made me almost indifferent to it, and at the same time, more sensible than ever of good usage." Will call at Powis House on Sunday.]

## CLXXIV[3]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Nov.* 12, 1744.

[Sends the "Patriot King," "Spirit of Patriotism," and Philosophical Letters to Pope for his perusal; also, Letter to Windham, the letter to Stair on what he communicated from Lord Sunderland which Stair mislaid, and the draught of one Bolingbroke addressed to the King in 1725.]

. . . At least you will see how mean and treacherous a part the minister in power acted under the mask of good will. . . . Though some things in the Letters to Pope may appear heterodox, they will be more so relatively to Theology, which I do not much esteem, than to Evangelical Religion, which I respect as I ought. [Inaccuracies must be excused, "since they were never corrected nor read by me, since the first heat in which they were writ." Adds "Another volume of Letters" (probably those to Cornbury "On History"), which H. desired to see.[4]]

## CLXXV[5]

### To Marchmont

(BATTERSEA.) *Wednesday Morning* (probably *November*).

[While Bolingbroke was pressing a Peace on Hardwicke, he was pressing on Pitt and the Patriots the

[1] He used this analogy long before, in a letter to Swift. [2] 35587, ff. 314–317.
[3] *Ibid.*, ff. 318, 319. [4] This letter has been printed in the Hardwicke Letters,
[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 340.

necessity of uniting with even the Pelhams to achieve some sort of "national party," expel Carteret, and counteract the intrigues both of Carteret and Pulteney.[1] In the following February the "Broadbottom Administration" was the result, which was only chequered by the farce of Carteret's "thirty-six hours' administration" in 1746.]

. . . It is time indeed to resolve either to govern, or to abandon men, who mean nothing, or mean confusion. They are made to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. [He adds that they seem to "proscribe Government"; his wife is a little better. . . . "I suppose Pitt may attend the house."]

## CLXXVI[2]

### To Hardwicke

(Battersea.) *Thursday, January* 10, 1745.

[Has been to take leave of Chesterfield. Sent him the Partition Treaty of 1668. Has important information from France. ". . . The desire of peace, as well as the want of it begins to manifest themselves strongly. A man, who knows what he says, writes to me that the new minister, who is an honest man and has the best intentions, would be glad to signalise the beginning of his administration of foreign affairs by the great work of a peace. The same person writes to my wife 'I saw your nephew'—he means the Duke of Noailles—'yesterday. He is much taken up about you. . . . He will communicate his ideas to you as he did to me. I told him I could not be of use to him in what he desired; although I wished to see what he wished accomplished. He talked very reasonably. His personal interest might be one motive, but I could perceive that what he threw out had been *concerted and approved*.' . . . I think they know in France that Belleisle is to be brought hither by sea."]

## CLXXVII[3]

### To the Same

(Battersea.) *Fryday, Jan.* 11, 1745.

[Will call on Sunday, and converse on "the strangest crisis[4] I ever saw, and on the event of which, if I mistake not, the most important consequences to this nation, and to Europe, depend."]

[1] *Cf. post*, No. clxxxiii. [2] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, f. 1. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 3.
[4] This refers to the preparations for a coalition ministry at home.

## CLXXVIII[1]

### To the Same

(Concerning the Coalition.)

(Battersea.) *Monday Evening, Jan.* 14, 1745.

. . . I beg your Lordship to lay even more weight than you did on what I said to you concerning the intrigues that are carryed on among both Partys [*i.e.* Pelhamites and Carteretites[2]). They have effect, and more than I apprehended, especially among your new allys [*i.e.* Pitt, Lyttelton, together with the Grenvilles, Chesterfield, and disaffected Whigs]. That great distributor of employments [Newcastle] is working the most unworthy part possible, in my sence, with regard to publick good, and private honour; and he who is not capable of doing any good out of the sphere of faction [Pulteney, now Lord Bath, or Cobham?[3]] does much hurt in it. I fear a schism even in this session, which it is in your power to prevent easily and cheaply enough, if it be prevented in time; and give me leave to say that the affairs of justices of peace, made palatable by proper representations to your old corps, is an expedient that would be very effectual. Gain time for God's sake. A schism will happen, but if it is kept off for some time, I shall like it rather than fear it. As you have to do with some ill men and some weak men, you have to do with others that have sence and courage. They will serve you to the utmost. Serve yourselves, and them, and your country. My freedom will deserve the more excuse, because, among the most moderate, you will find no man who has so small pretensions as myself. . . .

## CLXXIX[4]

### To the Same

(On Foreign Affairs again.)

(Battersea.) *Wensday, Jan.* 16, 1745.

[The authority who wrote the letter was Champeaux,[5] resident at Geneva, "but now actually att Paris. He and his family have an attachment to me of more than twenty

[1] 35588, f. 7.
[2] Now Lord Granville.
[3] The latter is said, by a note in the handwriting of the second Lord Hardwicke, to be designated. He was caballing at this time.
[4] B.M. Add. MS., 35588, f. 9.
[5] A brother of De Pouilly, and himself a famous author. *Cf. ante*, p. 79.

years standing, and he has been long a friend to D'Argenson the elder,[1] by whom he will be probably employed on business of more consequence. . . . In short, the letter is writ by order of D'Argenson most certainly, perhaps in concert with Noailles through Matignon, with whom the writer is likewise intimate. . . . You know that Bootelaer[2] is set out from Holland, but you do not know perhaps that he has been discreet enough to own that he goes to counterwork Chesterfield."]

## CLXXX[3]

### To the Same

(On Foreign Affairs.)

[Urges that Silhouette, formerly secretary to the Duke of Orleans and influential with the French ministry, should be allowed to come over and confer with the English ministry as to Peace. "Noailles has not the credit he had with the King, Belleisle, and the faction that is for Spain and the war, as well as Schmettan, having represented strongly against him. But . . . 'il remontera sur sa bête.'" Begs them to put off Belleisle. ". . . For God's sake, . . . let us not take it into our head to make an Emperor. Let us be content to follow the disposition of Germany in concert with Holland."[4]]

## CLXXXI[5]

### To the Same

(On Foreign Affairs.)

(Battersea.) *Feb.* 9, 1745.

[Writes to know if Silhouette's communication has been received. Silhouette is now the medium instead of that at first intended by Noailles. Even after a Peace, Spain's influence will be strong. France seems embarrassed, and waiting on Germany. ". . . Our conduct in that scene requires no such delicacy of management, but surely it will be successful, if our concert with the Dutch be intimate. If the two courts of Vienna and Dresden unite

[1] Superintendent of Police and protector of Madame de Tencèn.
[2] Dutch Minister.
[3] 35588, f. 11.
[4] The second Lord Hardwicke adds a manuscript note on the folly of the Duke of Newcastle taking pains a few years later to make "a King of the Romans of a Prince of Austria" (Joseph), when his mother (Maria) had no liking to it, and would do nothing on her part.
[5] 35588, f. 15.

in a common measure; and if the Russians continue as well inclined as they were. This last article is of the utmost importance, whether the Saxon or the Grand Duke be designed Emperor on account of the troubles that may arise in Poland in one case, and of a war with Prussia in the other. On recollection, it is certain that the German lawyers attached the vicariate to the title of 'Comes Palatinus," and not to the Rank of Elector."]

[Hardwicke answers with many thanks (f. 17), deprecating the "éclat" "of a person coming over," fearing it may offend the Dutch, and slacken their vigour, if an English negotiation is thus set on foot.]

## CLXXXII[1]

### To the Same

(In view of the Pretender's invasion.)

Battersea, *Feb.* 10, 1745.

. . . The moment is critical indeed, and every measure that may slacken preparations for a more vigorous prosecution of the war is to be carefully avoided. It may be best not even to hear an enemy till one is in a condition of speaking in strong terms in answer to him [has only acquainted him with "these vague overtures" for his consideration]. . . . If your Lordship is pleased to believe, and to make others believe that I have had no other meaning, you will do justice to a man who has been concerned in too much publick business to desire to be concerned in any more, who knows the world enough neither to value it, nor fear it, and who will be, as long as he is in it, my Lord, respectfully, &c.

[Lord Hardwicke (f. 20) subjoins Noailles' letter of Feb. 14, 1745, from Versailles, to Lady Bolingbroke.]

## CLXXXIII[2]

### To the Same

(On the same matter.)

Battersea, *Feb.* 20, 1745.

[Bolingbroke gives an extract from a fresh letter which recites an expression of Noailles, that, though the French ministry is changed, the old leaven subsists, and "les absens conservent plus d'influence que les presens"; Noailles fears his trouble may be rendered fruitless.] Is not this the

[1] 35588, f. 18. [2] f. 23.

case, my Lord, in some sort, in other countries besides France? I was so much out of order that I came home and could not see all the persons I intended to see. But I am glad that my little efforts [*i.e.* with the Patriots for the coalition] were not wasted. Things went off yesterday better than was expected. Mr. Pelham's behaviour had an extreme good effect. The other side [*i.e.* Carteret's] are composed of Trumpetters and Drummers principally. Let them trumpet and drum on in public, and whisper elsewhere; if you don't desert yourselves, they cannot hurt you. Let me suggest to you an apprehension that it is not quite impossible one man may tell another, and the other [Cobham ?] may let Belleisle know of the overture of Noailles. . . .

## CLXXXIV[1]

### To the Same

Battersea, *March* 8, 1745.

[Sends him another letter from Noailles showing the state of parties in France, and the prevalence of Belleisle's for war.]

## CLXXXV[2]

### To the Same

Battersea, *May* 30, 1745.

[Thanks him for civilities and wishes him fine weather during the recess.] No inconsiderable wish, if Sir W. Temple was in the right, when he found fault with the ancient philosophers for not placing it among those things that constitute the *summum bonum*. But they lived in fine climates. Your Lordship lives in one that is foul in more sences than one. Bricklayers and carpenters have sheltered me from the inclemency of the season in this old House, and I will shelter myself from other inclemencys by a sedentary, inactive life in it. . . .

## CLXXXV[3]

### To his Half-Sister (*in Warwickshire*)

Battersea, *August* 10, 1745.

. . . I suppose you are returned by this time from Cheltenham. . . . It is true that I have not failed in friendship, to my knowledge, to any who have not failed to me, and

[1] 35588, f. 35. [2] f. 49.
[3] B.M. Add. MS., 34196, f. 147.

that so many have done so has been one of the greatest mortifications I have met in a life that has been full of them. I am glad to hear that my Lord St. John [1] has done so much at Lydiard. I abandoned it to him that he might restore that family seat, and that by living there decently and hospitably he might restore a family interest too much and too long neglected. He may, perhaps, do the first in time. He seems pleased with what he has done, and vanity and ostentation may get, in some degree, the better of another person's [2] avarice, though it be as exorbitant as I have ever heard of any. As to the last, I doubt more of it. They have made themselves a proverb in the country already for their stinginess. They have sent me half a Buck. The rest to Parson Clarke and their Taylor. Jack writes to me to send for more when I want it. I have thanked him, and have told him that I will do so, but that I cannot want any, having the best Park in England att my disposal, which is Kent's Shop att Temple Bar. I am hopeful the waters of Bristol will do him good. He is certainly in a bad state of health. You will soon know more of gardening with Millar's help than any of the gardeners know, and the culture of mushrooms is particularly easy. Adieu, Dear. . . . Affectionately yours.

You sent me the best cheese I ever eat. I ask you for one for my winter. My wife is most faithfully yours, and her faithful companion, Mrs. Pitt,[3] makes her compliments to you.

## CLXXXVI [4]

### To Lord Hardwicke

Battersea, *Monday Morning, Nov.* 18, 1745.

. . . I have not only respected your continual occupations, but have done justice to my own inutility, which makes me fitter for abstraction than action, and to live with the dead than with the living. [Will wait on him; "other temptations I have none" to take him to town].

## CLXXXVII [5]

### To Marchmont

Battersea, *July* 24, 1746.

[Has returned the day before from Doliffe's house in Surrey, where "Chetwynd and I passed 5 or 6 days, and

[1] "Jack." [2] His wife, Anne Lady St. John.
[3] Anne, sister to the future Lord Chatham. [4] Add. MS. 35588, f. 160.
[5] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 350.

where your Lordship was not forgot."] You are sorry, you say, that I should prefer your schemes of farming to all the schemes in my neighbourhood. Would you have me incorrigible quite, my Lord? I did not leave England in thirty-five[1] till some schemes that were then on the loom, though they never came into effect, made me one too many, even to my intimate friends. I have not left off, since I came to resettle here, advising and exhorting, till long after you saw it was to no purpose. . . . I am come to the even of a tempestuous day, and see, in the whole extent of our horizon, no signs that to-morrow will be fairer. . . . You may see many to-morrows. . . .

## CLXXXVIII[2]

### To the Same

*Wensday Morning* (*about the same date as the preceding*). (Battersea.)

[Asks him, though a "rigid Presbyterian," to buy a common prayer-book. "Such an one as a Lord of the Manor may hold forth to the edification of the Parish. . . . Let it be in quarto. . . ." Mentions report of Dutch declaring neutrality . . . "and stipulating a safe retreat for our ignominious army."]

## CLXXXIX[3]

### To the Same

Battersea, *Oct.* 11, 1746.

[Has been to Oxfordshire (Cornbury's); expects no good; fears no evil; quotes—

"C'est icy, que j'attends la mort sans la désirer ni craindre"

(the motto he put on his screen at Argeville). Wishes much for peace, especially as the war is localised in Italy, ". . . and France and Spain remain masters of the whole coast from the mouth of the Var to the mouth of the Scheldt." Hooke has gone abroad, but failed to get a port for Rotterdam; alludes to Granville (Carteret). " . . . Some who have shined as Patriots, and now shine as ministers of State, though they have not yet the name,[4] think our condescension in conferring (at Breda with the French) too great, and make plans for a war, and a new

[1] After the breach with Pulteney. *Cf. post*, p. 311.
[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 352. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 353.
[4] The farce of the "36 hours' Administration."

settlement of Europe to be effected by it. I bow, and bless the augury."]

## CXC[1]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Oct.* 25, 1746.

[At Cornbury, there were only its master, Chetwynd, himself, Mr. Pitt,[2] and Mr. Solicitor (Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield). ". . . I am unfit for most societies, and most societies for me." Comments on the little effect the French (under Saxe) made on the Meuse—"Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur." "Let Battersea be remembered at Redbraes. Redbraes will be always remembered most affectionately at Battersea."]

## CXCI[3]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Nov*, 25. 1746.

[Regrets that Marchmont is letting his London house; speaks enthusiastically of friendship; says he has carried "philanthropy" to the verge of being ridiculed sometimes by its objects. He will now "live as if he was dead. . . . Liberty has been the cry of one sett of men, as prerogative was formerly of another. But it has been no more than a cry. . . . I hope the temple will not fall, and your Lordship be buried in the ruins of it. Preserve the temple, whatever becomes of the statue. . . ."]

## CXCII[4]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Jan.* 7, 1747.

[Wishes him a happy new year, and quotes Hobbes who answered one who wished him "a thousand," why he limited him.[5] "Say to yourself—

'Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.'

I am too old to say so to myself. . . ."]

[Marchmont answers (p. 300): "No figure of rhetoric can express what I feel for your Lordship."]

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 355.
[2] For Bolingbroke's counsel to Pitt, *cf.* Marchmont's Diary, vol. i. p. 70.
[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 356.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 358.
[5] This he cites elsewhere.

## CXCIII [1]

BATTERSEA, *Feb.* 19, 1747.

[Battersea has been severed from London "by rain, snow, high tides, and tempestuous weather."] I see few people. . . . Some, who leaned upon me, such as I was, in their days of lameness, have laid me by as an useless implement, since the angel stirred the waters, and they got into the pool, and were cured. If I am in any sense their crutch, I am one of those, which men hang up to shew that they want them no longer, and to serve as monuments of their cure. I thank your Lordship for your benediction, which I value more than that of any mitred or unmitred Saint in Christendom.

## CXCIV [2]

### TO THE SAME

BATTERSEA, *March* 28, 1747.

[Speaks of Marchmont's brother's—Hume Campbell's—election; says he meets him sometimes on the Chelsea Road.] . . . For my own part, I look often back with regret, and dare not look forward at all. I recall often to mind what my friend Arbuthnot said to me just before he died, that I should live to see what he was happy enough to avoid seeing, by dying before me. . . . Our healths are not good, but tolerable. We have passed that age when the body supports the mind, and are come to that, when the mind must support itself, and the body too! . . .

## CXCV [3]

### TO THE SAME

BATTERSEA, *June* 11, 1747.

[A letter of condolence on Lady Marchmont's death without "stoical reflections." "Your own superior sense and courage will give you more comfort than all I am able to suggest, and in them you must seek it."]

## CXCVI [4]

### TO THE SAME

BATTERSEA, *June* 11, 1747.

[Speaks of Marchmont's brother, Hume, who dined with him yesterday, and of the degeneracy of public affairs.

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 361.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 363.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 365.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 366.

". . . as bad as our circumstances are, we should not perish by them, *if we did not perish by characters*. . . . There is a sort of melancholy ease in such complaints, . . . for I am no longer so foolish as to hope to do good."]

## CXCVII[1]

### To his Half-Sister

Battersea, *August* 13, 1747.

The Rhumatick pains I had, from which I am not yet free, settled for some time in the small of my back, which Rabelais calls 'La charnière du croupion,' and I was ten days together unable to sit in the posture of writing long enough to write a letter. I am att present better, and propose to be att the Bath, about the 25th of this month. My Lord St. John has gone through an unusual and melancholy trial.[2] He left his two eldest sons att Richmond with somebody who belonged to his office att the Custom House, the two youngest children are in Kent with my Lady Rockingham, and he is gone down thither himself. I offered him the best conveniency and the best service I could do him if he came and brought his family hither. He took no notice of the offer, and I am satisfyed with having done what I thought became me. I wish that the prejudices and habits which his late wife gave him, and which are none of the best, do not stick by him. She had sense and cunning. But I never knew a creature so avaricious, more selfish, or more false. I have not had the same success that you boast of in haymaking and harvest; and these, and such circumstances as these, are those that affect me most, in which state of indifference about other things, I hope to pass the remainder of my life. Heaven protect you, Dear Sister, I am ever faithfully and affectionately yours.

## CXCVIII[3]

### To Marchmont

Battersea, *Aug.* 23, 1747.

[After the battle of Lauffen, and while the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom was beginning; says unless things change "this country will be undone irretrievably."]

[1] 34196, f. 149.

[2] Through the death of his wife, Anne. Bolingbroke took their eldest son Frederick, the heir to his title, to educate at Battersea. He embittered his last years afresh.

[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 370.

## CXCIX[1]

### To the Same

Bath, *Sept.* 14, 1747.

. . . I was never capricious, nor inconstant in friendship. I can say with truth, that I never broke the terms of it with any man, who had not broken them first with me. . . . My pains diminish daily.

## CC[2]

### To the Same

Bath, *Oct.* 13, 1747.

[Profits "of" Chetwynd's return to thank for his letter, has gone on drinking the waters too long.] . . . If I prepare myself a winter free from pain I shall think myself happy; for at my age a man may adopt the maxim of Epicurus, that freedom from pain is the first volupty. I seek no other. [Will not determine if the projected Congress be "the straight road to a peace"; thinks Chesterfield will think so. If Stair were alive he would change his mind about "the importance of characters."]

## CCI[3]

### To the Same

(On his second marriage, to Miss Anne Crumpton.)

(Battersea 1748.) *Saturday Morning.*

[Still "a cripple," so dictates; wishes joy heartily; . . . I am civilly dead; I have been so long, and shall be so naturally in a short time.]

## CCII[4]

### To the Same

Battersea, *June* 16, 1748.

[If he can avoid being quite a cripple, will be happy; will no longer try to "cure the incurable and retrieve the irretrievable." Believes in "General Providences" which are not broken for particular instances.]

## CCIII[5]

### To the Same

Battersea, *Aug.* 30, 1748.

I think my wife sinks apace under pains that quit her for hours and torment her for days. Mine are less, but they continue; and the use of my limbs returns very little. . . .

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 371. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 372. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 373.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 375. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 376.

## CCIV[1]

### To the Same

BATTERSEA, *Nov.* 1, 1748.

I hope you heard from me by myself, as well as of me by Mr. Whitfield. This apostolical person preached some time ago at Lady Huntingdon's, and I should have been curious to hear him. Nothing kept me from going but an imagination that there was to be a select auditory. That saint, our friend Chesterfield, was there, and I heard from him an extreame good account of the sermon . . . [Thanks for "congratulations" (Birthday?)]. . . . As a friend to this country, I rejoice att the peace.[2] In the same character, I wish we had had the same near three years ago, as we might have had, and have saved by the difference about twenty millions. [Speaks sadly of his wife's illness, "the poor woman that lives here"—neither he nor she are enough attached to the world "to be much concerned how soon we leave it."]

## CCV[3]

### To the Same

(On the publication of "The Patriot King.")

BATTERSEA, *June* 7, 1749.

. . . The publication you mention has brought no trouble upon me, though it has given occasion to many libels against me. They are of the lowest form, and seem to be held in the contempt they deserve. There I shall leave them, nor suffer a nest of hornets to disturb the quiet of my retreat. If these letters of mine come to your hands your Lordship will find that I have left out all that was said to our friend Lyttelton in one of them.[4] He desired that it might be so; and I had at once the double mortification of concealing the good I had said of one friend, and of revealing the turpitude of another.[5] I hope you will never have the same treatment, that I have met with; neither will you. I am single in my circumstances—a species apart in the political society; and they who dare to attack no one else may attack me. Chesterfield says I have made a coalition of Whig, Tory, Trimmer, and Jacobite against myself. Be it so. I have Truth, that is stronger than all of them, on my side; and in her company, and avowed by her, I have more satisfaction than their applause, and their favor could give me.

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 377.
[2] Of Aix-la-Chapelle.
[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 379.
[4] In the "Spirit of Patriotism."
[5] Pope.

## CCVI[1]

### To the Same

London, *Jan.* 16, 1750.

[Congratulating him on his election at last to be one of the sixteen Scotch Peers. ". . . You will find my wife in the painful dregs of life,[2] and me in a strong decline. But you find us both as warmly as ever devoted to you. . . ."]

## CCVII[3]

### To the Same

London, *Feb.* 1, 1750.

. . . It is true that I have been these two months in this town, much out of order myself, and yet not on my own account, but on that of a poor woman, who is come, I think, to die here. It is impossible to describe the torment she has endured these many months, and the weakness to which she is reduced by a slow but almost continual fever at this time. A man who thinks and feels as I do, can find no satisfaction in the present scene; and I am about to lose one who has been the comfort of my life in all the melancholy scenes of it, just at a time when the present is most likely to continue to grow daily worse. It will be a pleasure to me to see your Lordship . . . before I shut myself up from the world more than ever, or go out of it naturally. But as I never was of much service to your Lordship, I shall be so less than ever. I have been long chimerical enough to hope to do some good; but I hope it no longer. I have given my wife the satisfaction of knowing that your Lordship still remembers her. She desires you to receive her thanks, and to be assured, that she carries to the grave with her all the esteem and friendship she professed for your Lordship during her life. . . .

## CCVIII[4]

### To the Same

London, *March* 1, 1750.

[Thanks for his sympathy "in a catastrophe I am little able to bear."] . . . Resignation, my Lord, is a principal duty in my system of religion. Reason shows that it ought to be willing, if not cheerful; but there are passions and

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 381.
[2] She died on March 18, aged 74.
[3] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 384.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 385.

habitudes in human nature which reason cannot entirely subdue. I should be even ashamed not to feel them in the present case, though I am resigned to the conditions of humanity, and the natural course of things. I shall never retire so as to deny myself to my friends. . . . But there are few whom I esteem such, and I have been long saying to myself, what I told you once that old St. Victor said to me, "*Je deviens tous les ans de plus en plus isolé dans le monde.*" From your Lordship I hope never to be separated; by my affection I never shall! . . . You will forgive me, my Lord, if I make use of another hand rather than defer my answer to you. A strong affection, which rheumatic pains have left on the nerves, deprives me often of the power to use it in writing.

## CCIX[1]

### To the Same

(On the birth of a son and heir.)

Battersea, *Tuesday, July* 31, 1750.

I would give one of my hands to have the free use of the other on this occasion that I might be able to tell you, under my own hand, the transport of pleasure which your letter gives me. My Lady is well, the child is well, and you have a successor. May he be such, and I trust he will be such to all your virtues! . . .

## CCX

### To his Half-Sister

(In a secretary's hand.)

London, *April* 11, 1751.

I am glad you have received the seeds, and I hope you will like the fruits. The world, dear sister, may very well spare a man so useless in it as I am, and I do assure you, I can as easily spare the world. I can do it so easily that I think not only of retreating from it, and of excluding it from my Retreat, which is to die civilly before I die naturally; but that this thought gives me more comfort than any other, and that I hasten to put it into execution. The turn your nephew takes confirms me in it.[3] I hoped to finish

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 387. [2] 34196, f. 151.

[3] Frederick, a year later second Viscount Bolingbroke, "Jack's" son, whom he had received to educate. His assertions are well borne out by the tone of the young man's letters on the grand tour, two years later. *Cf.* ff. 156–9.

in London that part of his education which could not be pursued att Battersea; but he has contracted habits that are not of the best, and that are the less corrigible by that sullen obstinacy, and constant course of dissimulation and falsehood, which are derived from his parents, and have taken the deepest root I ever observed in him. Adieu, dear Sister. Health of body and tranquillity of mind attend you.

[It is misaddressed to "*Barrils-on-Avon, Staffordshire.*"]

## CCXI[1]

### To the Same

(In another amanuensis' hand.)

Battersea, *July* 9, 1751.

I thank you, dear Sister, for sending your servant to enquire after me. My health is never good, for infirmitys increase with age, and mine do so apace. Montmorin[2] is a strange example of ingratitude and injustice, and his suit is as strange an example of what Chicane can do against the plainest Right. The advantages which a Knave may find in the Law over a man who acts with generosity and honour, are a shame to the Law. I hope however to defend myself so as to give Montmorin little cause of triumph, even if he should do me all the hurt he can do me as to my Revenues in France. But I apprehend that the course of these proceedings will be long, and since I cannot have tranquillity till they are over, I shall have none possibly to the end of my life. I am every day in expectation of a memorial from France which will enable me to form my future plan better than I can yet do so. All I can say is that if I am able to share your Hermitage with you, it will be the greatest comfort I can have. Your nephew is going to the Academy at Caen, where I think he will improve as little as he has done with me. He has not only the vices of a young fellow, that may be overcome or moderated, and in the meantime laughed at, he has all those of a good for nothing fellow of forty confirmed in moroseness, and insensibility to Friendship, to gratitude, and to every notion of honour. He has proved a great disappointment to me. I expected to make him the comfort, and he has been the plague of my life. I speak freely to you. To others I say little about him, for though I have been able to do him no

[1] 34196, f. 153.

[2] His late wife's step-son-in-law, who was now contesting her inheritance on the ground that she had never been legally married. He failed.

good, I should be sorry to do him any harm. I shall say no more at present, but shall write to you about myself as soon as I can do it with some tolerable assurance. Adieu, dear Sister. I am most affectionately yours.

## CCXII[1]

### To his Half-Sister (*sealed with a black seal, and franked by Lord Bath, in a fresh amanuensis' hand*)

(Addressed to the Right Hon. Lady Luxborough, at Barrils (*sic*), near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.)

Battersea, *Aug.* 10, 1751.

Dear Sister,—I cannot tell you how much I was affected by your letter of the 12th. One way or other, we will try to be mutual comforts, to ease our infirmitys and to soften our afflictions. I am at present under a painful and troublesome cure, for a cancer in my face. The remedy has succeeded in a multitude of cases, which I have had examined and verifyed. I should be, therefore, more unfortunate than it belongs to me to be, if it failed in my case alone. It makes it impossible for me to stir from home, or to see anybody at home, except Doctors, Surgeons, and those with whom I am entirely intimate. There are some other considerations which I cannot mention in a letter, but shall explain to you fully, when we meet, that render it impossible that I should think of stirring from hence for some time. If therefore you can come hither, the sooner you come the more comfort you will give me, and I will send a Coach or a sett of Horses to meet you when and where you shall appoint. Let me have your answer on this head by the first post. Of that scandalous suit I have in France, it will be time enough to talk when we meet. In the meantime I will tell you that your Nephew has sett out at Caen as ill as he finished here. It was so bad that his Governour gave him but one Day to resolve, and determined to return the next Day into England if he had not sufficient assurances of reformation. Since that he has behaved a little better, and M. Freigneau takes some hopes, which I cannot do so soon. Adieu, dear Sister. Far from being able to write, I am scarce able to dictate any longer.

[He died on the 12th December following.]

[1] 34196, f. 155.

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* It should be added that Churchill has a fine panegyric of the "Patriot King" in his "Gotham," Book iii. (1764).

† It is mentioned by Churchill in "The Ghost," ii. 358—

"Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke."

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* In the "Estimate of value of Lord Bolingbroke's interest in the estates which he conveyed to trustees for the use of Lady Bolingbroke in March 1715" (Hardwicke MS. 36243, f. 1) is a note saying that she "paid about £1000 less than the real value" of "his life interest only," and had "the reversion in fee of several estates as well as all the personal estate."

† He remained so careless of Lydiard that he offered to sell it to the Foxes. *Cf.* "Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox."

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* He lived on into the 1760's; *cf.* Churchill's "The Ghost," i. 180—

> "Campbell himself was sitting there:
> To all the happy art was known,
> To *tell* our fortunes, *make* their own."

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* *Cf.* "Physic obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, the gentle Heberden."
—Churchill's *The Candidate* (1764).

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* *Cf.* Churchill's description of him in his "Independence"—

> ". . . His face so very thin,
> So very narrow, and so much beat out,
> That physiognomists have made a doubt,
> Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
> Whether it could be called a face or not."

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* To the question of Packer's lawsuit with Bolingbroke should be added the note to the list in the Hardwicke MS. (36243, f. 2), of "Things left by Lord Bolingbroke in his Lady's hands" (1715), to the effect that after her death Packer "took away from Bucklebury" "several other things, . . . the value whereof is unknown."

† *Cf.* Churchill's "The Ghost," iv. 1527—

"A man of wire, a mere 'Pantine,'
A downright animal machine."

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* Her expression for a certain parson (p. 465 *note* 2) is repeated by Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence." When we compare the conduct of Lady Sarah Bunbury, many years later, and its lenient treatment with Henrietta's, we cannot but be surprised.

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* She was a favourite at the early Court of George III. *Cf.* "Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox."

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* Churchill's powerful satire against him in "The Duellist." It ends—

"Behold him full and perfect quite,
A false saint and true hypocrite."

It should be mentioned to his honour that on Newcastle's fall (1768), he alone of all the bishops had the grace to call upon him. Warburton died in 1779.

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